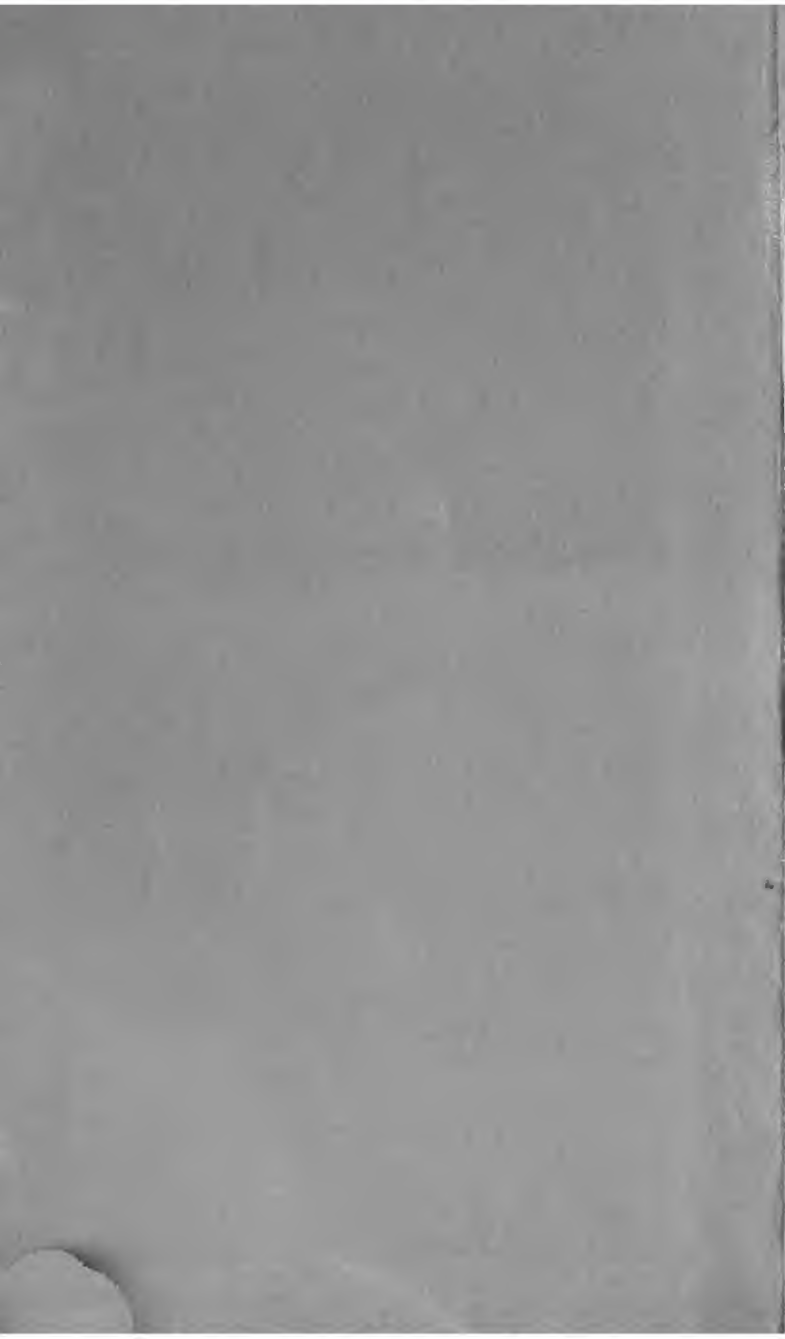
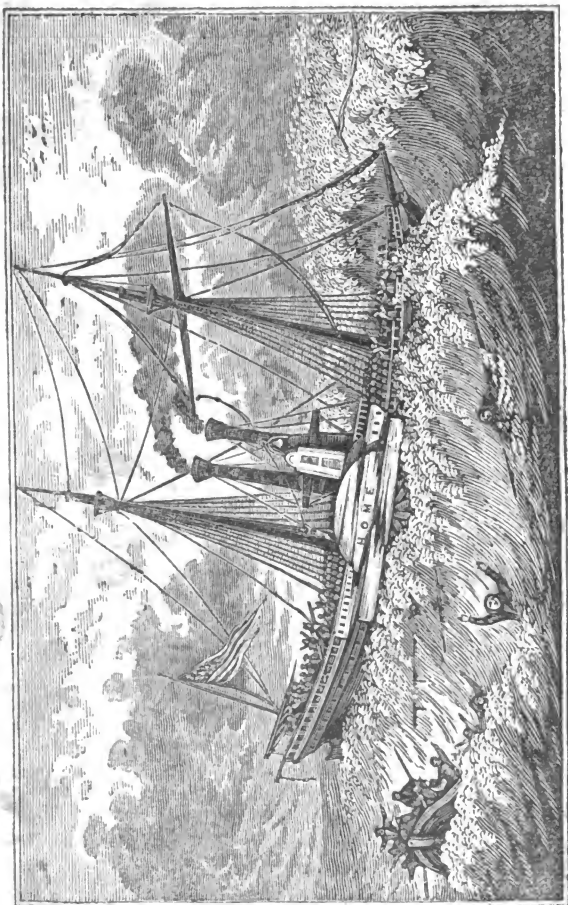


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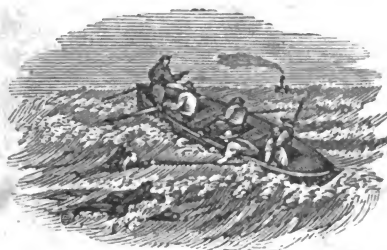




Wreck of the steamboat **Home**, October 9, 1837.

STEAMBOAT DISASTERS
AND
RAILROAD ACCIDENTS
IN THE UNITED STATES.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED
ACCOUNTS OF RECENT SHIPWRECKS, FIRES
AT SEA, THRILLING INCIDENTS, &c.



BY S. A. HOWLAND.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

The object of the following pages is not only to preserve an authentic history of the many disasters that have occurred on our waters since the introduction of steam navigation, and, as far as practicable, the principal causes that led to such disasters, but also to perpetuate the memory of those who have been the innocent sufferers thereby,—whose graves are in the trackless deep,—and whose only monuments of recollection are in the feelings and hearts of their bereaved friends and relatives.

There is nothing that more tends to excite feelings of interest in the human mind,—less imbued with self, and more productive of true compassion and charity,—than the perusal of the fate of those, who, fearless of the grasping waves that roll beneath, while trusting with full confidence to the care, the skill and experience of their fellow-men, and confiding in the strength of the frail bark that bears them on, have been suddenly plucked from their usefulness in society, or cut off in the midst of the enjoyments of life,—

hapless victims, perchance, to the explosion of an overcharged boiler, as in the aggravated case of the **MOSELLE**,—or to an awful conflagration in the midst of the wide waste of waters, far removed from the utmost efforts of human aid,—as seen in the deplorable catastrophe that befell the **LEXINGTON**. That heart must be callous, indeed, that turns not from scenes like these with awakened and better feelings, and, looking back on past sufferings as beyond the reach of help, extends not the hand of charity to relieve those of the present,—sufficient of which ever exist around us.

The work is decidedly American, and comprises authentic accounts of all the various disasters on steamboats and rail-roads that have occurred, during many years, throughout the United States. In reviewing its contents, it will be found, with but very few exceptions, that none of it has ever before been published in an embodied form, and, consequently, can be found in no other volume.

And yet, though the many disasters by steam occupy a large portion of this volume, there is left space sufficient for interesting narratives of all the recent shipwrecks and fires at sea,—together with accounts of the great gales on the eastern coast of New England in December, 1839,—and a condensed view of the terrific tornado at Natchez in May, 1840,—to all of which is added a thrilling narrative of the burning of the light-house at Cape Florida by the Seminole Indians, written by the keeper, who was miraculously

preserved, while on the summit of the blazing tower, from the raging fire on the one side, and the deadly rifles of the Indians on the other.

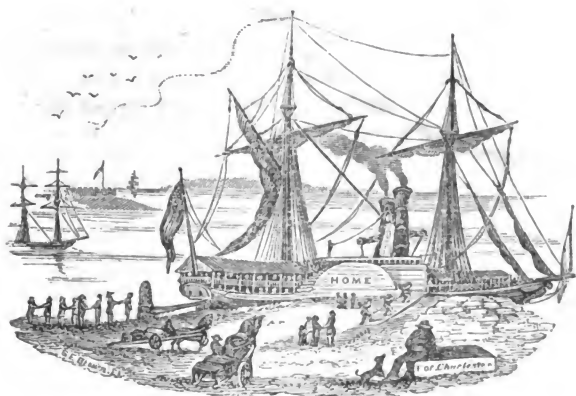
The whole is embellished with many fine engravings on wood ; in speaking of which engravings the compiler would remark, that they are considered by adequate judges to be of a high and spirited order, and therein, it is hardly necessary to mention, of a vastly different and superior character to those usually found in books of this description. They were designed and engraved, expressly for this work, by Mr. S. E. Brown, one of the first artists in the city of Boston.

Great care has been taken to render the accounts, in their detail, correct. Errors, however, may possibly have crept in ; should any such be discovered, they will be corrected in future editions.

In collecting the materials which form the body of the work, the compiler has been largely indebted to many of the various journals of the day for the principal facts contained therein. In preserving these facts, however, the language in which they were clothed has mostly been remodeled,—the accounts shorn of much that was unimportant, and otherwise condensed,—and, by culling from one source whatever seemed of interest, and so blending it with that of another which was imperfect in some of its details, he has been enabled to render a more full, connected, and interesting narrative of each. In doing this, he

VIII

has also aimed to give to the whole a decidedly moral influence, by appropriate reflections and remarks of his own, as well as by selections from others, which he has introduced wherever it could be done with advantage, and where the peculiar circumstances of the narrative seemed to demand it.



WRECK OF THE STEAM PACKET HOME,
On her passage from New York to Charleston, Oct.
9, 1837, by which melancholy occurrence ninety-
five persons perished.

An occurrence so awful as the loss of the STEAM-BOAT HOME, excites in the mind of a civilized and humane community, the most intense and painful interest. In a vessel for passage, whole countries are represented among those who have trusted their lives upon the deep, divided from eternity by a single plank, and directly committed to His Providence who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, but who sometimes sees fit, for purposes in His dispensation, beyond the ken of mortals, to visit the wanderer upon the deep with sudden and awful death. The loss of a vessel engaged in the common pursuits of commerce, with no more souls on board than are requisite to her guidance and management, is a painful event, which

calls for the commiseration of all to whose ears the tidings are borne.

The parents, the wives and children whose hopes and whose dependence are all embarked with "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," are stricken to the earth by the tidings of their loss; but the great public can only pity the little circle of mourners without sharing their sorrows. Not so, when from the climes of the sunny South—from the towns and cities of the North—from the valley of the father of waters, and from the cities on the seaboard, a company are gathered together it would seem for destruction, as in the case of the ill-fated boat of whose loss we speak. The funeral wail rises from one extremity of the country to the other—every state, and almost every community has a claim to assert in the loss of persons connected by ties of blood, of friendship or of business. The awful realities of the dangers to which a large portion of the human family is daily exposed are brought home to every bosom; and the sympathies of the whole public are touched. It is the intense interest felt in the fate of the "**HOME**," that has induced us to present to the public a full and accurate account, so far as we have been able to collect from various sources, of the melancholy wreck, and the circumstances connected with the boat, and her history.

The steamboat **Home** was launched from the yard of Messrs. Brown & Bell in April, 1836. She was finished in January 1837, and laid at the foot of Delancey street until April. The length of her keel was 198 feet—her beam was 22, and the depth of her hold 12 feet. Her length on deck was about 220 feet, and her burthen 550 tons. She was an elegantly constructed vessel, and cost \$115,000, only 35,000 of which was insured. She was built for Mr. James B. Alaire, of New York City, and had made only two voyages to Charleston. That she was not the kind of

vessel to withstand the tempestuous gales of the Atlantic, has proved fearfully true. We have no evidence that in her model or timbers any reference was had to a capacity for encountering the perils of the ocean; but candor compels us to say that her model, the time of her lying unemployed, and other circumstances, induce the conviction that she *never was intended* for a sea boat. If she was so intended, then those who had charge of her construction should never again attempt to plan a vessel. In the minor points of elegance and convenience—minor compared with the great consideration of safety—the Home was all that could have been wished, and would have made an elegant and safe steamer for the river, or the summer navigation of the Sound. She was calculated to accommodate one hundred and twenty persons with berths or state rooms. In her appointments and finish, she ranked with the “floating palaces” for which our American waters are famed, and in speed, another characteristic of American ship building, she was unsurpassed.

Her second passage to Charleston was made in sixty-four hours—a shorter passage than was ever made before by any vessel. Communication with Charleston was regarded as almost as direct as that with the nearer cities which are brought within a day’s travel by steamboat and rail road. Numbers who, under other circumstances, would hardly venture upon a journey from one city to the other, were induced by the rapidity and comfort of the conveyance to make the jaunt. Circumstances warranted us in supposing that the North and South were thus to be connected by the annihilation of distance, and pride in our national enterprize and resources, pointed exultingly to the fact that a distance which had occupied our ancestors weeks in its passage, could now be compassed in less than three days. It was even hinted, *after she was finished*, the HOME would essay a trip across the

Atlantic, in advance of the completion of a line of packets designed for that great route. The public mind anticipated great things from the success of the first trips of the new and splendid vessel; and became so much familiarized with the subject of ocean steam communication, and so devoid of fear as to its danger, that the whisper of apprehension was met with a reproving smile.

Owing to the speed of the *Home*, her very excellent accommodations, and the high character of Capt. White as a commander, the number of passengers who started in her on this, her last and ill-fated voyage, was very great. In addition to those whose names we have been able to collect, there were we understand a number who went on board, only a very short time before she started,—also several deck, or forward passengers, whose names, we have been unable to obtain.

On the seventh of October the *Home* left New York, upon her third trip. She had on board, as near as can be gathered from her berth book, and judged from the numbers who took passage at the last moment without previously securing berths, ninety passengers. Her crew, including officers and servants, male and female, numbered forty-five; in all, about one hundred and thirty-five souls. Among them were between thirty and forty females.

Gentlemen from the North going South, and Southern gentlemen returning from excursions of business, pleasure or health at the North—ladies impatient to return to the friends from whom circumstances had separated them, buoyant with hope, and confident of safety and a quick passage from the reputation which the packet had thus early acquired; children, trusting in their parents, and willing to leave to them all questions as to danger or safety—a happier company never assembled together. It seemed more like a departure upon a pleasure excursion than the commence-

ment of what was once deemed a serious voyage. With hope elate, and with the sorrow of parting with friends here, swallowed up in joyous anticipation of meeting others at the end of a short and pleasant passage, the passengers on board the Home bade adieu to New York.

The following is a list of the passengers, as full as we have been able to obtain, although some of them are probably not correctly spelled.

Messrs. C. C. Cady,	H. B. Croom & Lady,
— Woodburn,	Miss Croom,
W. H. Tileston,	H. Anderson,
J. Johnson Jr.,	— Weld,
T. Smith,	O. H. Prince,
J. M. Roll,	— Clock,
P. Anderson,	J. Paine,
James Cokes,	R. F. Bostwick,
— Vanderzee,	Miss Levy,
J. D. Roland,	Mrs. Camack,
W. S. Read,	“ Whitney,
Capt. Hill.	“ Hill,
— Kennedy,	“ Slow,
C. Drayton,	Miss Roberts,
— Walker,	Miss Croom,
— Fuller,	P. Solomons,
P. H. Cohen,	Mrs. Prince,
— Benedict,	“ Boyd,
A. Lovegreen,	“ Yaugh,
J. Holmes,	“ Flynn and two daughters,
J. Boyd,	“ Miller,
M. Sprott,	“ Schroeder,
James B. Allaire,	“ Bondo,
G. H. Palmer,	“ Riviere,
A. C. Bangs,	“ Lacoste,
— Whiting,	A. Desabye,
Rev. G. Cowles & Lady,	C. Willeman,
B. B. Hussey & Lady,	

Mr. Desabye, Lady	P. Domingues,
and servant,	Broquet & Lady, children,
F. Desabye,	& servant,
Capt. Salter,	— Labedie,
Prof. Nott & Lady,	— Walton,
Master Croom,	— Hazard,
C. Quinn,	— Cawthers,
Mr. Smith,	— Finn.
— Laroque,	

The first disaster was striking upon the *Romer* Shoal, where she remained three or four hours. The accident was occasioned by mistaking one of the buoys designating Capt. Gedney's new channel, for the buoy on the *Romer*. It was thought that the boat sustained no injury by the accident, but escape from all injury we conceive can have been hardly possible. On the night of the ninth instant she went to pieces, about six miles north of Oglethorpe Light, and as presenting the principal circumstances of the disaster, we publish the following letter, written on the 10th instant, by Capt. White, to Hon. James P. Allaire, the owner of the vessel :

Ocracoke, N. C. Oct. 10, 1837.

Mr. James P. Allaire, New York,

Dear Sir : I have now the painful duty of informing you of the total loss of the steam packet *Home*, and the lives of most of the passengers and crew :

The following passengers *are saved* :

H. Vanderzee, New York.

Capt. John Salter, Portsmouth, N. H.

Capt. Alfred Hill, do. do,

I. S. Cohen, of Columbia, S. C.

Andrew A. Lovegreen, Charleston.

Charles Drayton, do.

B. B. Hussey, do.

Thomas J. Smith, do.

Mrs. Lacoste, Charleston.
 Mrs. Schroeder, do.
 Mr. C. C. Cady, Montgomery, Ala.
 J. D. Rowland, New York.
 James Johnson, Jr., Boston.
 John Bishop, New York,
 Darnis Clock, Athens, Geo.
 William S. Read, New Haven, Conn.
 Jabez Holmes, New York.
 John Mather, do.
 Conrad Quinn, Jersey City.
 Hiram Anderson, New York.

Twenty passengers saved, is all we can find.

The following persons of the crew :

Firemen.

Levi Miller, Stamford, Conn.
 William Bloom, New York.
 Thomas Smith, do.
 Timothy Stone, do.

Deck Hands.

Michael Burns, James Duffee, John Trust, James Jackson, Samuel ———, Calvin Marvin, (boy) New York, David Milne, steward.

And six waiters, (names not given,) making 19 belonging to the boat.

20 passengers, 19 hands, 1 captain,—40 souls saved.

There can be very little saved from the wreck. We had a heavy gale of wind after leaving New York, from N. E. The boat sprung a leak a little to the Northward of Hatteras ; at first we were able to pump the water out as fast as it came in, but the leak soon increased, so that it gained very fast on us. We scuttled the cabin floor, and all hands, passengers, gentlemen and ladies, commenced bailing with buckets, kettles, &c. but the water soon came up to the furnaces, and put the fires out, and we were obliged to run under sails only. By the time we came to the shore, the water was over the cabin floors ; we run her head

on, but owing to her having so much water in, she stopped in the outward breakers. The first sea that came after she struck, stove the weather quarter boat, and all the houses on the deck were stove in, and 25 minutes after she struck, she was all to pieces, and I suppose about 80 souls were drowned. Both mates, all three of the engineers, and James B. Allaire are lost. Most of the passengers saved have lost nearly all their baggage. I have lost every thing; having nothing but one pair of pantaloons, and a shirt that I had on when I washed ashore.

In haste, yours respectfully.

(Signed)

CARLETON WHITE.

The weather was not very favorable on the 7th of October, but it was presumed it would clear off by the next morning, and the passengers went on board with light hearts, many to visit friends from whom they had been long absent, on business or pleasure; some who had left their homes for the recovery of their health, others who had been usefully passing long months of study, to prepare themselves to take a better part in the business of life, and all filled with joyous expectation of a pleasant and speedy return to their friends; none dreaming that the adieux made here, were the last, or that those who looked upon them while leaving port, "would see them no more, for ever."

The following account of the sailing and wreck of the Home, was written by Mr. John D. Roland, now of Alabama, formerly of New York, who was a passenger. When Mr. Roland told the heart rending tale, oft would the big tear steal into his eye, as he recounted the horrors of that awful scene.

He went on board a total stranger to every person. He states that the boat left the dock at about 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, with a light wind, rather cloudy, and that in going out, after passing the

Narrows, the boat struck on the Romer, where she lay four or five hours. He understood the next morning that the boat got off about ten o'clock the previous night, whether the boat received any injury while she lay on the Romer or not, he does not know. The Home then ran out past Sandy Hook and continued her course during Sunday, without any thing happening worthy of notice, the weather being fine. At 10 P. M. the weather changed to the northeast, blew hard, and the boat labored much and leaked some. On Monday morning made the land about 23 miles to the northward of Cape Hatteras, the sea very rough. The boat was then put off shore, and she ran out to sea for the purpose of getting round the Cape, and sheltering under the lee in smooth water. She stood to sea until 2 P. M. All hands during the time were at the pumps, and the passengers, women included, were bailing with buckets, pails, pans, &c. &c., the leak however increasing constantly. It was then calculated that they had passed the outer Cape of Hatteras, and the boat was turned to shore to beach her, for the preservation of all on board. The sails were set, and wind on shore, but the engine was working very slowly, and the boat was settling fast. With every possible exertion the water gained constantly. The boat worked, and bent like a reed. The bows would work up and down three or four feet, and those best acquainted with her expected that she would break in two every moment—that she would go down, and all on board would perish. During the whole of this time the passengers cut up the blankets into slips, for the purpose of lashing them to spars, and to whatever else there might be in the way. Notwithstanding the men were working with pieces of cords and blankets around their bodies, the leak increased and the boat was settling fast, yet the women as well as the men kept on bailing, with the faint hope of ultimate safety. All labored like heroes and

rational beings, and no consternation or unnecessary alarm was manifested. At 6 P. M. the water reached the engine, to the alarm of all, and extinguished the fires, when of course the machinery stopped. The boat was still out of sight of land, but was running with sails, the gale severe, and she laboring dreadfully. The greatest efforts were all the time made, by bailing, &c., and all were actively engaged, until 10 P. M., when the boat struck about a quarter of a mile from, but in sight of the outer breakers.

In an instant after the strike all was utter confusion and alarm; men, women, and children screaming in the most agonizing manner. The scene was most heart-rending; women clinging to their husbands, children to their mothers, and death, almost certain death before them. It was apparent that the boat could hold together but a very few moments, and that few, very few could under any circumstances be saved. The wind blew a gale—the sea was high, and there were only three boats, and one of them had been staved.

All were engaged in efforts to save their lives,—some lashing themselves to spars on board, and others making what struggle they could. Our informant made his calculations, that his only chance was in swimming ashore, and he accordingly threw off all his clothes but his shirt and pantaloons; and before any had left the wreck, threw himself into the water. He found the sea so high that he could with difficulty encounter it, and on reaching the surf, he came near perishing. He, however, landed in safety, though the current took him about a mile and a half to the southward of the wreck.

On reaching the shore, Mr. Rowland found all manner of pieces thrown up, from which it was evident that the boat had broken up. One man he pulled out of the surf. Only two persons on board had life preservers, both of whom were saved; one of

them however, had no use for his, as he went ashore on the forecastle ; the other person (although he could not swim,) was saved by means of his life preserver.

The boat fortunately had a high forecastle, on which a number of the crew and passengers had collected. This parted entire, and all or nearly all on it, some eight or ten persons at least, went ashore and were saved—Capt. White among the number.

The boat, almost immediately on striking, went to pieces. Her keel and kelson both drifted ashore about a mile from the wreck. About twenty bodies were found men, and women—among them an infant and the chief mate. The shore, for some miles to the southward, was covered with fragments. The boilers of the boat were to be seen, but every vestige of the vessel had parted from them.

Of the three small boats belonging to the Home, one was staved by the violence of the gale as she hung in the davits, one other filled alongside, and the other was cast off with a number of passengers in her, but she upset in the surf, and only one person was saved. One of the stewards swam safe ashore naked, but he nearly perished afterward with cold.

The scene the next morning was too horrid to describe, the boiler being the only unbroken relic of what was the beautiful packet Home. The shore was lined with bodies constantly coming up. All hands were engaged in collecting them together. The survivors in groups, were nearly naked, and famished and exhausted. The few inhabitants appeared friendly, but many of the trunks that came on shore were empty.

Mrs. Lacoste, the aged lady that was saved, is about 70. She is very fleshy, and almost helpless. She was found in the surf, but how she got there neither herself nor any other person could give any account. Mr. Hussey, who was saved, lashed his wife to a spar, but she was forced off by a sea and lost.

Mr. H. afterward lashed himself to a spar and reached the shore. It is the opinion of our informant that a large portion of the passengers were lost together, soon after she struck, when the boat separated. All the children on board were lost except one lad about 12 years old.

Ocracoke Island, to which place the survivors were washed or swam, is principally inhabited by pilots. Mr. Littlejohn, a Southern planter who was spending the summer there, Mr. Howard, who resides also on the Island, Capt. Pike, and other gentlemen paid every attention to the survivors, and to the interment of those bodies which were washed on shore. Within two days after the fatal occurrence, which time Messrs. Rowland and Holmes were obliged to wait for a conveyance, about twenty bodies, among which were those of two or three of the ladies, were washed on shore and buried.

After the survivors reached the shore, they separated in various directions—some to Raleigh, N. C. others to Newbern—two as before stated, came to New York, and the remainder made their way towards Charleston, by the best conveyances they could find.

Mr. VANDERZEE, who has arrived at Charleston, communicated the following facts for publication. He says:

At 11 o'clock at night, the *Home* grounded, about 100 yards from the shore. The ladies had all been requested to go forward, as the place where they were more likely to reach the shore, being nearest the beach, but a heavy sea struck her there, and swept nearly one half of them into the sea and they were drowned. One boat was stove at this time. Another boat was launched, with two or three persons in it, but capsized. The long-boat was then put overboard, filled with persons, twenty-five in number, it is supposed, but did not get 15 feet from the side of the steamer before she upset, and it is the belief of our

informant, that not one of the individuals in her ever reached the shore. The sea was breaking over the boat at this time with tremendous force, and pieces of her were breaking off at times, and floating towards the shore, on some of which persons were clinging. One lady with a child in her arms was in the act of mounting the stairs to the upper deck when the smoke stack fell, and doubtless killed her and her child, on the spot. Some few of the ladies were lashed to the boat, Mrs. Schroeder was confined in this manner to one of the braces of the boat, and another lady was tied to the same piece of timber. Mr. ——— was standing near them, when the latter lady slipped along the brace so that the water broke over her. Mr. V. seized her by the clothes, and held her up for some time, and made every exertion that was possible to release her, but failed. She herself, endeavored to unloose the rope, but was unable to do so, and shortly afterwards the brace broke off from the boat, and went towards the shore, Mrs. Schroeder still fastened to it, while her unfortunate companion, slipped off and was lost. Mrs. S. after striking the beach, with great presence of mind, drew the timber up on the beach so far as to prevent it from being washed away by the waves, and was thus saved.

The hull of the boat broke into three pieces, and the shore was completely strewn with portions of the wreck, baggage, &c. for four or six miles in extent the next morning.

Captain White, with six or seven other persons clung to a piece of the forward part of the boat and reached the beach in safety. Mrs. Lacoste floated ashore nearly exhausted, and had she not been taken up would most probably have perished.

Mr. Lovegreen was on the upper deck, and tolled the bell until almost every one had left her, when he sprung off and swam ashore.

Mrs. LACOSTE, one of the ladies saved, is quite large,

and is, we learn, nearly seventy years of age. When on shore she walks about with considerable difficulty; her preservation is almost miraculous. She was not aware by what means she got ashore, but it is understood that she was lashed to a settee, and upon it was washed over the surf.

Mr. Kennedy of Charleston, was a member of the Sophomore Class, in Yale College.

Mr. S. G. FULLER of South Carolina was about 28 years of age, and has friends residing in Brooklyn where he spent much of his time.

Professor Nott and Lady were on their return to the south, after passing the summer recess of the Columbia (South Carolina) college in our more healthy region. Mr. Nott was a person of peculiar amiableness and intelligence. He had travelled extensively, and his writings after his return to his native land, had gained him much celebrity. It was in Belgium that he formed his matrimonial alliance, and Mrs. Nott, though a native of that country, died with many friends in ours, which she some years ago adopted as her own. The Professor himself, was a native of South Carolina, where his father was a judge. They left a young family behind them; and numberless friends of their lamented parents, will deeply sympathize in their bereavement.

Mr. A. C. BANGS, was a very promising young man, about 19 years of age, son of Rev. Heman Bangs of Hartford, Conn. and nephew of Rev. Dr. Bangs of New York.

Mr. Philip S. Cohen of Charleston, S. C. who was lost, was the youngest brother of Mr. Isaac S. Cohen, of Columbia, who was fortunately preserved. Both brothers were on board the Wm. Gibbons when she was wrecked, and narrowly escaped with their lives. We understand that their friends at home were very urgent in their solicitations that they should not return in the Home. Alas! that their entreaties were of no avail.

Hon. Geo. H. Prince and Lady, who with their servants were lost, had spent the summer at the north, where Mr. Prince was superintending the publication of the Laws of Georgia. He was formerly U. S. Senator from that state, and was highly esteemed for his virtues, talents and learning.

Mr. P. Anderson was a merchant, belonging to Columbia, S. C.

Miss Henrietta Croom, was 16 years of age, a young lady of great personal accomplishments. She was a native of North Carolina, and had been about three years in New York, where she had acquired an excellent education at the boarding school of Madame Cheganay.

Mr. and Mrs. Croom, who were lost, were the parents of the young lady above mentioned. Their son, a fine youth, also perished. The father of Mr. H. B. Croom was a member of the Lyceum of Natural History in New York, and a very worthy man. He was a resident of Florida, but being in feeble health, generally spent his summers at the north. Of this entire family, all we understand are now gone.

Mrs. LEVY of Charleston with her two lovely and accomplished daughters were returning home, after having spent the summer in New York. One of the daughters had come to the north for the recovery of her health. She had recovered and was returning perfectly happy. On the day before the Home sailed, Captain Cohen called on them. He told them he was returning in the Home. "I should like to go in the Home," said Mrs. Levy. Capt. Cohen after a great deal of intreaty, persuaded the ladies to return in the Home. they are now in the grave—he, the Captain, was saved.

Mr. WM. H. TILESTON of New York was going south on a business tour, for the house with which he was connected. He had with him business notes for collection amounting to upwards of one hundred thou-

sand dollars. He was a young man of much promise, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Mr. SPROTT was of the house of Munday and Sprott of Benton, Alabama.

Mrs. ALFRED HILL, was the wife of Capt. Hill, who is among those saved from the devouring sea. Capt. H. when the boat struck, secured a spar, upon which he and his wife endeavored to reach the shore. They had almost gained the beach, when a sea struck them rolled both over the spar, and the husband was doomed to see the wife of his bosom carried from beyond his reach, just at the moment when he had believed they had escaped the horrible fate of so many of their companions. Mrs. Hill was a Welsh lady, about 24 years of age, and has left a little child, too young as yet to feel its loss. She was much esteemed by all who knew her. Capt. Hill has several times before this escaped the perils of shipwreck—and about seven years since was the only person saved on board a vessel taken by pirates, in the Gulf of Mexico. Every one else was murdered; he was saved by concealing himself in the hold; and as the vessel gradually filled with water, (having been scuttled by the pirates,) he floated out on a plank, and swam on shore, exposed to continual danger from sharks, and then had to walk twenty miles through mangrove bushes &c., before he came to any human habitation.

Mrs. Boudo, was a most estimable widow lady, whose loss will be deeply deplored by large numbers both in New York, and in Charleston. She kept an extensive jewelry and fancy store in King-street, Charleston.

Mrs. RIVIERE also belonged to Charleston, where she was well known and much respected. She kept a millinary establishment in King-street.

Mr. GEO. H. PALMER was a son of Mr. Wm. Palmer of Jamaica, Long Island, who is in business in New York.

• Mr. P. SOLOMONS of Columbia; S. C. is also among the number to be added to the unfortunate array of names of those, thus suddenly launched into eternity.

Mr. JAS. PAINE, was a resident of Mobile, aged about 25 years.

Mr. THOS. SMITH, 30 years of age, a merchant of South Carolina.

Mr. JAMES B. ALLAIRE of New York, was also a passenger. Many are there who will long remember the numerous virtues of this estimable young man. He was a nephew of the owner.

We have also learned that a young man was on board belonging to Middletown, Conn. whose name was on the list; of him we have gathered no particulars.

Mr. H. VANDERZEE was going south on the business of the house of Parish & Co. of New York, with whom he is connected. He had a large amount of notes with him for collection, which he took the precaution to secure around his body. He jumped overboard when the boat struck, and was driven by the tide and surf a great distance. When almost exhausted, and about to give himself up to despair, a piece of the wreck was fortunately thrown in his way, by which he was enabled to support himself until he was washed ashore.

Mr. Roland stated, that a large number of trunks which came on shore, broken to pieces, either by the crushing of the boat, or by being knocked about in the surf. Very little of the baggage was saved to those whose lives were spared.

We may here remark, that several gentlemen who had relatives or friends on board, immediately started south, in the hope their bodies might be found, and they could be enabled to pay them the last earthly tribute of affection—that of seeing their remains properly consigned to the bosom of our common mother.

Rev. GEORGE COWLES, for two or three years until

his health failed, was pastor of a Congregational Church in Danvers, Mass. His amiable lady was a sister of the Rev. Mr. Adams, of the Broome street Church in New York, and daughter of the venerable Preceptor of Philips Academy, Andover.

The following memorial of the Rev. George Cowles and Lady, is furnished by a friend.—Amid the general gloom and distress occasioned throughout this community, by the loss of the steamboat *Home*, great interest has been felt in many circles on account of the premature death of the Rev. George Cowles and wife, who perished in that disaster. Were their loss a private affliction only, great and irreparable as it is to immediate relatives, the following facts would never be obtruded upon the public notice, but left to that grief which seeketh secrecy, and “knoweth its own bitterness.” It had fallen, however, to their lot to occupy an important station in the church of Christ; they were extensively known and loved; a very numerous and affectionate people, over whom they long and faithfully watched, deplore their loss; and it has been impossible to furnish a full and satisfactory reply to all the letters which have been written for information concerning their melancholy end, by “Zion’s friends and ours.” Under these circumstances I have taken the liberty of requesting you to publish the following facts, as the most convenient method of communicating the same to their many friends; hoping at the same time that some of them may not be without interest to all who live in expectation of the coming of the Son of Man, as they afford another testimony to the reality and stability of that support which Christ extends to his followers in the hour of peril and death.

Mr. and Mrs. C. arrived in N. York, September 22d, intending to pass the winter with a brother and sister in Augusta, Georgia. They were long doubtful what means of conveyance to choose. They had a most

decided aversion to a passage in the steamboat. Indeed, such *had always been their strong and invincible dread of the sea*, that they would have chosen to journey the whole distance by land, if it had not been thought unsafe to travel so early in the season through the low countries of the South. During their visit in New York, the Home completed her second trip from Charleston; the first in 62, the last in 64 hours. The speed, comfort, and safety of this boat were so highly extolled, that both were led to think more seriously of taking passage on her return; and after a personal inspection of her accommodations, and learning that on previous passages she had taken the inner channel, thus avoiding Cape Hatteras altogether, their berths were secured.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 7th, they were accompanied to the boat, in more than ordinary health and spirits, excepting some natural tears on leaving home and friends, and, (in the case of one, there can be no doubt,) because of *her instinctive and unparalleled fear when upon the water*.

For several successive days the weather was remarkably fine; many who had friends on board the Home watched it day and night, and on rising Tuesday morning congratulated themselves and the voyagers, on account of their safe arrival at Charleston.

How great the shock, when, on the subsequent Tuesday, the awful tidings arrived that the Home had foundered at sea, and the large majority of passengers, including Mr. and Mrs. C. were in eternity!

It was the first impulse of all, on recovering sufficient composure, to converse with the survivors, and obtain from them, if possible, more definite information concerning their particular friends and relatives. The first and only individual who was able to make any report of Mr. and Mrs. C. was Mr. Jabez Holmes, an amiable and pious young gentleman of the house of Cornelius Baker & Co. He had no personal ac-

quaintance with either. He knew them not by name. But when told that Mr. C. was a clergyman he identified him at once, describing his dress and that of his wife so accurately as to preclude all possibility of his being mistaken. He had considerable conversation with both during the fatal storm; and his recollections of them were the more distinct, because of the very remarkable composure which they exhibited; which word, added the same gentleman, failed to express all that their words and countenances indicated. It was something more than composure, it was happiness, when they spoke of their confidence in God!

The characteristic and precious remark made by Mr. C., as overheard by Mr. H. was enough to remove all those terrific images of distress, and paleness, and runnings to and fro, by which the minds of surviving friends were before agitated by day and night.

The remark of Mr. C. referred to above, was addressed to the steward and clerk of the boat, to see whom, was judged very desirable, as he was observed to be in frequent conversation with Mr. and Mrs. C. up to a late hour.

The steward of the Home was Mr. David M. Milne, the son of a deceased clergyman, and who was saved, in a manner almost miraculous, to rejoice a pious mother, and a sister on missionary ground. From him the following facts were afterwards obtained.

The gale commenced on Sabbath morning, and continued to increase all the day. At night the boat labored much and leaked considerably, but not enough to excite apprehensions of danger. On Monday A. M. there was no concealment of the fact that all were in imminent peril. The general expectation was, that the boat would sink with all on board, when fifteen miles off Cape Hatteras. Mr. C. who, during two years of feeble health, had often been told by

physicians that he must die, without a perceptible quickening of his pulse, or one distracting fear in his heart; and his wife, who had often stood at his side in the very presence of the pallid king, were now, throughout this day of awful suspense, to exemplify the effects of their previous discipline, when suddenly called to face death in one of its most terrific forms.

Mr. Milne states that he has a more distinct recollection of Mr. and Mrs. C. than of any other passengers, because of *the religious conversation which they addressed to him*. In the midst of the perils of that eventful day, Mr. C., who was compelled by sickness to keep his berth, requested Mr. M. to read aloud certain portions of Scripture, among which was that singularly appropriate and sublime passage, the 24th chapter of Matthew; and then, (many of the passengers gathering around, and listening with profound interest) commended them all to God in audible prayer. Never, says Mr. M. were individuals more perfectly composed than Mr. and Mrs. C. Several distinct times, Mr. C. gave vent to his gratitude on account of the calmness and peace of his wife, who he had expected would be greatly terrified. Both expressed a great degree of interest for the welfare of others. To one individual, the direct inquiry was proposed in the kindest manner of Christian fidelity, whether he was a Christian, and if he did not admit at such a time, that it was of all things safe and important to have God for a refuge. Concerning another, who, in a state of desperation, and under the influence of intoxicating liquors, uttered some horrible imprecations, Mr. C. remarked, "how much better would it be for that man to be in prayer for his soul, than to blaspheme his God." The remark was afterwards communicated to the individual himself, under very affecting circumstances. He survived his wife no that dreadful night.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when it was evident

that the boat could not long hold together, Mr. and Mrs. C., who had hitherto declined going up, on the plea that their doing so would be of no service, were summoned to the dining cabin on the main deck. Mr. M. himself assisted Mrs. C. out of her berth, and again heard her declare, when dressing for her death, her joy and sense of security in confiding on Almighty love. To him the remark was made by Mr. C., "He that trusts in Jesus is safe, even amid the perils of the sea."

At 8 o'clock in the evening, when nearing the shore, another effort was made to lighten the boat by bailing. And as it was necessary for all to aid, the ladies and among them Mrs. C., formed a line for passing the empty buckets, in which occupation her cheerful appearance was observed by many, and tended not a little to inspire others with hope. Mr. C. expressed regret that, owing to his great feebleness, he was unable to afford much aid, but seated on a trunk, did what he could, in passing the empty pails. Notwithstanding all their exertions, the leak gained very rapidly, the fire under the boilers had long ago been extinguished, the engines were useless, the cabin floor was deeply flooded, and all further effort was abandoned. All was silence; most were providing themselves with whatever presented the least hope of safety. Mr. and Mrs. C. sat together in calm expectation. At ten minutes before 11, the boat struck. The moon was shrouded by thick clouds, but it was not so dark, but that the shore could be seen at the distance of a quarter of a mile. Orders were immediately given for all the passengers to go forward. A life-line was passed from the bow aft, to which they were advised to cling in a sudden emergency. Mr. C. was seen to go forward with his arm around his wife. They were seen no more. Probably, the first breaker which struck the boat, after she swung to the sea, swept them together to their watery grave.

"Lovely were they in their lives, and in death they were not divided." Who can doubt that it would have been the choice of both, if either was to be taken, not to be separated in such a death? Both were taken to their home and refuge at the same moment. Blessed be God for all those calm supports which He extended to them in prospect of death—elevating the one above the reach of a more than ordinary timidity, and thus comforting the hearts of many on sleepless pillows, when the dark and driving storm carries their frightened thoughts to the sea.

We have the melancholy satisfaction of adding, that the body of Mrs. C. was found the morning after the fatal disaster, carried to the residence of Mr. William Howard, there shrouded by the humane hands of Mrs. H. and other ladies, whose tender and feeling conduct deserves the highest praise of the community, as it has evoked the blessing of many bleeding hearts, and thence removed to an adjoining place of sepulture, and decently interred, with a board, bearing her name, to mark the spot. It is probable that before this the remains of Mr. C. have also been identified; but it should be borne in mind that owing to the distance of the fatal spot from any post-office, a long time must elapse before all desirable intelligence can be transmitted. Every possible measure was taken immediately after hearing of the shipwreck, to ascertain whether the remains of these two had been identified, and to obtain such information as would facilitate their removal, at a proper time, to a resting place beside those graves at home, which they had so often visited and bedewed with tears. The people over whom they were placed, have already signified their wish to erect a monument to their memory, in the quiet church-yard, where, with funeral rites, they had deposited so many of their flock. But their record is on high; their memory will live in the warm and loving hearts of thousands.

THE WRECK OF THE HOME.

Morn on the waters—not a cloud
Is resting in the azure heaven,
And, where the storm in fury bowed,
A halcyon calmness now is given.
On Carolina's wave-washed shore,
The spirit of Columbia's waters,
Now chants a mournful requiem o'er
Her country's much loved sons and daughters.

Nor those alone—for on that bark,
Which rode the waves at yester-even,
Braving the tempest fierce and dark,
In hopes to reach the destined haven,
Were strangers from a distant clime,
The talented, the generous hearted,
The wise and learned of their time,
Who on a high career had started.

One,* from the shores of sunny France,
Across the ever-heaving ocean,
Bore o'er that water's wide expanse,
A woman's holy, deep devotion.
That husband fond—that gentle wife,
Whose days on golden pinions glided,
Were “loved and lovely in their life,
And in their death were undivided.”

Oh! when destruction's angel passed,
Across the ocean's troubled bosom,
More fatal than the simoon's blast
To Joy's bright bud and Hope's fair blossom,
Few were the sad survivors, borne
Across that dark, tempestuous water,
In heartfelt loneliness to mourn
A mother's loss, a wife, or daughter.

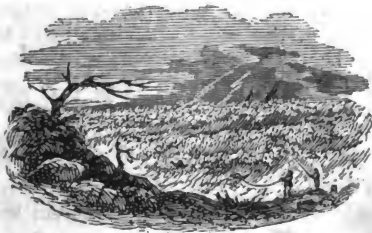
* The wife of Professor Nott was a French Lady.

And here, to one* I dearly loved ;
 My spirit turns in mournful sadness,
 Whose friendship and whose faith were proved,
 In sorrow's hour, and pleasure's gladness.
 Peace to thy memory ! gentle one ;
 He in whose sight the just find favor,
 We trust, has early called thee home,
 To dwell, forever, with thy Savior.

How precious to each memory,
 The ample and sincere oblation,
 From feeling's fount of sympathy,
 Now gushing forth throughout the nation.
 As on that rude and dangerous strand,
 We seem to hear their funeral dirges,
 The requiem of that fated band,
 Entombed beneath the swelling surges.

Oh ! may that God of sovereign power,
 Of every blessing, still, the giver,
 Through every dark, desponding hour,
 Sustain each lone and sad survivor ;
 And, bowed beneath his chastening hand,
 Whose judgments are in mercy given,
 In every trial may they stand
 Resigned to Him who reigns in Heaven.

* Mary, wife of B. B. Hussey, and daughter of Thos. Woodward of N. York.



THRILLING NARRATIVE.

*Extract of a letter from a passenger on board the
Steam Packet Charleston, from Philadelphia,
during the same storm, in which the Home
was wrecked.*

First day afternoon, 10 mo. (Oct.) 8.—The wind and swell of the sea have increased considerably, and the appearance of the ocean is awfully grand. The waves tower above the upper deck, while the gulf which yawns below seems as though it would swallow us up. Our course is in the trough of the sea, with the winds and waves on our side, which makes the boat roll excessively, and the force of the waves striking the boat makes her tremble from end to end. We have shipped some seas on our forward deck, which covered it several inches in water, and altogether, it may be considered quite a storm. The seamen are now reefing our square-sail to be ready for rounding Cape Hatteras, where we are to expect a rough time. The boat rolls so that I have to hold on with one hand, while I write with the other.

10 mo. 11. The gale, of which I spoke in what I wrote on first day, rapidly increased in fury towards night, and the terrific appearance of the billows, with the howling of the wind, convinced me that our situation had become most serious and dangerous. We were off Cape Hatteras, between 20 and 30 miles from land, in one of the most dangerous parts of the coast of North America. I retired to my berth very late, and was so fully impressed with our danger that I could not sleep, and the tremendous lurching of the boat would hardly allow me to lay in my berth. A little before two o'clock in the morning, a sea broke

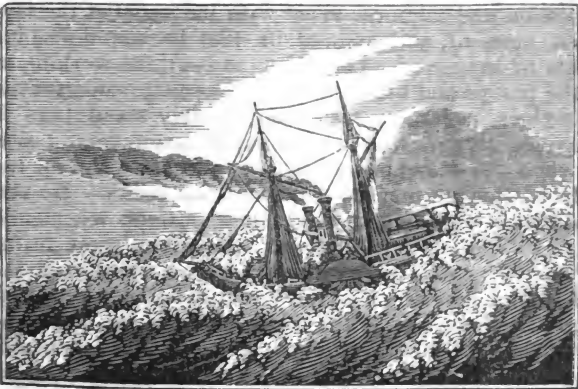
over the stern of the boat like an avalanche; the concussion was so great as to break in the bulk heads, and shatter the glass in some of the windows, far from where it struck. It broke in the sky-lights in the after cabin, and pouring into it in torrents, made a clear sweep over the after deck, as deep as the bulwarks, nearly four feet. The violence of the sea, lifted the deck fore and aft of the wheel house, making an opening about one inch wide the whole length of the boat, through which the water poured into her sponsons every time she shipped a sea, and she rolled like a log in the water. The weather side, moreover, took so much more than the other, that it occasioned her to list over very much, and deranged the working of the engines. Had these failed, all hope would have been at an end. The Captain behaved with remarkable coolness and decision. He had been on the upper deck, at the helm, all the day and night, exposed to the fury of the winds and waves without any shelter. When we shipped the sea, at 2 P. M., he ran down into our cabin, said he could not be absent from the helm, and that if we wished to save our lives, we must turn to bailing out water, or he greatly feared the boat would be swamped, she was so loaded with it.

At this moment four sky-lights, each eight inches by thirty, were pouring down columns of water, the whole cabin afloat, and trunks, settees, bonnet boxes, &c., were dashing from side to side, as the vessel heaved in the trough of the sea. Buckets were procured, and we commenced as fast as we could, but every sea we shipped brought in vastly more than all of us could bail out, and the water soon became so deep as to run into the top of my boots. It was evident some other means must be resorted to. The passengers and crew behaved with great calmness and propriety—none, who were able, refusing to work. We took our mattresses and pillows and stuffed them

into the lights, but the returning waves washed them out. We then barricaded them with settees, stationed men to hold them in ; this succeeded in part, but no sooner was this accomplished, than a tremendous sea struck us on the other side, and opened a way for the water in there, and into the ladies' cabin. It now became necessary to put some stopping on the outside, but the boat was shipping such tremendous seas, that it was a work of great hazard. A man, however, was procured to go, who was lashed to the stanchions by a strong rope, but such was the depth of the water on the deck, from the continual washing of the waves, that he could do but little. The boat rolled and pitched so dreadfully that we could scarcely stand even when holding on, and she had shipped so much water that she leaned on the side towards the sea, exposing her to its full action. I stood bailing and handing water from the time it first broke into the cabin, until eight o'clock in the morning, wet to the skin, and nearly ready to sink with fatigue. As the day dawned, the storm raged more furiously, the billows rose as high as our smoke-pipe, and as they curled and broke, fell on us with amazing power. About 10 o'clock the engineer told us he thought the engine could not hold out much longer, she was so disarranged and injured by the heavy shocks of the sea. We knew that, as far as regarded outward means, this was our only hope of safety, and this intelligence was appalling. Our captain was collected and energetic, but the winds and waves laughed at the puny power of man, and defied all his efforts.

At half past ten, A. M., a sea of immense volume and force, struck our forward hatch, towered over the upper deck, and swept off all that was on it. It broke the iron bolts that supported the smoke pike, stove in the bulwarks, tore up the iron sheathings of the engine, and made almost a wreck of the upper

works. On the main deck it tore away the guards several inches square, demolished the windows of the main hatch in the men's cabin, and poured down a torrent of water which filled it nearly two feet deep. It engulfed the fire under the boiler of the engine on that side, and lifted the machinery so as to permit the escape of a volume of steam and smoke, that nearly suffocated us, and so shifted the main shaft of the engine that it no longer worked true, but tore away the wood work, and almost destroyed its further use-



"The whole sea was white with foam."

fulness. It swept all the rooms on both sides, and threw them open to every succeeding wave. The crash was awful, the boat trembled and quivered as though she was wrecked, and the big bell tolled with the shock, as though sounding the funeral knell of all on board. I never had an adequate idea of a storm before, the whole sea was white with foam, and the wind blew up the water in such quantities that the atmosphere was thick with it. Every sea stove in some new place; windows and doors gave

way with awful crashes, and several times the fires were nearly extinguished. The captain, who had stood at his post near the helm, now came down from the upper deck and told us the fury of the storm was such that he feared he could not save the vessel, that her upper works were fast becoming a wreck, and as soon as they went she would fill and sink; therefore, if it met the approbation of the passengers, he would endeavor to run her ashore, in the hope of saving our lives. He said all would depend upon the character of the beach, and on our self-possession and calmness to act with judgment at the trying moment, and assured us that he would lose his life to save ours. He told us to continue working at the pumps and buckets, and in handing wood for the engines, as long as we could possibly stand; and to avoid giving way to improper excitement; that when the vessel should strike, we must make for the bow after the first sea had swept her decks. He also directed us where to place those articles we should most want if we survived. He then went to the women's cabin, and calling them all together, stated his apprehensions that the vessel could not be saved, giving them much the same charges he had done to us. All this was done with as much apparent calmness as though all was well. He then ordered the carpenter to be ready with the axe to cut away the mast the moment she should strike, and having made these arrangements, resumed his station at the helm. The boat now rolled more than ever, shipped nearly every sea that struck against her, and swung round from the shock, so as not to obey the helm. An almost constant stream of water swept the decks, and at every stroke of the sea the boat groaned, and the bell rung with a sound that seemed peculiarly awful.

We all procured ropes and fastened them around our bodies, for the purpose of lashing ourselves to

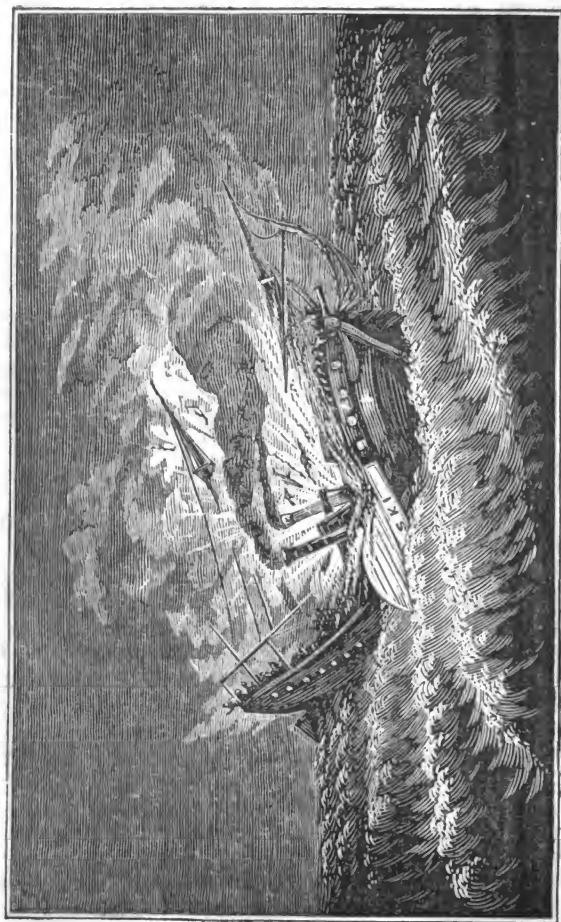
the wreck, and having embraced each other, prepared to take our part in the work, and to meet the awful impending catastrophe. T. G. D., B. W. W., and myself, stood together for a few moments looking on the terrific display around us, and both secretly and openly, I believe, putting up our prayers. After this deeply affecting scene, I went to work and continued at it until eight o'clock at night, pumping, bailing, or handing out water, and carrying wood for the fires. As we were then 25 or 30 miles from shore, the captain's anxiety was, to put the boat in as soon as possible, before she became unmanageable or began to sink. He steered for Cape Lookout, in North Carolina, though he could not tell certainly where he was, but concluded it must be the nearest land, and that it would be as good a place to be wrecked on as any. But a merciful and kind Providence knew better than we, and at that awful moment was watching over us, and frustrating our designs for our good. The land lay N. N. W., and the gale blowing heavily N. E., so that he could not steer her in; finding this, he came down and desired the engineer to raise steam with wood, to enable him to steer in, or otherwise all hope was gone. Accordingly we all went to handing wood for the engine, but so much had been washed over that we had hardly enough for three hours; the sea had broken down the doors and windows, &c., on deck, and we carefully collected these and put them in to keep up the fire. But with all the steam we could raise, we could not steer for shore, the wind and current carrying us down along shore, but not in towards it; and this proved our safety, for with the tremendous sea, which we afterwards saw setting on the coast, near which we aimed to ground, we must all have perished had we succeeded in our attempt. As it was, the wind, current, and steam, just served to carry us, under the guidance of a gracious Providence, we knew not whither, but into stiller

water. About 9 o'clock at night the sea began to be more calm, though the fury of the storm was not lessened, by which the captain was induced to believe that we had doubled the cape and were coming under its lee. By incessant exertions we now nearly cleared the hold and cabin of water, and as the boat shortly came into comparatively smooth water, the captain thought he would try to weather the night at anchor, thinking the storm might abate by morning. Some protested against this and insisted upon running on shore at once, but the captain would not, as he thought we should all perish in the dark. He therefore steered in towards it, and after running two hours dropped two anchors which held the boat. On weighing these in the morning we found that the largest one had broken short off, and our safety during the night had depended on a small, and, as we should have thought, very insufficient one. Thus a succession of merciful providences attended us, which I shall rejoice to recount when we meet.

Our captain called a consultation of the passengers on third day morning, in which nearly all agreed that we should run into Beaufort, to refit. As he did not know the channel, it was necessary to sound continually; but after a few hours a pilot came off to us and steered us in handsomely.

After refitting at Beaufort they proceeded on their voyage and arrived in Charleston on fifth day.—10th Month, 1837.

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Explosion of the Steam Packet Pulaski.

LOSS OF THE STEAM PACKET PULASKI,

which exploded and sunk on the coast of North Carolina, on her passage from Charleston to Baltimore, June 14, 1838, by which disastrous event nearly one hundred persons perished.

The following Narrative is from information derived from J. H. Couper, Esq. of Glynn Co., Georgia, and Maj. James P. Heath of Baltimore, who were among the survivors.

The steam packet Pulaski, Capt. Dubois, sailed from Savannah, on Wednesday, the 13th of June, having on board about 90 passengers. She arrived at Charleston the same afternoon, and sailed the next morning with 65 additional passengers. In the afternoon the wind was fresh from the east and produced a heavy sea, which retarded her progress and required a full pressure of steam. At half past 10, the wind continued fresh with a clear starlight, and there was every promise of a fine night. At 11 o'clock, the starboard boiler exploded with tremendous violence, blowing off the promenade deck above, and shattering the starboard side about midships—at the same time the bulk-head between the boilers and forward cabin was stove in, the stairway to it blocked up and the bar-room swept away. The head of the boiler was blown out, and the top rent fore and aft. In consequence of the larboard boiler and works being comparatively uninjured, the boat heeled to that side, and the starboard side was kept out of the water, except when she rolled, when the sea rushed in at the breach. The boat continued to settle rapidly, and in about 40

minutes the water had reached the promenade deck above the ladies' cabin. Previous to this period, the ladies, children, and the gentlemen who were in the after part of the boat, were placed on the promenade deck. About the time that the water reached that point, the boat parted in two with a tremendous crash, and the bow and stern rose somewhat out of the water: but the latter again continued to sink until the water reached the promenade deck, when it separated in three parts, upset, and precipitated all on it into the water. Many then regained the detached portions. The gentlemen who occupied the forward cabin, took refuge on the extreme point of the bow, when the boat broke in two, and clung to it and the foremast; others had placed themselves on settees, and the fragments of the wreck.

There were four boats belonging to the Pulaski; two being swung to the sides, and two placed on the top of the promenade deck. The side boats were both lowered down, within five minutes after the explosion. In that on the starboard side the first mate, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Swift, and one other person had placed themselves;—in that on the larboard side were Mr. J. H. Couper, with Mrs. Nightingale and child, and Mrs. Frazer and her son, who were under his charge. Capt. R. W. Pooler and son, and Mr. William Robertson, all of Georgia, Barney and Solomon belonging to the crew, and two colored women. By direction of the mate two of the crew launched one of the deck boats and got into her; but as, from her long exposure to the sun, her seams were all open, she immediately filled, and Mr. Hibbert removed the men to his boat. The boats met, when those in the second proposed to Mr. Hibbert to strike for the land, as it had on board as many as it could safely carry; this he declined to do, as he said he was determined to stay by the wreck until daylight, and had yet room for more persons. Both boats then continued to row

about the wreck until the mate's boat had picked up as many as she could carry, when Mr. Hibbert yielded to the propriety of consulting the safety of those in the boats, by going to the land, as their further stay would endanger them, without affording any aid to their suffering friends, and they left the wreck at 3 P. M. The boats took a N. W. course, being favored by a heavy sea and strong breeze from S. E.

At 12 o'clock they made the land, and at 3 P. M. were near the beach. Mr. Hibbert then waited until the second boat came up, and informed them that those who were in his boat refused to row any farther and insisted on landing;—Mr. Couper united with him in protesting against this measure, as, from the heavy breakers which were dashing on the beach, as far as the eye could reach, it was obviously one of great peril. Being overruled, they submitted to make the attempt. The mate, who had previously taken the two colored women from the second boat, then proposed to lead the way, and requested Mr. Couper to lie off, until he had effected a landing and was prepared to aid the ladies and children. The first boat then entered the surf, and disappeared for several minutes from those in the other boat, having been instantly filled with water. Six of the persons in her, viz.:—Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Swift, Mr. Tappan, Mr. Leuchtenburg, and West and Brown of the crew landed in safety. An old gentleman supposed to be Judge Rochester, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., but recently of Pensacola, Mr. Bird of Georgia, the two colored women, and a boat hand, whose name is unknown, were drowned. The other boat continued to keep off until about sunset, when, finding the night approaching, and there being no appearance of aid, or change in the wind, which was blowing freshly in to the land, and the persons in the boat having previously refused to attempt to row any farther, Mr. Couper reluctantly consented to attempt the landing.

Before making the attempt, it was thought necessary, to prevent the infant of Mrs. Nightingale, which was only seven months old, from being lost, to lash it to her person, which was done. Just as the sun was setting, the bow of the boat was turned to the shore, and Mr. Couper sculling, and two men at the oars, she was pulled into the breakers—she rose without difficulty upon the first breaker, but the second, coming out with great violence, struck the oar from the hand of one of the rowers. The boat was thus thrown into the trough of the sea, and the succeeding breaker striking her broadside, turned her bottom upwards. Upon regaining the surface, Mr. Couper laid hold of the boat, and soon discovered that the rest of the party, with the exception of Mrs. Nightingale, were making for the shore;—of her, for a few moments, he saw nothing, but, presently, feeling something like the dress of a female touching his foot, he again dived down, and was fortunate enough to grasp her by the hair. The surf continued to break over them with great violence, but, after a struggle, in which was spent the last efforts of their strength, they reached the shore, utterly worn out with fatigue, watching, hunger, thirst, and the most intense and overwhelming excitement. Besides this, the ladies and children were suffering severely from the cold. The party proceeded a short distance from the shore, where the ladies laid down upon the side of a sand hill, and their protectors *covered them, and their children with sand*, to prevent them from perishing. Meantime, some of the party went in quest of aid, and about 10 o'clock the whole of them found a kind and hospitable reception, shelter, food, and clothing, under the roof of Siglee Redd, of Onslow county.

Mrs. Nightingale is the daughter of John A. King, Esq., of New York, and a grand-daughter of the late distinguished Rufus King. During the whole of the perils through which they passed, she and Mrs. Fra-

ser displayed the highest qualities of fortitude and heroism. They owe the preservation of their own and their children's lives, under Providence, to the coolness, intrepidity, and firmness of Mr. Couper and his assistants, and to the steadiness with which they seconded the wise and humane efforts of that gentleman in their behalf.

On Monday they reached Wilmington, where they found a deep sympathy for their misfortune pervading the whole city, and generous emulation among its inhabitants to render them every possible assistance.

The forward part of the boat, after separation, continued to float. There remained on it, Major Heath and twenty-one others. We have had a long conversation with Major Heath, in which he related with great minuteness every thing attending the preservation of the persons who were on the wreck with him. It is impossible to convey in words any thing more than a faint idea of the suffering they underwent, or of the many harrowing and distressing circumstances which occurred during the four days they were on the wreck.

But a short time previous to the explosion it was remarked, by one of the passengers, to Major Heath, that the gauge showed thirty inches of steam. On the attention of the engineer being called to this fact, he replied that it would bear, with safety, forty inches. Major Heath had just retired in the after cabin. A number of passengers were lying on the settees; and, when the boiler burst, the steam rushed into the cabin, and, it is thought, instantly killed them, as they turned over, fell on the floor, and never were seen by him to move afterwards. He had, on hearing the noise of the explosion, got out of his berth and ran to the steps, the steam meeting him in the cabin—he retreated under them, as also did Mr. Lovejoy, of Geo., and they were thus shielded from its effects.

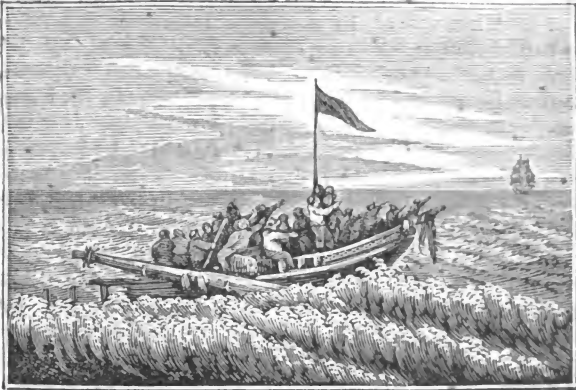
In a few moments Major Heath went on deck,

where he found all in darkness. He called for the captain, and receiving no answer, made for the mast, as he felt the boat to be sinking. Before he could secure himself, the sea burst over him and carried him away. Fortunately, however, a rope had caught around his leg, and with this he pulled himself back. The mast, as soon as he had been washed from it, fell and crushed one of the passengers, Mr. Auze, a French gentleman, of Augusta. The boat had now broken in two parts, with a tremendous crash, and the deck, forward of the mast, was carried away from the rest of the vessel, seemingly, very swiftly. Nothing more was seen after this by Major Heath, of the yawl, or the after part of the boat; but, in about half an hour, he heard a wild, shrill scream, and then all was quiet. This must have been when the promenade deck turned over, with at least one hundred human beings upon it!

When day light broke, he found that there were 22 on the wreck with him—among them was Captain Pearson, who had been blown out into the sea, but who had caught a plank, and succeeded in reaching them during the night.

The danger of their situation was at once fully realized. The heavy mast lay across the deck on which they rested, and kept it about twelve inches under water, and the planks were evidently fast parting! Capt. Pearson, with the rest, set himself to work to lash the wreck together, by the aid of the ropes on the mast—letting the ropes sink on the side of the raft, which, passing under, came up on the other side, and by repeating this operation they formed a kind of net work over it. They also succeeded in lashing two large boxes to their raft, which served as seats.

Friday passed without any vessel coming in sight. Their thirst now became intense. The heat of the sun was very oppressive, its rays pouring down on their bare heads, and blistering their faces and backs,



Maj. Heath, and 22 others, on the bow of the boat.

—some not having even a shirt on, and none more than a shirt and pantaloons.

The sufferings of the younger portion of their company at this time became very great. Major Twiggs, of the United States army, had saved his child, a boy of about 12 years of age. He kept him in his arms nearly all the time; and when he would call on his mother, who was safe at home, and beg for water, his father would seek in vain to comfort him by words of kindness, and by clasping him closer to his heart.

On Saturday they fell in with another portion of the wreck; on which were Mr. Chicken and three others, whom they took on their raft. Towards the close of the evening they had approached within half a mile of shore, as they thought, and many were anxious to make an effort to land. This was objected to by Major Heath, as the breakers ran very high, and would have dashed the raft to pieces on the shore. Mr. Greenwood, from Georgia, told the Major

that he was one of the best swimmers in the country, and that he would tie a rope around him and swim to the shore. "No, no," replied the major, "you shall not risk your life for me under these circumstances; and in such an attempt you would lose your life. No! I am the oldest man in danger, and will not increase the risk of others." All hope of landing then was soon given up, as a light breeze from shore was found carrying them farther out into the bosom of the trackless sea. Despair now seemed to seize on some, and one suggested, that if relief did not soon reach them, it would be necessary to cast lots! The firmness and decision of Major Heath soon put this horrid idea to flight. "We are Christians," he said, "and we cannot innocently imbrue our hands in the blood of a fellow creature. A horrible catastrophe has deprived hundreds of their lives, and brought sorrow to many a hearth, and thrown us upon the mercy of the winds and waves. We have still life left—let us not give up all manliness, and sink to the brute. We have all our thoughts about us, and should face death, which must sooner or later overtake us, with the spirit that becomes us as Christian men. When that hour arrives, I will lay down my life without a murmur, and I will risk it now for the safety of any one of you; but I will never stand by and see another sacrificed that we may drink his blood and eat his flesh!" With such words as these did he quiet and reconcile them to await the issue. The day again wore away without the sight of a vessel to cheer their drooping spirits.

On Sunday morning it commenced raining, with a stiff breeze from the Northeast, which soon increased to a severe gale. Every effort was made to catch some of the falling rain in the piece of canvass which they had taken from the mast, but the sea ran so high that the little they did catch was nearly as salt as the spray of the ocean. Still the rain cooled them, and

in their situation, was found refreshing and grateful.

On Monday morning they saw four vessels. They raised on a pole a piece of the flag that was attached to the mast, and waved it, but in vain. The vessels were too far off, and hope was nearly lost as they watched them, one after another, pass from their sight. They had now been without food or water for four days and nights; their tongues were parched—their flesh burnt and blistered by the sun, their brains fevered, and many of them began to exhibit the peculiar madness attendant on starvation. Neither could they sleep, as the raft was so much under water, and it required continual watchfulness to keep themselves from being washed over by the sea. Major Heath tells us that never, for one moment, did he lose his consciousness; and we hear from others, that his cheerful spirit and encouraging conversation kept alive the hope of safety, and banished despair from the minds of his fellow-sufferers.

On the morning of Tuesday, a vessel hove in sight, and her track seemed to lie much nearer them than those they had seen the day before. They again waved their flag, and raised their feeble voices. Still the vessel kept on her course, which now appeared to carry her away from them. "She is gone," said one of the crew, a poor fellow who had been dreadfully scalded, and he laid himself down on one of the boxes, as he said, "to die." Captain Pearson, who had been closely watching the vessel, cried out, "She sees us! She is coming towards us!" And so it proved. All sails set, and full before the wind, the vessel made for them. It proved to be the schooner, Henry Camerton, Capt. Davis, bound from Philadelphia to Wilmington, N. C. As soon as the captain came within speaking distance, he took his trumpet and cried out, "Be of good cheer—I will save you!" It was the first strange voice that had reached their

ears for five days;—but to them, were not those five days as an age!

When the schooner came along-side, they all rushed frantically on deck, and it was with some difficulty that the captain could keep them from the water casks. He furnished them with moderate portions of sweetened water, and by his prudence, doubtless, preserved their lives. During the morning Major Heath and his company had seen another portion of the wreck, with several persons on it, and as soon as the captain of the *Henry Camerdon* was told of it, he sailed in the direction it had been seen, and shortly afterwards came in sight. On this wreck, which was a part of the promenade deck, were Miss Rebecca Lamar; Mrs. Noah Smith, of Augusta; Master Charles Lamar, of Savannah; and Mr. Robert Hutchinson, of Savannah. The two ladies were much exhausted, and Master Lamar nearly dead. Every possible attention and comfort was bestowed by Captain Davis; and Major Heath, in behalf of those who were saved with him, afterwards publicly returned the deep and heartfelt thanks of the beings whom he had rescued from a condition of such misery and peril, that the heart sickens at the contemplation of it.

When the promenade deck was separated from the hull, many persons took refuge on this portion of it. Among them was Mr. G. B. Lamar of Savannah, and two children, the Rev. Mr. Woart and lady of Florida, and a child of Mr. Hutchinson, and the second mate of the *Pulaski*. On Saturday morning, finding that there was no other hope of safety, the mate proposed to take the boat which they had secured—being the second deck boat—and with five of the most able of those on the raft, to endeavor to reach the shore, and to send out some vessel to cruise for them. This being assented to, the mate, with Mr. Lamar and four others, took their departure, and on Wed-

nesday morning they reached New River Inlet in safety. The passengers remaining on the raft, with the exception of the four mentioned as being taken off by the John Camerdon, died from exhaustion; among them were the Rev. Mr. Woart and lady, whose Christian resignation to their fate excited the admiration of all around them.

It was ascertained at Wilmington, on Wednesday morning, that eight other persons from the wreck had reached New River Inlet, but their names, with two exceptions, are unknown.

The passengers who escaped, were almost all, without exception, habited in no other dress than that in which they were sleeping on the night of the catastrophe, and consequently suffered very severely from the blistering effects of the sun, and the chilly wind of the night. They had been entirely destitute of water or food of any kind. Those who were last saved were most of them in a dreadful state of ulceration and debility.

The cause of this fatal disaster was obviously the neglect of the second engineer, in permitting the water to boil off, or to blow off in the starboard boiler, and then letting in a full supply of water on the heated copper. One of the hands saved had, a few moments before the explosion, examined the steam gauge, and found it fluctuating rapidly from twenty-six to twenty-nine inches. Another had just left the engine room when he heard the shrill whistling sound which is produced by an unusual pressure of steam. In a few seconds the explosion took place. Capt. Dubois was seen asleep in the wheel house ten minutes before the catastrophe. Captain Pearson, the second captain, was blown out of his berth into the sea, as was also Mr. Chicken, the first engineer. They both regained the bow of the boat.

The following is a recapitulation of the number saved at different times.

In the two boats,	16
On the two rafts,	30
In the boat with Mr. G. B. Lamar,	5
On other fragments,	8
	<hr/>
	59

The following statement was gathered from the first mate, Mr. Hibbert, who had charge of the Pulas-ki at the time. He states, that at about 10 o'clock at night he was called to the command of the boat, and that he was pacing the promenade deck in front of the steerage-house; that he found himself, shortly after, upon the main deck, lying between the mast and side of the boat; that, upon the return of consciousness, he had a confused idea of having heard an explosion, something like that of gunpowder, immediately before he discovered himself in his then situation. He was induced, therefore, to rise and walk aft, when he discovered that the boat midships was blown entirely to pieces; that the head of the starboard boiler was blown out, and the top torn open; that the timbers and plank on the starboard side were forced asunder, and that the boat took in water whenever she rolled in that direction.

He became immediately aware of the horrors of their situation, and the danger of letting the passengers know that the boat was sinking, before lowering the small boats. He proceeded, therefore, to do this. Upon dropping the boat, he was asked his object, and he replied it was to pass round the steamer to ascertain her condition. Before doing this, however, he took in a couple of men. He ordered the other boats to be lowered, and two were shortly put into the water, but they leaked so much in consequence of their long exposure to the sun, that one of them sunk, after a fruitless attempt to bail her. He had, in the meantime, taken several from the water, until the number made

ten. In the other boat afloat there were eleven. While they were making a fruitless attempt to bail the boat, the Pulaski went down with a dreadful crash, in about forty-five minutes after the explosion.

The following is a list of the passengers in the Pulaski, on her leaving Charleston, as published in the papers of that city:—

Mrs. Nightingale and servant; Mrs. Fraser and child; Mrs. Wilkins and child; Mrs. Mackay, child and servant; Mrs. Wagner, child and servant; Miss A. Parkman, Miss C. Parkman, Miss T. Parkman; Mrs. Hutchinson, two children and servant; Mrs. Lamar, Miss R. Lamar, Miss M. Lamar, Miss R. J. Lamar, Miss E. Lamar, Miss C. Lamar; Mrs. Dunham; Mrs. Cumming and servant; Mrs. Woart; Mrs. Stewart and servant; Mrs. Taylor; Miss Drayton; Mrs. Pringle and child; Miss Pringle and nurse; Mrs. Murray, Miss Murray; Mrs. Britt; Miss Heald; Mrs. Rutledge, Miss Rutledge; Mrs. H. S. Ball, nurse, child and servant; Miss Trappier; Mrs. Longworth; Mrs. Edings and child; Miss Mikell; Mrs. Coy and child; Miss Clarke; Mrs. B. F. Smith; Mrs. N. Smith; Mrs. Gregory; Mrs. Davis; Mrs. Hubbard; Mrs. Merrett; Miss Greenwood; Col. Dunham; Col. Hodson; Gen. Heath; Dr. Wilkins; Dr. Cumming; Dr. Stewart; Dr. Ash; Rev. E. Crofts; Rev. Mr. Murray; Major Twiggs; Judge Rochester; Judge Cameron; Messrs. S. B. Parkman; G. B. Lamar; C. Lamar; W. Lamar; T. Lamar; R. Hutchinson; R. Brower; S. Livermore; B. W. Fosdick; H. Eldridge; C. Ward; G. Huntington; J. H. Couper; H. B. Nichols; L. Bird; A. Lovejoy; W. W. Foster; J. L. Woart; W. A. Stewart; A. Hamilton; S. Miller; R. W. Pooler Jr.; W. C. N. Swift; A. Burns; N. H. Carter; E. P. Pringle; — Rutledge; H. S. Ball; B. W. Pooler; — Longworth; F. M'Rea; T. C. Rowane; W. Edings; R. Seabrook; J. Seabrook; S. Keith; G. W. Coy; T. W. Whaley; O. Gre-

goire ; N. Smith ; B. F. Smith ; — Davis ; R. D. Walker ; E. W. Innis ; — Hubbard ; J. Auze ; — Bennett : — Clifton ; — Merritt ; B. L. Greenwood ; — Evans ; — Freeman ; Master Murray, and Master Parkman. Total 128.

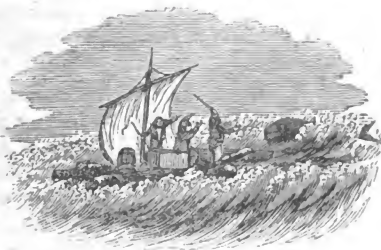
Passengers saved in the two yawls. Mrs. P. M. Nightingale, servant and child, of Cumberland Island ; Mrs. W. Fraser and child, St. Simons, Geo. ; J. H. Cooper, Glynn, Geo. ; P. W. Pooler, Savannah, Geo. ; Capt. Pooler, sen. ; William Robertson, Savannah, Geo. ; Elias L. Barney, N. C. ; Solomon — ; S. Hibbert, 1st mate of the Pulaski ; W. C. N. Swift, New Bedford ; Z. A. Zeuchtenberg, Munich ; Charles B. Tappan, New York ; Gideon West, New Bedford, boatswain ; B. Brown, Norfolk, steward.

Persons drowned in landing. Mr. Bird, of Bryan county, Georgia ; an old gentheman from Buffalo, N. Y. and recently from Pensacola ; a young man, name unknown ; Jenny, a colored woman ; Priscilla, a colored woman, stewardess.

The persons by the name of Parkman, were the family of S. B. Parkman, of Savannah, and formerly of Westborough Mass. Mrs. Ball was a daughter of Walter Channing, Esq., of Boston. The old gentleman from Buffalo, drowned in landing, was Judge Rochester, formerly a member of Congress from Baltimore. Many of the passengers were of the most respectable families of the South.

Mr. B. W. Fosdick, of Boston, one of the surviving passengers on board the Pulaski, has written a letter describing the horrors of the scene with a graphic pen. The particulars agree mainly with those we have already given the reader. He had retired to rest, not feeling very well, and was awakened about 11 o'clock at night by a loud report, followed by a tremendous crash. He supposed the vessel had run ashore, and finding himself uninjured, he arose and

dressed himself, when a person came down the cabin calling for fire buckets, and giving the alarm that the boat was on fire. This person, he believes, was Mr. Sherman Miller, whom he never saw afterwards. When he reached the deck, he found that the boiler had burst. The confusion was very great—husbands and wives running about and calling for each other. He saw one person among the ruins of the engine moaning and crying aloud, “gone! gone! gone! fireman help me—fireman help me!” He was one of the firemen. Mr. Fosdick escaped by getting on a piece of the wreck, and, in company with two of the deck hands, was driven ashore on the Saturday afternoon after the accident, near New Inlet, N. C. The following is extracted from Mr. Fosdick’s letter :—



“Friday morning came—and discovered to us our situation. We were out of sight of land. Three rafts we saw at a distance. They were too far off for us to discern the persons upon them, but they all had signals flying. Upon our little raft we found a small chest, (belonging to one of the firemen, and which afterwards served us as a seat,)—two mattresses, a sheet, a blanket, and some female wearing apparel.

The mattresses we emptied of their contents, and

with the covering of one of them we made a sail, which, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in putting up, but which did us much service, for by noon we had almost lost sight of the other rafts : and in the afternoon, nothing was seen as far as the eye could reach, but sky and water.

But our spirits did not flag, for we thought that by morning we must certainly fall in with some fishing boats. We also found on the raft a tin box—the cover gone—containing some *cake*, wrapped up in a cloth. This was completely saturated with salt water, but we took a mouthful of it in the course of the day, and found it pretty good. There was also a keg, which floated on to the raft, containing a little gin ; but this was of little service—for by some means or other it became mixed with salt water. The night came, the wind and sea increased, and we were obliged to take down our little sail. During the night the waves were constantly washing over our raft, and the water at all times stood a foot deep upon it.

We sat close together upon the chest, which we lashed as well as we could to the raft, and wrapped ourselves up in the wet blanket and clothes—for the night air felt very cold, after having been exposed, as we were all day, to the broiling sun.

We were much fatigued, and once during the night we fell asleep, and were awakened by the upsetting of our seat, which nearly threw us overboard. Anxiously we watched the rising of the moon, which rose some hours after midnight ; and still more anxiously the break of day and the rising of the sun, which we hoped would disclose to our weary eyes the sight of some distant sail.

The sun at last *did* arise—but *there was nothing in sight*. For the first time we began to feel a little discouraged—still the hope that we should soon see land impressed itself forcibly upon us—and eagerly we cast our eyes *land-ward*, every now and then, as

the sun continued to rise. And, joyful sight! about 6 o'clock we *thought* we did see land—and in another half hour were *sure* of it.

Now we redoubled our exertions,—we paddled,—we held up in our hands pieces of cloth,—we did every thing to propel our craft—for we feared the wind might change and blow off shore, and then all hope would be lost; for our raft, we felt sure, could not hold together another day. As we neared the land, we found the surf was running pretty high,—but there was a sandy shore, and we felt no fear of this, for we *saw the land*, and we knew that our suspense would soon be at an end.

About 4 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday, we reached the breakers. The first breaker came over us with great violence—and so did the second—the third broke the raft into pieces—but we clung to the fragments—and soon found we could touch the bottom with our feet; and in a few minutes we were safe upon terra firma, considerably bruised and sun-burnt; but with our lives. And grateful did we feel to that Almighty Arm, which, in the hour of danger, was stretched over us to save and protect! And it was only by the mercy of a Divine Providence that we were thus saved from a watery grave.

Among the survivors of the frightful disaster which befel the steamboat Pulaski, was Mr. — Merritt, of Mobile, from whom is derived the additional account which follows:

When the explosion took place, Mr. Merritt indulged the hope that the boat would continue to float, and after hastening to his wife and child in the ladies' cabin, returned towards the middle of the boat, to ascertain more distinctly the extent of the damage, and to take such measures as might be within the power of the passengers to adopt, in order to prevent the water from coming in on the side where the boiler

had exploded. A few moments, however, served to convince him that the boat must sink. He found the water entering on both sides, and also apparently through the bottom, and all hope of checking its ingress was abandoned. He then hastened back to the ladies' cabin, and on requesting them to dress themselves and be in readiness to meet the impending peril, a scene of terror and anguish ensued, which was well calculated to melt the stoutest heart. Women clung round him with entreaties that he would save them; while mothers as importunately begged, not for themselves, but for the preservation of their children. In a short time the inmates of the ladies' cabin, together with a number of gentlemen, were assembled on the promenade deck, whither they had taken refuge, in consequence of the continued settling of the hull in the water. The further sinking of the hull, and the parting of the promenade deck, threw those who were on it into the sea, and among them Mr. Merritt, his wife, and child. Being an excellent swimmer, he was enabled to sustain both, although the difficulty of so doing was greatly increased by the close cling of the mother to the child.

While thus engaged, a boy of twelve or fourteen years old, caught hold of him for help, and he too was sustained, until Mr. M. proposed to him to mount a fragment of the wreck floating near. The boy accordingly mounted on it, and seemed to be so well able to maintain himself, that Mr. M. asked him to take his child on the fragment, which the lad readily acceded to. Mr. M. was now able to bestow his whole strength in sustaining his wife—when, to his horror, he felt himself clasped from behind, around the lower part of his body, by the iron grasp of a stout, athletic man, evidently struggling for life. An instant was sufficient to satisfy Mr. M. that the grasp of the man would drown them all; and telling his wife that this would be the case without he could ex-

tricate himself, he asked her to rally her strength for an effort to reach a piece of the wreck close by, to which she consented. Giving her a push towards it with as much power as his peculiar situation would allow him to do, he saw her gain it. In the mean time, his own case called for immediate relief, but he found himself, on making the effort, utterly unable to gain a release from the powerful hold which was fastened around his body with an iron firmness. There was but one hope left, and there was not a moment allowed him to deliberate on it. Mr. M. had been an expert swimmer and diver when a boy, and to sink under the waves with a man clinging to him was the last, the only resort remaining. They went down together, and the man relaxed his hold before Mr. M.'s breath became exhausted. On rising again towards the surface, he struck against pieces of the wreck which were now floating over him, and after some difficulty cleared them so as to breathe again; but, on looking around, he could discover neither his wife, nor his child, nor the boy. What had occurred during the brief space that he was beneath the waves he knew not—but he neither heard nor saw them any more.

Soon after, he reached what he supposed was a hatchway, and this sustained him pretty well. While thus floating, he discovered near him a man on a smaller fragment, evidently much exhausted. He called to him to come to the hatch as a place of greater safety; and, after no little effort, his fellow sufferer was placed upon it. The weight of the two, however, was found to be rather too much for the hatch to sustain, and subsequently, when they fell in with a larger fragment, they drew the hatch upon it, and thus were enabled to float without being immersed. On this the two remained from Friday night until Sunday, having on Saturday experienced a heavy gale, which, for hours, threatened to destroy

their frail float, and engulf them in the ocean. On Sunday they neared the land, and were finally cast ashore on the beach, on the North Carolina coast.

Mr. Merritt left his companion on the beach perfectly exhausted, and, although himself nearly worn out, went forward to discover a house. He had not proceeded very far, when, to his inexpressible joy, he descried a small hut, the sight of which renewed his strength and hopes. Bracing himself for a final effort, he pushed forward, although with tottering steps, and arriving at the door, found it to be a fisherman's hut—but *empty, and apparently deserted!* Overcome by fatigue, hunger and disappointment, he fell lifeless to the ground, and when he came to himself, found at his side three fishermen, who had arrived at the hut soon after he had entered it, and having kindled a fire, had warmed and restored him to animation. Mr. M. immediately informed them of his comrade on the beach, and indicated, as well as he could, the direction, but the search proved ineffectual, although prolonged until dark.

On the following morning, however, a farmer, who had heard some rumors of the wreck, in riding towards the shore on an errand of mercy—if possible he might find any who needed it—discovered an object crawling over one of the sand hills on the beach, which on a nearer approach, he found to be a human being. It was the companion of Mr. M. who had lain on the beach all night, too much exhausted to move. He was immediately conveyed to a place of shelter, where every kindness was shown to both the sufferers.

The following statement is from Mr. Ossian Gregory; another of the survivors, who lost his wife, and his wife's sister, by the wreck of the Pulaski:—Amid the numerous notices of the disastrous wreck of the Pulaski, I have seen nothing descriptive of the ac-

tions of Capt. Davis, of the schooner Henry Cameron, who took thirty people from two portions of the wreck. It seems to me scarcely proper that it should go unnoticed. After Capt. Davis had taken us on board, he prepared a large quantity of switchel, (molasses and water,) and biscuits; then, while we were gathered around him, impatiently waiting the much needed refreshment, he sank on his knees, and thanked God that he had heard his prayers, (uttered the day before, when he had seen pieces of the wreck,) that he might be the means of rescue to those who might yet be living of the sufferers,—he asked that the sufferings we had endured and the escape we had made, might impress on our hearts a deep sense of the divine mercy and goodness; he then gave us what he had prepared. His schooner was unprovided with spirits of any sort, he being a temperance man; but we found that heated vinegar answered every purpose in reviving those who were nearly exhausted. That Capt. Davis's vessel should have been the only one, of all those seen by us, that came to our assistance, that he should not only have prayed but likewise have watched for us, are matters not to be forgotten.

AFFECTING INCIDENTS, RELATIVE TO THE LOSS OF THE PULASKI.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents, connected with the fate of the Pulaski, have been related by those who have seen and conversed with persons saved from the wreck. Amongst others, the following is told of a Mr. Ridge, from New Orleans, and a Miss Onslow, from one of the Southern States, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day. It is stated of the gentleman, that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for half an hour previous to the accident. Another gentleman who was walking

near him at the time of the explosion, was thrown overboard, and himself was precipitated nearly over the side of the boat and stunned. He recovered immediately, as he supposed, when he heard some one remark, "*get out the boats, she is sinking.*" He was not acquainted with a solitary individual in the boat. Under such circumstances, it is as natural to suppose that he would feel quite as much concern for himself, as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost of those who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it, when he discovered a young lady, whom he recognized as one whose appearance had at sundry times during the passage, arrested his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who while walking on deck had been blown overboard. He sprang towards her, to take her into the small boat, but in the crowd and confusion, he lost sight of her, and supposed she was with some other friend. During his fruitless search, the small boat shoved off. The wreck was fast sinking. The night rang with the prayers and shrieks of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair, and tumbled over a coil of small rope. Hope like an expiring spark, brightened again. He caught up the rope—lashed together a couple of settees—threw them upon a piece of an old sail and a small empty cask, and thus equipped, launched upon the element. It was all the work of a moment. He believed death inevitable, and that effort was the last grasp at life. His vessel bore him up much better than he expected, and he was consoling himself with his escape, such as it was, while others were perishing all around him, when he discovered a female struggling for life almost within his grasp. He left his ark—swam twice his length—seized his object, and returned safely to his craft again—which proved sufficient to sustain them both, but with their heads and shoulders only above water. The female was the young lady for whom

he had lost his passage in the small boat. She fancied their float would be unable to support both, and said to him, "You will have to let me go to save yourself." He replied, "We live or we die together." Soon after, they drifted upon a piece of the wreck, probably a part of the same floor or partition torn asunder by the explosion. This, with the aid of the settees, fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of water. About this time, one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded. He implored them to take in the young lady. But she said, no, she could but die—he had saved her life, and she could not leave him. They were fairly at sea, without the least morsel to eat or drink, in a scorching climate; the young lady in her night clothes, and himself with nothing upon him but his shirt and a thin pair of pantaloons, already much torn. Of the boat which bore them all in quiet and safety, but half an hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattered pieces of the wreck. The small boat was on her way to the shore; their own craft being light and lightly loaded, drifted fast away from a scene indescribably heart-rending, and which he still shudders to think of. At day-light, nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a waste of water. In the course of the day, they came in sight of land, and for a time were confident of reaching it—but during the succeeding night the wind changed, and soon after day-light next morning it vanished again, and with it their hopes of escaping from their dreadful dilemma. On the third day, a sail hove in sight, but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found, they were sadly burned by the sun, starved and exhausted, though still in possession of their faculties, and able to move and talk. But their pain and suffering was not without its pleasures and enjoyment. The romantic part of the story of their expedition is yet to come, and there is no telling how much longer they

would have subsisted on the same food that seems to have aided at least in sustaining them so well such an incredible length of time. The intrepidity he displayed—the risk he run—the danger he incurred for, and, above all, the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life, strangers as they were to each other, at the imminent hazard of his own, elicited from her at once the warmest feelings of gratitude towards him, and, before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindled that passion which burns nowhere as it



burns in woman's bosom. On the other hand, her good sense, her fortitude and presence of mind at the most perilous moment, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with him the fate which awaited them, excited on his part an attachment which was neither to be disguised nor conquered. And there, upon the "waters wild," amid the terror which surrounded, and the fate which threatened them, in the presence only of an all-seeing God, did they pledge their mutual love, and declare if their lives were spared, their destiny which misfortune had united, should

then be made as inseparable, as escape from it now seemed impossible. After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprise her, that by the misfortune that had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth, (amounting to about \$25,000,) that he was in "poverty to his very lips"—a beggar amongst strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals, and painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from the engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had already suffered together. He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again—and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement, which was soon after consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact, that his lady love was heiress to an estate worth \$200,000. Who would not be shipwrecked; and henceforth, who will say, "matches are not made in Heaven."

The following incident from one of the survivors, is deeply affecting. The day before those on the wreck of the promenade deck were picked up by Captain Davis, the persons on that wreck had descried at a distance what they took for a sail. They waited for some time in hopes that it would near them, but in vain. It seemed to be stationary, and they had no means of propelling their crazy raft towards it. At length, one of them, Mr. Noah Smith, of Augusta, Georgia, announced his intention to swim to it for aid. He plunged into the water, and for a while buffeted the waves with a lusty stroke. His wife, one of the tenants of the raft, watched his exertions with an anxious eye and a beating heart. He seemed on the

point of succeeding in his gallant and perilous enterprise. All at once, however, his progress appears to be arrested. His efforts grow fainter and fainter. He is evidently struggling to keep himself upon the surface. His strength fails. He sinks, and the waves hide him from the fond gaze of his distracted wife forever. The object which he took for a sail was Major Heath's raft—and it is supposed, that when he came near enough to discover his mistake, his hopes, his spirit and his strength failed together.

The incident recorded below will move every heart—the rather, as it is to be feared the gallant boy perished :

Nearly three hours after the disaster, Mr. Hibbert and the others in the small boat, saw a single individual upon a small fragment of the wreck, to whose rescue they went. This was Judge Rochester. When taken on board the boat, he informed them that when the *Pulaski* went down, he saved himself with a settee, to which he clung for about an hour, when he drifted in contact with a fragment of the wreck, which sustained a boy who came in company with him from Pensacola. The boy, seeing that the settee scarcely buoyed him up, insisted upon changing places—saying that he, being young and strong, was best able to save himself on the settee. Judge Rochester expressed great solicitude for the safety of this generous boy, but nothing is known of his fate. He informed Judge R. that Mr. Cameron had started with him, but that his strength failing, he had lost his hold and sunk.

When the news of the explosion of the *Pulaski* first reached New York, and it was believed that all on board had perished, the father of one of the ladies who was known to have taken passage on board that boat, proceeded immediately to Baltimore, where he

arrived without hearing further from the wreck. On entering the public house, he inquired of the landlord whether he had received any later intelligence from the Pulaski. "None," was the answer. "Were none saved?" "None, it is believed, but the sixteen first mentioned." "Do you know their names?" "I do not remember them all, but the first was Mrs.— She and the others are safe and well." The inquirer fainted—it was his daughter.

THE DEAD OF THE PULASKI.

The appropriate and touching remarks which follow, were made in the course of a sermon on the superintending providence of the Creator, delivered by the Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, in the Unitarian church in Washington, the next day after the news had been received of the loss of the steamer Pulaski: The preacher, having long resided in the South, was enabled to speak with personal knowledge of many among the victims of this awful event.

"When, as at the present time, the sympathies of a nation are called forth by an event which has filled hundreds of hearts with agony; when suddenly whole families have been summoned from this life, and the honored, the energetic, the lovely, the innocent, have found a common grave in the depths of the ocean, it is only in the recognition of a Supreme Disposing Power that we can find aught to cheer us in the saddening view which is thus presented of human destiny. Long will extensive portions of our community feel the loss of those to whose wisdom and public spirit, they had entrusted interests of high importance. Long will many a heart feel a pang in the memory of the wise and kind physician now no more. Long will they who have, in previous afflictions, listened to the consolations of the faithful pastor, think sadly on that spot of the wild ocean, where eloquence and piety found an early grave. And long,

when the young and the lovely meet, will the bright and innocent smile of youth be saddened at the remembrance of those, as young and as lovely as they, whom none shall behold again till the sea gives up its dead. They are gone ! and one, to whom many of them were well known, may be permitted to testify that a richer harvest of all that was noble and lovely in character has seldom with equal suddenness been gathered into the treasure-house of God. But was not His providence there ? Yes ; though their prayers seemed to rise in vain, let none believe that the Creator, in that awful hour, beheld not his suffering children. He heard their cries ; He witnessed their distress ; and though He interrupted not the order of Nature, for their rescue, we may yet believe that He was present to sustain the courage and strength of the survivors, and to receive the dying to that mercy which they then with agony invoked. While we take warning to be ready for that hour which may come to us when we think not of it, we commend to the Father of mercies, in humble trust, the spirits of His children, and in this, and in all His dispensations, we acknowledge and adore the God of Providence."

LOSS OF THE PULASKI.

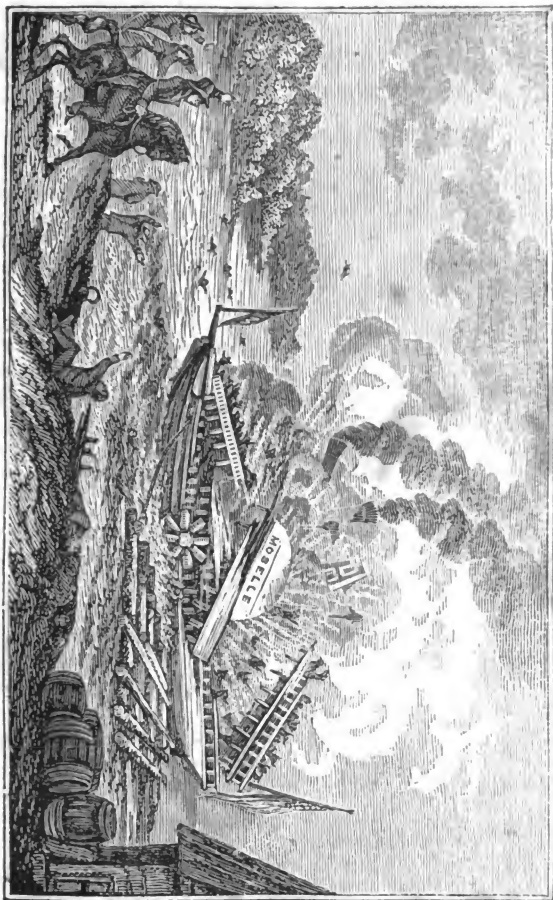
Behold yon steamer, gayest of the gay,
As o'er the main she proudly skims her way ;
Stately she moves, with a majestic grace,
And lofty bearing, to her destined place ;
And where is that ? vain mortals, do you know ?
Where is she bound ? to pleasure or to woe ?
She wends her way, and lifts her lofty prow,—
At her approach the obsequious waters bow,—
The sea gods view her with their eager eyes,
Intending soon to take her by surprise ;
But she, regardless of their foul intent,
With banners flying, o'er the surface went.
" Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,"
Had o'er the waters her dark mantle thrown ;

The moon was waning, and the stars looked sad,
 And nature seemed in mourning garments clad;
 And while this steamer ploughs upon the deep,
 Where are her inmates? safely locked in sleep.—
 One dreams of love, another of his gold,
 His heart's dear idol, half the sum untold,—
 One forms his plans for grandeur and display,—
 Another dreams of pleasures light and gay,—
 The infant slumbers on its mother's breast,
 In happy innocence by her caress'd;
 The maiden dreams—of what I cannot tell—
 But Morpheus holds her in his drowsy spell,
 Yet some, perchance, were not in his embrace,—
 He flies the wretched, wheresoe'er the place.

But now comes on my horror-stricken tale!
 Shrink back my muse! no wonder that you fail.
 A scene like this can never be portray'd:
 O, come, ye Nine, and lend your tuneful aid;
 When nought was heard except the ocean's dash,—
 None thought of danger till they heard the crash!
 Tremendous! then simultaneous shrieks, and prayers, and cries,
 Ascend at once to Him who rules the skies.
 In frantic agony a mother wild,
 Clasps to her breast a dear and only child,—
 He lifts his hands, and, with imploring eye,
 Cries, "*mother, mother, must we, must we die?*"
 Alas! the mother has not power to save,—
 They sink together 'neath the foaming wave.
 "My soul's best darling!" cries a doating wife,
 "Help, help, my husband! save, O, save my life,
 And our sweet child! O, God of heaven, save."—
 They sink together while they mercy crave.
 An urchin boy clings to his father's side,
 His curly locks all dripping with the tide,—
 "What is it, father? tell me do, I pray,
 And O! dear father, do not go away."
 "I'll leave thee not, my son, my joy and pride,"—
 And the rude billiows could not them divide.
 The maiden fair, the youth, and hoary heads,
 All lie promiscuous in their coral beds.
 Some few were saved to tell the mournful tale
 Of those whose loss so many hearts bewail.
 And where's the moral? cannot we discern?
 Have we that useful lesson yet to learn,
 That God is just? and we're at His command,
 Who holds the mighty waters in his hand?—
 And though his judgments are above our sight,
 'Tis ours to bow, and own His ways are right.

EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER MOSELLE,
*at Cincinnati, April 26, 1838, by which more than
two hundred persons lost their lives.*

The new and elegant steam-boat, MOSELLE, Capt. Perkin, left the wharf in Cincinnati, (full of passengers,) for Louisville and St. Louis; and, with the view of taking a family on board at Fulton, about a mile and a half above the quay, proceeded up the river, and made fast to a lumber raft for that purpose. Here the family was taken on board; and, during the whole time of his detention, the captain had madly held on to all the steam that he could create, with the intention, not only of showing off to the best advantage the great speed of his boat, as it passed down the river the entire length of the city, but that he might overtake and pass another boat which had left the wharf for Louisville, but a short time previous. As the Moselle was a *new brag* boat, and had recently made several exceedingly quick trips to and from Cincinnati, it would not do to risk her popularity for speed by giving to another boat, (even though that boat had the advantage of time and distance,) the most remote chance of being the first to arrive at the destined port. This insane policy,—this poor ambition of proprietors and captains, has almost always inevitably tended to the same melancholy results. The Moselle had but just parted from the lumber raft to which she had been made fast—her wheels had scarcely made their first revolution,—when her boilers burst with an awful and astounding noise, equal to the most violent clap of thunder. The explosion was destructive and heart-rending in the extreme,—heads, limbs, and bodies, were seen flying through the air in every direction,—attended with the most



Explosion of the Moselle.

horrible shrieks and groans from the wounded and dying. The boat, at the time of the accident, was about thirty feet from the shore, and was rendered a perfect wreck. It seemed to be entirely shattered as far back as the gentlemen's cabin; and her hurricane deck, the whole length, was entirely swept away. The boat immediately began to sink, and float with a strong current down the river, at the same time receding farther from the shore,—while the passengers, who yet remained unhurt in the gentlemen's and ladies' cabins, became panic-struck, and most of them, with a fatuity which seems unaccountable, jumped into the river.—Being above the ordinary business parts of the city, there were no boats at hand, except a few large and unmanageable wood-floats, which were carried to the relief of the sufferers, as soon as possible, by the few persons on the shore. Many were drowned, however, before they could be rescued, and many sunk, who were never seen afterwards. There was one little boy on the shore who was seen wringing his hands in agony, imploring those present to save his father, mother, and three sisters,—all of whom were struggling in the water to gain the shore,—but whom the little fellow had the awful misfortune to see perish, one by one, almost within his reach; an infant child, belonging to this family, was picked up alive, floating down the river on one of the fragments of the hurricane deck.

The boat sunk, about fifteen minutes after the explosion, leaving nothing to be seen but her chimneys, and a small portion of her upper works.

The Moselle was crowded with passengers from stem to stern, principally Germans, bound for St. Louis. Nearly all on board (with the exception of those in the ladies' cabin,) were killed or wounded. Most of the sufferers were among the hands of the boat, and the steerage passengers. The captain was thrown by the explosion into the street, and was

picked up dead and dreadfully mangled. Another man was forced through the roof of one of the neighboring houses; the pilot was thrown about a hundred feet into the air, whence he fell and found his grave in the river,—and many were the limbs, and other fragments of human bodies, which were found scattered about upon the river, and far along the shore.

A public meeting, on account of this terrible catastrophe, was held at the council chamber in Cincinnati. A communication was read from one of the clerks of the boat, stating that there were in all on board, about 280 persons, 86 of them being cabin passengers.

A gentleman who was an eye witness, thus remarked: "We have just returned from the scene of horror occasioned by the explosion; and the account heretofore published, instead of being in the slightest degree exaggerated, as has been intimated by a few, *falls far short of the dreadful reality*. The fragments of human bodies are now lying scattered all along the shore, and we saw the corpses of a number so mangled and torn, that they bear scarcely any resemblance to the human form. We also saw several with their heads and arms entirely blown off; others with only a part of their heads destroyed, and some with their lower extremities shattered to an apparent jelly.

"Fragments of the boilers, and other portions of the boat were thrown from fifty to two hundred yards on the shore, some of them having passed entirely over the two rows of buildings on the street, and a portion of the boilers tearing away the gable end of a stable situated high up the steep hill in the rear of the houses, at least two hundred yards from the boat. Other parts of the boat were driven through a large house on the street, entering by the windows on one

side, and passing out at the other. It is positively stated that one man was picked up on the Kentucky side, having been blown completely across the river.

"We conversed a while ago with Mr. Broadwell, the agent of the boat, who says, positively, that there were ninety-five deck passengers, whose names were entered on the boat's register at Pittsburg, Wheeling, and other towns on the river above this place, [Cincinnati,] for Louisville, St. Louis, and other places below. Here then are *one hundred and thirty passengers* that must have been on board, exclusive of the very large number who took passage at this place [Cincinnati.] The boat was unusually crowded, and Mr. Broadwell thinks that the whole number on board, at the time of the accident, could have been but little, if any, short of *three hundred*. From the best information we can gather, it does not appear that more than thirty or forty of this number are known to have been rescued. It is, therefore, probable, that the whole number drowned or destroyed, is somewhat in the neighborhood of *two hundred, or two hundred and thirty or forty persons!* It is impossible that any accurate detail of the dead and missing can ever be made, or the precise number ascertained. A very large portion of them were deck passengers, whose humble sphere in life will doubtless preclude the possibility of their names ever being discovered.

"The blame principally rests upon the captain, who had ordered all the steam to be put upon her that could be gathered. It is stated that her engine has been strained ever since she commenced running, and that she was one of the strongest and best boats ever built here, or she must inevitably have met with a similar accident before."

One who was on board at the time, stated, that an engineer who had landed, cried out to those on board,

that they had too much steam, and must look out or they would blow up. On which he and his companion walked to the stern, on the hurricane deck, when the explosion took place almost immediately,—they escaping. He went to the ladies' cabin and found every thing in confusion ; but in the midst of all, two of the ladies were, with cool fortitude, laboring to assist the rest. But the wreck of the boat, and the escape of those who lost neither life nor friends, were as nothing compared with the touching scenes in which were seen the wounded, the dying, and dis-severed friends. Here lay a father, partially deranged, with a scalded child on one side, a dead daughter upon another, and a wounded wife at his feet. One man had saved a son, and lost a wife and five children,—others had lost their whole families.

One gentleman, who was wounded, was seeking his wife and children—while, happily, they, on the other side of the crowd, were in search of him, and thus unexpectedly, they were re-united. Unexpectedly indeed!—of all the numerous families, alive to every impression of pleasure and hope, and happy in the confidence of present security and comfort, who but a short time since had crowded the deck of this ill-fated steamer,—of all these, was it not a miracle that one small group should have been preserved, who were left not entirely miserable ! It was but a solitary ray of light struggling amid overwhelming darkness—amid the mental gloom and horror created by this frightful disaster. Among the passengers from Massachusetts, were Calvin R. Stone, Esq., and his son, of Shrewsbury, and Mr. Nathaniel Tead, of Worcester. Mr. Stone was instantly killed, while his son and Mr. Tead were providentially saved. Mr. Stone was on his way to St. Louis, where he was connected with a firm doing a large mercantile business ; he was highly respected wherever he was known, and has left a wife and large family, besides a numerous

circle of friends to mourn his awfully sudden and untimely departure. Dr. Wilson Hughes, of the United States army, and Mr. Powell, a merchant of Louisville, were also among the passengers lost.

One of the Cincinnati editors, in speaking of the explosion of the Moselle, thus remarked :—

“For this sad result, we, in part, take blame; we plead guilty, in common with other presses, of having praised the speed and power of the boat—a circumstance which doubtless contributed to inflate the ambition of its captain and owners to excel others in rapidity. We feel confident that, if the public are to have any security against steamboat accidents, the press must change its tone. Boats must be praised for their comfort, convenience, and the care and discretion of their commanders,—but not for their speed. They will always have as much speed as their machinery will bear, without the aid of foreign excitement. Safety is better than speed.”

The Last Sad Ceremonies. The description of the funeral obsequies of the victims of the explosion on board the Moselle, is thus graphically described by a spectator :—

“On Saturday afternoon, April 28, the mournful duty of committing to the grave nineteen of the sufferers in the destruction of the Moselle, was performed in this city, [Cincinnati,] associated with a solemn funeral service, upon account of all the sufferers.

“As the calamity was peculiar and transcendent in its horrors, so were the funeral obsequies solemn and imposing beyond anything we have ever seen. At 3 o'clock, upon the first toll of the bell, every place of business was closed. It is believed there was no exception. Apparently the whole city was a moving mass to the foot of Broadway, where the procession was forming. This was accomplished according to

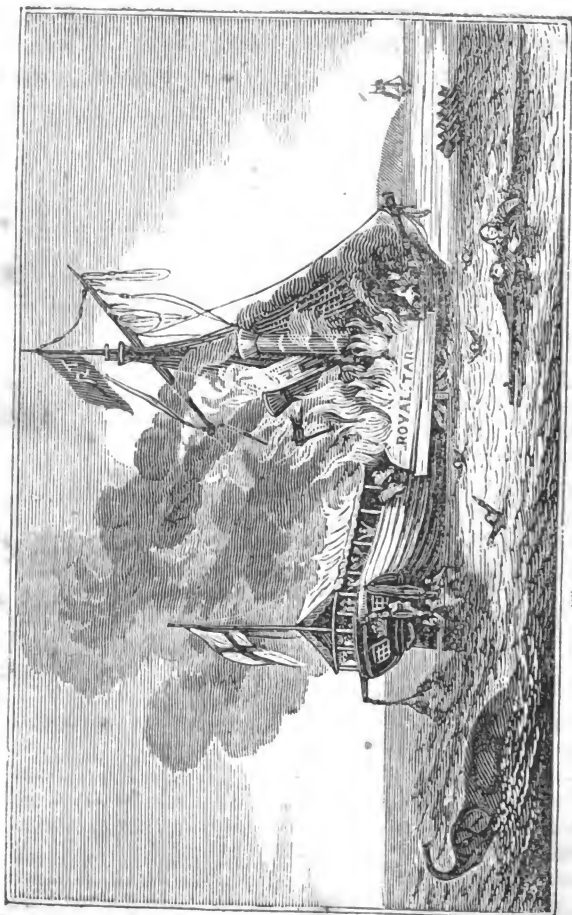
previous regulations. The deceased, enclosed in proper coffins, were placed in the hearses of the city, which not being sufficient to convey the whole, the necessary number of carriages were added. When the procession was prepared to move, Broadway to Fourth street, and the contiguous approaches of the intersecting streets, were literally choked with one crowded jam of human beings. Among all these no word was spoken, no look of levity was indulged. The universal feeling was too deep for any such sensation to be felt.

"The progress of the procession, so vast in number, so solemn in manner, made every where on its line of movement the deepest impression. Sad and sorrowful faces, hundreds of them bedewed with tears, crowded to windows, doors, and all places of observation.

"The interment took place in the public burial ground, and at this last act of respect and kindness that can be performed by the living to the dead, some most touching scenes occurred. Those to be deposited in their last earthly rest were all strangers. Some of them were members of the same family, and, in one or two instances, surviving relations were present. One mother, a German, whose husband is among the lost, cast herself upon the coffin of her two only children, in agonies seldom witnessed. But we must omit a detail of such scenes.

"The impressive funeral service of the Episcopal church was read by the Rev. Mr. Brooke, and a brief but most pertinent and affecting address made by the Rev. Mr. Sohon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Our narration here ends, and we presume not to break its effect with any reflections.

"A host of the citizens of the towns of Newport and Covington, and of the surrounding country, joined in the procession. It is estimated that more than twenty thousand persons were present."



The steamboat Royal Tar on fire.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE ROYAL TAR,
of St. John, N. B., on her passage to Portland, Me.
Oct. 25, 1836,—having on board a menagerie
of wild animals.

The fine steamer, ROYAL TAR, 400 tons burthen, commanded by Capt. Reed, and which had been plying for some months, between St. John, N. B., and Portland, Me., took fire on her passage to Portland, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the 25th of October, 1836, in Penobscot Bay, within two miles of the Fox Islands, and was destroyed. The fire originated under deck, and had obtained such ascendancy before it was discovered, that the fire engine, which was also under deck, could not be got out on account of the intense heat, which also prevented the men below from working the steam engine sufficiently long to run her ashore.

The Royal Tar left St. John, N. B., on the 21st, with from 90 to 100 persons on board, including the crew. On deck, were an elephant, two camels, several horses, and a number of animals in cages, composing a traveling caravan. On the 25th, when crossing Penobscot Bay, and about two miles off the entrance of Fox Island Thoroughfare, it was found that the water was out of the boilers, and as the wind was blowing a heavy gale from the north-west, the boat was anchored for the purpose of filling the boilers. In about half an hour after, she was discovered to be on fire, aft; the engineer, with fifteen others, immediately jumped into the largest boat, and made for the nearest land to the leeward, which they safely reached in about four hours. Capt. Reed took the only remaining boat, and took a position at a distance to the windward. Three gentlemen passengers, good swim-

mers, swam towards the boat, and were taken up. The cable was slipped, and sail made on the boat, with the hope of reaching the shore; but the flames spread so rapidly, that her mainsail was destroyed in a few minutes, and her tiller ropes burnt away. She then came broadside to the wind, and was drifting directly to sea. A signal of distress had been made, and it was fortunately discovered by the U. S. revenue cutter, stationed at Castine, then four or five miles to windward, which bore down to her relief. Capt. Reed put on board her the persons in his boat, and commenced taking off those on board the steamer. At this time she was on fire nearly from stem to stern. A small place forward, which had not taken fire, was crowded with the survivors, as well as the bowsprit, bobstay, &c. Those on the quarter deck were driven over by the flames, and such as survived, were hanging to the davit tackles, and to the chains and ropes attached to the rudder. Many were suspended on ropes secured on deck, but, as the flames reached their frail dependence, they were precipitated into the sea, and perished.

The cutter, unfortunately, had no boat sufficiently large to render assistance in taking off the sufferers; and as Lieut. Dyer did not deem it prudent to approach very near the wreck, on account of his vessel being an armed one, fearing the fire might communicate to his powder, the work of rescue was slow. Capt. Reed, however, firmly and resolutely persevered with his boat, though it was with some difficulty that he could obtain an efficient boat's crew to approach the wreck, they fearing that the elephant would come overboard and destroy the boat. The last boat left the wreck a little before sunset, with one solitary frantic female, the last on board, whose sister and child had both perished before her eyes.

The prompt and praiseworthy decision of Capt. Reed in securing the boat, was the only means by

which the life of a single individual remaining on board the boat, could have been saved.

The elephant, camels, and horses, jumped overboard, and all the animals in cages, were burnt. No baggage was saved. Many of the trunks and port-manteaus were thrown overboard, in the hope that they might be picked up. The cutter landed the survivors about 8 o'clock, P. M., at Isle au Haut, where they received the most hospitable treatment from the inhabitants.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

The whole number of passengers on board the Royal Tar was 85, of whom 28 were lost—20 males and 8 females. Four persons attached to the boat were also lost, making 32 in all. Four of the persons attached to the caravan were among those lost. But one person was burnt, and 31 were drowned. The person burnt was an aged Irish woman, who was not seen on deck at all. Capt. Waite, of Portland, held on to a rope until it burnt off. He then swam to the rudder, got his arm into the chain, and for an hour and a half thus sustained himself and a lady and a gentleman—holding the former by her hand, while the latter held on to his leg.

From \$50,000 to \$100,000 in money was lost. One gentleman had \$10,000 in money and drafts—all lost. The whole loss is estimated at nearly \$200,000.

The animals on board were an elephant, six horses, two dromedaries, two lionesses, one leopard, one Bengal tiger, one gnu, a pair of pelicans, and a number of other creatures belonging to the caravan, besides Burgess's collection of serpents and birds, Dexter's locomotive museum, with its six horses and valuable contents, and all the musical instruments belonging to the band. The unfortunate caravan men were paid off at St. John, and were bringing home the proceeds

of their summer's expedition in specie,—all of which they lost, and were left penniless.

Six horses, belonging to the caravan, were backed overboard ; three of them instinctively swam towards the nearest land ; the other three swam around the boat until they sank exhausted. A large elephant, belonging to the menagerie, having retreated to a part of the boat which the fire had not reached, mounted his fore feet upon the rail, in which position he remained till about 4 o'clock, apparently calculating, with the characteristic sagacity of the animal, the prospects of escape, when it became too hot for him, and he leaped overboard, carrying with him, as he slid down the vessel's side, several of the passengers who were still clinging there. His immense weight probably carried him to the bottom ere he rose, as he reappeared after some time, at considerable distance. This animal also instinctively swam towards the nearest land ; but as the boat was by this time drifted four or five miles out to sea, he must have perished. The rest of the menagerie, consisting of lions, tigers, &c., were allowed to become a prey to the flames, as, on account of their ferocity, it was deemed dangerous to loose them.

Annexed is a list of the passengers and crew lost :

Passengers lost.—Edward C. Curtis, Stamford, Conn. ; John Siller, Boston ; John Ryan, Newcastle, N. B. ; William, (boy,) Halifax ; William Prince, Merrimachie, N. B. ; Mary Dorrough ; Sarah Smith ; Mary Smith and child ; Peggy Cochran ; Mary Caton ; Charles Curtain ; Mary Curtain and child ; Mary Hogan ; Nicholas Phremba ; Thomas Mehony ; Dennis O'Brien ; Mary Hickley ; Fanny O'Brien ; old lady ; child ; John Hogan, and Eliza Hogan. *Crew lost.*—John Day, seaman ; Charles Ford ; Mary Bunn, stewardess.

List of the persons saved.—H. H. Fuller, Bedford, Mass. ; H. R. Fuller, Bedford, Mass. ; John Gousan,

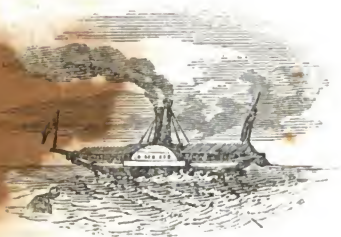
Lowell, Mass.; George Hodges, and Cornelius Fuller, Boston, Mass.; William Cipp and Edward Stephens, New York; E. H. Mahlman, Charlestown; Ezra H. Carron, Amesbury; J. W. Wentworth, Oswego, N. Y.; Capt. Fowler; Wm. Sherwood, British consul, Portland; Miss Mary Linton, St. Andrews, N. B.; Edward White, St. Andrews; Mrs. Ames, St. Andrews; Capt. Atkins and son, pilot, St. Andrews; W. Black, mate; E. Brown, steward, and all the boat's crew, six in number; a boy and seven deck passengers; Capt. John Hammond, East Greenwich, R. I.; Joshua Burgess, Boston; Oliver H. Patten, Greenfield; John Lowry, Charlestown; George Willaughway, an Englishman; John Dayton, Exeter, N. H.; Oliver McGlirkey, Gorham, Me.; Miles Mamply, Frederickton, N. B.; N. Marshall, engineer, St. John; George Eaton, St. Andrews, N. B.; Andrew Garrison, John Ansley, and Stimson Patten, St. John, N. B.; Henry R. Wheeler, Oxford, N. H.; John McKeely, boy, belonging to boat, St. John; W. McFaggon, colored boy, belonging to boat.

The following incidents are related on the authority of a passenger: The Royal Tar had been four days out, having experienced contrary winds. The chief engineer had been up all night, and was in his berth, and the engine was under the direction of N. Marshall, the second engineer, who, at the time of the disaster, had entrusted the care to a fireman, who was acting as his assistant. The son of the pilot discovered that the lowest cock refused to yield water, which indicated a deficiency. The lad told his father, who notified Marshall, but the latter disregarded the information, and gave both pilot and boy to understand that he knew his own business best. In a few minutes the empty boiler became red hot, and ignited a couple of wedges placed on it to aid in supporting the elephant. The moment Capt. Reed looked

down the grating, he perceived that the utter destruction of the steamer was inevitable, and gave orders to slip the anchor, hoist distress signals, and let down the boats. He took charge of the first, and lay along side a few minutes, and then took on board as many passengers as she could carry. Sixteen others jumped in pell mell into the long boat, hanging to the cranks, and cut the ropes and let her go. At this moment the revenue cutter rounded Fox Island. The hands on board of Capt. Reed's small boat, when the cutter was first descried, refused to pull for her, as it was against the wind. He, however, peremptorily commanded their obedience, exclaiming—"I was captain of the big boat, and I will be captain of the small one; and if any one refuses to run for the cutter, I'll throw him overboard." The schooner soon perceived the condition of the steamer, and bore down towards her with a fair wind, but dared not to approach very near as she had powder on board. The captain of the cutter was not on board, and, for a time, Capt. Reed seized her helm. Capt. Reed then returned to the steamer, in his boat, and took another freight. The pilot of the cutter was despatched with her gig, but though he passed under her stern, within thirty feet, and saw the perishing creatures hanging to the ropes, and calling on him to come near enough to take them off, he was so much terrified that he returned without a single soul. We have conversed with Mr. Fuller, who was thus situated. Some clung to the ropes thrown over the stern, two hours. Mr. H. H. Fuller's strength failing him, he took a turn of the rope round his neck; it was necessary to cut the rope to clear him from the burning wreck. No less than four persons fastened upon Mr. Fuller, who relieved the pressure on his neck, by getting a twist of the rope around one of his legs, and a female made fast to his other leg. This was the second time that the British consul at Portland, Mr. Sherwood, had been

burnt out of a steamboat near the same place, having been on board the steam brig New York, which was burnt thirteen or fourteen years since on her passage from Eastport to Portland.

Capt. Reed, in his letter to the agent of the company, thus remarked, "I have no blame to attach to any body as regards the fire. Had our fire engine been on deck, we could have put the fire out easily. It is a great oversight, having a fire engine to work below."



DESTRUCTION OF THE BEN SHEROD,
by fire and explosion, on the Mississippi River, May
8, 1837,—*with the loss of nearly 200 lives.*

The steamer BEN SHEROD, Capt. Castleman, left New Orleans on Sunday morning, May 7, bound to Louisville ; and on the night of the 8th, when about thirty miles below Natchez, she was discovered to be on fire, and in a few minutes after, the whole boat was enveloped in flames.

Being in the stream, and her wheel-ropes burnt off, it was impossible to run her ashore ; and no alternative was left to the persons on board, but to jump into the water and attempt to save themselves by swimming, or floating on such articles as they could find, or to perish in the flames. In the confusion and alarm, many, who could not swim, sprang overboard, without taking the precaution to provide themselves with a plank or box, and were drowned ; but many more, it is feared, were burned to death.

So rapid was the spread of the fire, and so destitute were those on-board of all means of escape, that nothing could be saved, not even the register of the boat ; thus rendering it impossible to state with certainty how many were lost, or what were their names.

The fire is believed to have originated from the fuel being piled up near the boiler. The story of the disaster was related to us by a young man who was a cabin passenger, and it is awfully interesting, and his own escape almost miraculous. When he awoke, he put on his clothes, and leaped into the yawl, which was hanging at the stern, and was followed by about forty other men, one of whom cut the rope connecting the stern of the steamer to the bow of the yawl, when the latter canted over, and hung in a perpendicular



Conflagration and explosion of the Ben Sherrod.



position, the bow towards the water. All on board were precipitated into the water, and are believed to have been drowned, with the exception of the narrator,—and he saved himself by clinging to the thwarts. In a few minutes, about twenty of the crew made their way to the stern of the steamer, and placed themselves in the boat, suspended as she was. One of them imprudently took out his knife, and cut the rope which attached the steamer to the stern of the yawl, and she plunged, as might have been expected, full twenty feet under water. All that had been hanging to her were missing, except four, and the individual who relates the story; he says, when he rose to the surface he found himself under the yawl, and she was lying bottom up. Being strong, active, and expert at swimming, he worked his way from underneath and mounted on her bottom, where he was soon joined by the four other men who had saved themselves; and in this situation they floated twelve miles down the river, before they were picked up by the Columbus.

Capt. Castleman, by vigorous exertions, saved his wife and one child—two of his children and his father were lost. A Mr. Smith had the luck to save his wife and one child—but lost one of his children.

There was some powder on board,—in what quantities was not known,—but the knowledge that it was there, seemed to have paralyzed the efforts of the crew, and its explosion added to the deep horrors of the scene. There were nine ladies on board, only two of whom were rescued.

The survivors of this terrible disaster have unanimously concurred in their expressions of gratitude to the commanders of the steamers Columbus and Statesman, for their activity in saving them from a watery grave, and for their kindness to them while on board their boats. On the conduct of Capt. Littleton, of the steamboat Alton, the public censure of

the surviving sufferers was published in the newspapers of the day.—The reckless manner in which he drove his vessel through the crowd of exhausted sufferers, thereby drowning many, even while calling for help, and turning a deaf ear to the cries and pleadings of all, cannot soon be forgotten by an indignant community, or the record of its truth be obliterated from public print.

There were 235 persons on board, of whom not more than 60 escaped—leaving 175 drowned and burned, including the captain's father and two children,—his wife was picked up by a flat boat, badly burnt. The following are the names of some of the ladies who were lost:—Mrs. McDowell, of Belfont, Ala.; Mrs. Gamble, (and three children,) of N. Orleans; Miss Frances Few, of Belfont, Ala.

The following are the names of the passengers saved:—Jas. Smith, lady and son; Thomas Cook; Wm. H. Cloud; Wm. Beattie; Amos Brundell; Thomas Larmer; Samuel Ray; Lister Sexton; Mr. Gamble and son, N. Orleans; Samuel Squinnes; Asa Gates; John Horbins; Thomas Duvall, Ind.; Matthew M. Orme, Natchez; Thomas W. Blagg, Ala.; J. S. Lowe, Tenn.; C. W. Andrus, Natchez; Cantin Macon, Cincinnati; Wm. Wallace, N. York; John Montgomery, Ind.; James O. Phillips, Ind.; J. W. Brent, Pecan Point; John Dassau; Edward Bushman; Edward H. Burnus, Ind.; John N. Williams, John Blanc, New Orleans; John A. Davis, Florence, Ala.; Daniel Marshall, Moscow, Ind.; Erastus Griggs, Marietta, Ohio; A. Randall, Rocky Springs, Miss.; John P. Wilkinson, Richmond, Va.; Ephraim Stanfield, Richmond, Va.; Rosson P. Andrus, Natchez; A. H. Hartley, Arkansas; John Lowney, Indiana; Hugh Simpson, Tennessee; Constantine Mahan, Ohio; Patrick H. Wadkins, Va.

The following is a statement from part of the passengers, as published at the time:—

"We, the undersigned, part of the passengers saved from the wreck of the steamer Ben Sherod, on the night of the 9th inst., feel it a duty we owe to the officers of the steamboats Columbus and Statesman, to say that they deserve the praise of every friend of humanity for their untiring exertions in rescuing the suffering passengers whom they found afloat in the current. Many of the passengers owe their lives to the kindness of the officers of these boats.

"We feel it also due to the public to state, and our hearts sicken within us when we assert the steamboat Alton, Capt. Littleton, passed through the midst of the sinking crowd, all hands crying for help, and although within a few feet of some, covering them with her waves, she did not even stop her headway until she arrived at Fort Adams, ten miles below, where she could have rendered no assistance.

Signed,	Hugh Simpson, Carlinville, Tenn.
	Thos. Duvall, Shelby Co. Ind.
	John Blanc, New Orleans.
	John P. Wilkinson, Richmond, Va.
	Ephraim Stanfield, Richmond, Va.
	Danl. Marshall, Moscow, Ind.
	Rosson P. Andrus, Natchez.
	Asa S. Smith, do.
	Charles W. Andrus, do.
	M. M. Orme, do.

Natchez, May 18, 1837."

This awful occurrence should teach the community the immense importance of the character of a steamboat. After the wanton disregard of life evinced by the captain of this boat some weeks ago at Vicksburg, by which ten or twelve persons were drowned, not a single individual, who had any regard for his life should have ventured on that same boat while under such a reckless commander. A man who would refuse to bring his boat to, for the purpose of landing a

dozen individuals, would not scruple to run a race with two hundred passengers on board, and fire his boat by the red heat of his boilers. The Ben Sherod had been on fire twice during the race on that same night, previous to the final conflagration.

Capt. Castleman published the following vindication of his conduct :—

“ Merely to show how things will be exaggerated, not that it can alter in any way the circumstances, I would mention that the number of persons on board the Ben Sherod at the time that she was burnt, did not exceed from 150 to 160. I think 150 would probably come the nearest to it, including the crew, children, and servants and all ; and from all I could learn before I left New Orleans, and at Natchez on my way up, I do not think there were more than 60 or 65 lost, instead of from 100 to 200 as is stated in so many different reports. I, myself, clung to the hope of getting the boat to the shore and saving all, until it was too late to save my own family, and thereby lost my father and two children, and got my wife burnt so badly that she was not expected to live. I was burnt myself slightly ; one child was burnt to death and in my wife’s arms when I got hold of her, and the other drowned.

“ As to the report of my officers and crew being in a state of intoxication, the barrel of whiskey with the head knocked out, or set out for the men to have access to, is all in the imagination. Drunkenness is the only misdemeanor for which I allowed a man to be discharged without first consulting me ; but the clerks, the mates, the engineers, all had full authority to drive any man of the crew off the boat, either in or out of the port, if he was the least drunk, as was the case the first trip, when we first made up our crew. Some of that crew got drunk, and were discharged, and replaced by sober men until we had a good crew ; and I feel positive that we have not had

a drunken man amongst our crew for three months before the fatal accident. I had not left the deck in the fore part of the night. The firemen were singing and dancing about as they always do when on duty, but there were none of them the least intoxicated so far as I could see, and the watch that were on duty at the time, (the first watch having retired,) had not been out of their beds long enough to get drunk, if they had wanted to—*We always gave our men, black or white, as much as they wanted, kept a barrel of whiskey tapped on the boiler deck for them, have always done so, and generally let one of the watch that was on duty, go to it and draw for his watch whenever they wanted it.*—He is called the captain of the watch. I have always done the same for the last ten years, and my acquaintances, I think will vouch for my discipline about drunkenness, as well as other things, being severe and rigid enough. Indeed, I am generally blamed for being too particular about such things, and too rigid with my hands."

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

One gentleman, Mr. Cook, floated down the river some miles before he was picked up. He hailed some wretched and despicable character who had put off in a yawl from the shore, and begged his assistance. The infamous scoundrel, who was intent only on picking up boxes, &c., asked with the utmost sang froid, "How much will you give me?" To the entreaties of others for help, he replied, "O, you are very well off there! Keep cool, and you'll come out comfortable!" Whether the captain of the Alton deserves the censure that has been heaped upon him we know not, nor will we pretend to say positively until we have seen his statement; but it does appear that if the captain of the Columbus had acted in a similar manner to that of the Alton, there would not have

been half a dozen souls left to tell the tale of the calamity.

Poor Davis the pilot, who was at the wheel during the fire, was conversing with a friend of ours just before he left the city, about the burning of the *St. Martinville*, and the burning of her tiller rope, three or four years since; "If ever I'm in a boat that takes fire," says Davis, "if I don't run her ashore, it will be because I shall be burnt up in her!" Poor fellow! his statement has been verified; he was burnt up in the *Ben Sherod*.

Out of nine ladies that were on board, only two have been saved, the captain's wife and Mrs. Smith of *Mobile*,—their husbands threw ~~hen~~ coops into the river, jumped off the wheel-house,—the ladies followed their example, and were saved.

One scene was distressing in the extreme; a young and beautiful lady, whose name we could not learn, on hearing the cry of fire, rushed out of the ladies' cabin, in her loose dress, in search of her husband, at the same time holding her infant to her bosom; in endeavoring to go forward, her dress caught fire and was torn from her back to save her life; after witnessing her husband fall into the flames in the forward part of the boat, unable to reach him, she leaped with her child into the water, seized a plank, and was carried by the current within eighty yards of the *Columbus*; but just as she had seized a rope thrown from the steamboat, both mother and child sunk to rise no more.

It is impossible to enumerate the various heart-rending sights that this calamitous affair has occasioned. The captain, for instance, saved his wife, but saw his two children perish. Mr. Smith saved his wife and one child, and saw the nurse rush madly through the flames with his daughter, and both perished. Mr. Gamble's wife, we understand, was burnt to death; he escaped, although very badly burnt. One young

man who had reached the hurricane deck in safety, heard the cries of his sister,—rushed back to the cabin,—clasped her in his arms, and both were burnt to death. One of the clerks, one of the pilots and the first mate were burnt up. All the chamber-maids and women employed in the boat perished. Out of thirty-five negroes, that were known to have been on board, only two escaped alive. The Ben Sherod had the largest crew of any boat on the river, and by reference to the list of names, it will be seen that out of about fifty saved, over thirty belonged to the boat; and out of the sixty or seventy cabin passengers, there were but ten or twelve left alive. One of the officers of the boat assured us, that in addition to the cabin passengers, there were at least sixty or more deck passengers, of whom scarce six are saved.

Altogether, this has been one of the most serious disasters that has happened in the annals of Mississippi steam-boat navigation; there being at least one hundred and fifty families deprived by it of some dear and beloved member—over one hundred beings hurried by it, out of time into eternity, with scarce a moment's warning.

We understand that three different explosions took place on board the boat whilst burning—first, barrels of whiskey, brandy, &c., then the boilers blew up with a fearful explosion, and lastly, thirty-nine barrels of gun powder exploded, which strewed the surface of the river with fragments.

A large quantity of specie which was in the boat on its way to the Tennessee banks, was lost; one gentleman placed his pocket book, containing \$38,000, under his pillow, and though he escaped with life, he lost all his money. There were many persons on board who had large amounts of money with them, the most, or all of which, in the confusion, was lost.

At the time the Ben Sherod took fire, she was engaged in a race with the steamer Prairie; and the fire

took from the great heat of the boilers, caused by raising her steam to its extreme power—a barrel of whiskey was placed on deck for the use of the hands during the race, who drank to excess, and became intoxicated.

At about 12 o'clock at night the furnace became so heated that it communicated fire to the wood, of which there was on board about sixty cords. When the crew discovered the fire, they all left their posts, and ran for the yawl without giving any alarm to the passengers, who were all asleep in their berths. The captain, for a time, attempted to allay the extreme confusion by stating that the fire was extinguished; twice he forbid the lowering of the yawl, which was attempted by the deck hands and passengers.

The shrieks of nearly three hundred persons on board now rose wild and dreadful. The cry was, *to the shore! to the shore!* and the boat made for the starboard shore, but did not gain it, as the wheel rope might have given way, or the pilot been driven by the flames from his station. The steam was not let off, and the boat kept on. The scene of horror now beggared all description.

The yawl which had been filled with the crew had sunk, drowning some who were in it; and the passengers had no other alternative than to jump overboard, without taking even time to dress. There were nine ladies on board, who all went overboard without uttering a single scream, some drowning instantly, and others clinging to planks—two of the number were finally saved. Many of the passengers are supposed to have been burnt—one man, by the name of Ray, from Louisville, Ky., hung to a rope at the bow of the boat, until taken up by the yawl of the steamboat Columbus, which arrived about half an hour after the commencement of the disaster, on her downward passage.—Mr. Ray's face and arms were much burnt while clinging to the boat in the above position,

he lost \$20,000 in Natchez money and paper of the United States Bank.

The steamboat Alton arrived half an hour after the Columbus, but from the carelessness or indiscretion of those on board, was the means of drowning many persons who were floating in the water. She drove into the midst of the exhausted sufferers, who were too weak longer to make exertion, and by the commotion occasioned by her wheels, drowned a large number.

A gentleman by the name of Hamilton, from Alabama, was floating on a barrel, and sustaining also a lady, when the Alton drove up and washed them both under—the lady was drowned, but Mr. Hamilton came up, and floated down the river fifteen miles, when he was taken up by the steamer Statesman.

Mr. McDowell attributes the drowning of his wife to the indiscretion of the managers of the Alton, as she was floating safely on a plank at the time. Mr. McDowell sustained himself sometime against the current, so that he only floated two miles down the river, when he swam ashore ten miles above Fort Adams.

Mr. Rundell floated down the river ten miles, and was taken up by a flat boat at the mouth of Buffalo creek. He saved his money in his pantaloons pocket, but lost \$1000 worth of freight. Mr. McDowell lost his wife, son, a lady, Miss Francis Few, who was under his protection, and a negro servant.

The following interesting narrative was written by a passenger:—

“On Sunday morning, the 6th of May, 1837, the steamboat Ben Sherod, under the command of Capt. Castleman, was preparing to leave the levee at New Orleans. She was thronged with passengers. Many a beautiful and interesting woman that morning was busy in arranging the little things incident to travel-

ling, and they all looked forward with high and certain hopes to the end of their journey. Little innocent children played about the cabin, and would run to the guards now and then to wonder, in infantine language, at the next boat, or the water, or something else that drew their attention. 'O, look here, Henry—I don't like that boat Lexington.' 'I wish I was going by her,' said Henry, musingly. The men, too, were urgent in their arrangement of the trunks, and the getting on board sundry articles, which a ten day's passage rendered necessary. In fact, all seemed hope and joy, and certainty.

"The cabin of the Ben Sherod was on the upper deck, but narrow in proportion to her build, for she was, what is technically called, a Tennessee cotton boat. To those who have never seen a cotton boat loaded, it is a wondrous sight. The bales are piled up from the lower guards, wherever there is a cranny, until they reach above the second deck,—room being merely left for passengers to walk outside the cabin. You have regular alleys left amid the cotton, in order to pass about on the first deck. Such is a cotton boat carrying from 1,500 to 2,000 bales.

"The Ben Sherod's finish, and the accommodation of the cabin, was by no means such as would begin to compare with the regular passenger boats. It being late in the season, and but few large steamers being in port in consequence of the severity of the times, the Ben Sherod got an undue number of passengers; otherwise she would have been avoided, for her accommodations were not enticing. She had a heavy freight on board, and several horses and carriages on the fore-castle. The build of the Ben Sherod was heavy—her timbers being of the largest size.

"The morning was clear and sultry—so much so that umbrellas were necessary to ward off the heat of the sun. It was a curious sight to see the hundreds of citizens hurrying on board to leave letters, and to

see them coming away. When a steamboat is going off on the southern or western waters, the excitement is fully equal to that attendant upon the departure of a Liverpool packet. About 10 o'clock, A. M., the ill-fated steamer pushed off upon the turbid current of the Mississippi as a swan upon the waters. In a few minutes she was under weigh, tossing high in air bright and sunny clouds of steam at every revolution of her engine. Talk not of your northern steamboats! A Mississippi steamer of 700 tons burthen, with adequate machinery, is one of the sublimities of poetry. For thousands of miles that great body forces its way through a desolate country, against an almost resistless current, and all the evidence you have of the immense power exerted, is brought to your sense by the everlasting and majestic burst of exertion from her escapement pipe, and the careless stroke of her paddle wheels. In the dead of night, when, amid the swamps on either side, your noble vessel winds her upward way—when not a soul is seen on board but the officer on deck—when nought is heard but the clang of the fire doors amid the hoarse coughing of the engine—imagination yields to the vastness of the ideas thus excited in your mind, and if you have a soul that makes you a man, you cannot help feeling strongly alive to the mightiness of art in contrast with the mightiness of nature. Such a scene, and hundreds such have been realized with an intensity that cannot be described, always make me a better man than before. I never could tire of the steamboat navigation of the Mississippi.

“On Tuesday evening, the 9th of May, 1837, the steamer *Prairie*, on her way to St. Louis, bore hard upon the *Ben Sherod*. It was necessary for the latter to stop at Fort Adams, during which the *Prairie* passed her. Great vexation was manifested by some of the passengers that the *Prairie* should get to Natchez first. The subject formed the theme of conversa-

tion for two or three hours, the captain assuring them that he would beat her any how.

"The Prairie is a very fast boat, and under equal circumstances would have beaten the Sherod. So soon as the business was transacted at Fort Adams, for which she stopped, orders were given to the men to keep up the fires to the extent. It was now a little past 11 o'clock, P. M. The captain retired to his berth with his clothes on, and left the deck in charge of an officer. During the evening a barrel of whiskey had been turned out, and permission given to the hands to do as they pleased. As may be supposed, they drew upon the barrel quite liberally. It is the custom of all the boats to furnish the firemen with liquor, though a difference exists as to the mode. But it is due to the many worthy captains now on the Mississippi, to state that the practice of furnishing spirits is gradually dying away, and where they are given, it is only done in moderation and in small quantities.

"As the Sherod passed on above Fort Adams towards the mouth of the Homochitta, the wood piled up in front of the furnaces, several times caught fire, and was once or twice imperfectly extinguished by the drunken hands. It must be understood by those of my readers who have never seen a western steamboat, that the boilers are entirely above the first deck, and that when the fires are well kept up for any length of time, the heat is almost insupportable. Were it not for the draft occasioned by the speed of the boat, it would be very difficult to attend the fire.

"The boat went on her way at a tremendous rate, quivering and trembling her full length at every revolution of the wheels. The steam was created so fast, that it continued to escape through the safety valve, and, by its sharp singing, told a tale that every prudent captain would have understood.

"As the vessel rounded the bar that makes off the

Homochitta, being compelled to stand out into the middle of the river in consequence, the fire was discovered. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning. A passenger had got up previously, and was standing on the boiler deck, when, to his astonishment, the fire broke out from the pile of wood. A little presence of mind, and a set of men unintoxicated, could have saved the boat. The passenger seized a bucket, and was about to plunge it overboard for water, when he found it locked. An instant more, and the fire increased in volume. The captain was now awakened. He saw the fire had seized the deck. He ran aft and announced the ill tidings.

"No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than the shrieks of mothers, sisters and babes, resounded, in the wildest confusion, throughout the hitherto silent cabin. Men were aroused from their dreaming cots to experience the hot air of approaching fire. The pilot being elevated on the hurricane deck, at the instant of perceiving the flames, put the head of the boat towards the shore. She had scarcely got under way in that direction, before the tiller ropes were burnt off. Two miles at least from the land, the boat made a shear, and borne up by the current, made several revolutions, until she struck off across the river. A bar brought her up for the moment. The flames had now extended fore and aft. At the first alarm, several deck passengers had got into the small boat that hung suspended by the davits. A cabin passenger, endowed with some degree of courage and presence of mind, expostulated with them, and did all he could to save the boat for the ladies. But all was useless. One took out his knife and cut away the forward tackle. The next instant, and they were all launched into the angry waters. They were not seen again.

"The boat being lowered from the other end, filled and was useless. Now came the trying moment. Hundreds leaped from the burning wreck into the

water. Mothers were seen standing on the guards, with dishevelled hair, praying for help,—their dear little innocents clung to their sides, and seemed, with their tiny hands, to beat away the burning flames. Sisters called out to their brothers in unearthly voices,—‘save me, O my brother!’ wives crying to their husbands to save their children, in total forgetfulness of themselves,—every moment or two, the desperate plunge of some poor victim would fall on the appalled ear. The dashing to and fro of the horses on the forecastle, groaning audibly in their fierce agony,—the continued puffing of the engine, for still it continued to go,—the screaming mother who had leaped overboard, in the desperation of the moment, with her only child,—the heat and the crackling of the lurid fire, as its greedy flames darted with horrible rapidity from one portion to another of the devoted vessel,—shall I ever forget that scene—that hour of horror and alarm? Never,—were I to live till memory forget all else that ever came to the senses. The short half hour that separated, and plunged into eternity *two hundred human beings*, has been so indelibly burnt into the memory, that nothing can have power to efface it.

“I was swimming to the shore with all my might, endeavoring to sustain a mother and child. My strength failed me,—the babe was nothing—a mere cork. ‘Go, go,’ said the brave mother, ‘save my child, save my’—and she sunk to rise no more. Nerved by the resolution of that woman, I reached the shore in safety. The babe I saved. Ere I reached the beach, the Sherod had swung off the bar, and was slowly floating down, the engine having ceased running. In every direction, heads dotted the surface of the river. A new, and still more awful appearance, the burning wreck now wore,—mothers were seen clinging with the energy of expiring hope to the blazing timbers, and dropping off one by one. The

screams had ceased. A sullen silence rested over the devoted vessel. The flames seemed tired of their work of destruction. While I sat, dripping and overcome, upon the beach, a steamboat, the Columbus, hove in sight, and bore for the wreck. It seemed like one last ray of hope gleaming across the dead gloom of that night. Several persons were saved. And still another,—the Statesman, came in sight. More,—more were saved. A moment to *me* had elapsed, when high in the heavens the cinders flew, and the country was lighted all around. Still another boat came booming on. I was happy that help had come. After an exchange of words with the Columbus, it continued on its way under full steam. O, how my heart sunk within me! The waves created by that boat sent many a poor mortal to his long home. A being by the name of Littleton was its reckless and merciless commander. Long may he be remembered. My hands were burnt, and I now began to experience severe pain. The scene before me,—the loss of my two sisters, and a brother, whom I had missed in the confusion,—all had steeled my heart. I could not weep. I could not sigh. The cries of the babe at my side were nothing to me.

“Again—another explosion! and the waters closed slowly and suddenly over the scene of disaster and death.—Darkness resumed her sway, and silence was only interrupted by the distant efforts of the Columbus and Statesman in their laudable exertions to save human life. Captain Castleman lost, I believe, a father and child. He was careless of his trust,—he was guilty of a crime that nothing will ever wipe out. The blood of two hundred victims are crying from out the waters for retribution and vengeance.

“I could tell of scenes of horror that would melt the stoniest heart, and rouse the indignation of the most inanimate,—but I have done. It was more than three weeks after this terrible occurrence before I

could shed a tear. All the fountains of sympathy had been dried up, and my heart was as the stone. As I lay on my bed, the twenty-fourth day after, tears, salt tears, came to my relief, and I felt the loss of my sisters and brothers more deeply than ever. Peace be to their spirits : they found a watery grave."

BURNING OF THE WASHINGTON,
on Lake Erie, on the morning of June 16, 1838,
with the loss of many passengers.

The following statement is published as given by the Rev. R. J. Judd, of Garrettesville, Ohio :—

"The steamboat Washington, Capt. Brown, left Cleveland, on her passage to Detroit, June 14, at 8 o'clock, A. M. She proceeded on her way safely, until Saturday, at 2 o'clock, A. M., when she had arrived in the vicinity of Silver Creek, about twenty-seven miles from Buffalo. The boat was then discovered to be on fire, which proceeded from beneath the boilers. The passengers were alarmed, and aroused from their slumbers : such a scene of confusion and distress ensued as those only can imagine who have been in similar circumstances. Despair did not, however, completely possess the mass until it became evident that the progress of the flames could not be arrested. From that moment, the scene beggars all description. Suffice it to say, that numbers precipitated themselves from the burning mass into the water ; some of them with a shriek of despair, and others silently sunk beneath the waves ; others, momentarily more fortunate, swam a short distance and were drowned ; others, still, on pieces of boards and wood, arrived on the beach—yet *some even of these* sank in."

to a watery grave. The small boat had by this time put off, loaded with about twenty-five souls, for the shore. These arrived safe, picking up one or two by the way.

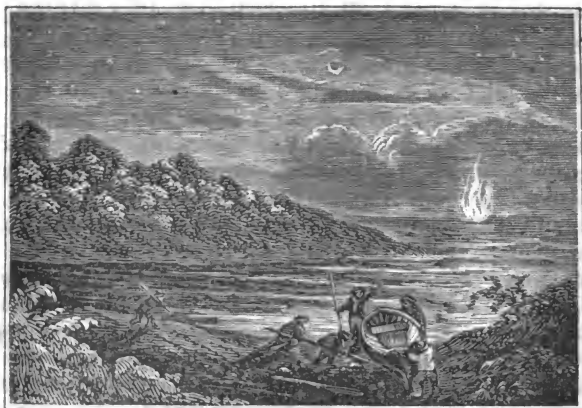
"The writer of this article was one of the number. Other small boats came to our assistance, which, together with the Washington's boat, saved, perhaps, a majority of the persons on board.

"There is reason to believe that as many as forty perished. It is impossible to compute the precise number. Many remained on the boat until it was wrapped in one sheet of flame. Of these there is reason to believe that numbers perished in the conflagration; while others, half burned, precipitated themselves into the watery element,—thus suffering the double agony of death, by *fire* and *water*.

"Most of the crew was saved,—the captain being among the number—who, during the awful calamity, acted with the utmost decision and intrepidity. Indeed, no blame, as far as the writer has been informed, has been attached to any officer or hand on the boat. The utmost exertion was used to run her on the shore, until it became necessary to stop the engine in order to let down the small boat, which having been done, the fire had progressed so far as to render it impossible to again start the machinery.

"I will give a few particulars of the losses of the passengers:—Mr. Shudds is the only survivor of his family, consisting of seven. A lady passenger lost three children, a sister and a mother. Mr. Michael Parker lost his wife and parents, sister and her child. But I will not further enumerate the cases of individual bereavement. Truly it is not in man to know 'what a day may bring forth.'"

The news of the disaster was brought to Buffalo, by the passengers in the steam-boat North America. The following is gathered from their statements:—



Distant view of the burning of the Washington.

"The Washington passed the North America while the latter lay at Erie, in the early part of the night, and was not again seen by those on board the North America, until within about three miles of the city, when a bright glare of light was discovered by the helmsman in the direction of Silver Creek, and the North America was instantly put about for the scene of apprehended disaster.

"On nearing the spot, about 6 o'clock, the burning hull of the large and noble boat was found drifting over the waters, three or four miles from shore, with not a living human being on board. The lake was literally covered with hats, bonnets, trunks, baggage, and blackened fragments of the wreck.

"The intense anxiety of the witnesses of this fearful scene, for the fate of the passengers on board the unfortunate Washington, was partially relieved by the discovery of several small boats near the shore, in which the survivors of the disaster had been rescued from destruction. The alarm had been given at Silver Creek, as soon as the flames were perceived

from the shore, and all the boats, which could be found, were sent to the rescue of the sufferers. There were only three skiffs, besides the yawl of the Washington, which could be thus used.

"The North America took on board about forty of those saved, many of whom, including all the ladies, remained on shore. There were six dead bodies picked up on the spot,—those of four children and two women. One man died of his injuries soon after reaching the shore, and one child was dead in its mother's arms when she was taken from the water.

"After picking up the floating baggage which could be seen, the hull—which was still able to float the engine—was towed into Silver Creek, where it sunk in six or eight feet of water. The North America remained at Silver Creek, employed in this melancholy business, six or seven hours; and every thing was done by Capt Edmonds, and his crew, for the relief of the sufferers. Their prompt and efficient services are entitled to all praise."

The surviving passengers of the Washington were unanimous in stating that no blame was to be attributed to Capt. Brown, the commander.

The fire caught near the boilers, and had made such progress, when discovered, as to defy all attempts to extinguish it. The helm was instantly put up, and the vessel headed for the shore—but, in a few minutes, the wheel ropes burnt off, and the boat became an unmanageable wreck. Some of the passengers made their escape in the boats of the Washington—others jumped overboard, and supported themselves on spars and rafts, until they were picked up by the boats which put off from Silver Creek, and also by the steamboat North America,—which boat hastened to the assistance of the sufferers as soon as the flames were perceived. The number lost cannot be correctly ascertained. Many of the survivors were badly burned before they left the boat.

Many were the heart-rending scenes that occurred in this terrible catastrophe. An English family, consisting of a man, his wife and two children, came on board the boat at Toledo. While the fire was raging, the man worked till he could stay on board no longer, —then he and his wife threw their children overboard, and jumped in after them.—The father and two children were drowned—the mother was saved. Several passengers went into convulsions with terror, on the deck, at the outset, and perished in the flames. A woman, with a child grasped under each arm, all dead, was picked up by the *North America* on her return to Buffalo. A newly married couple, supposed to have embarked at Erie, jumped overboard in each other's arms, and sunk together.

List of persons saved —M. D. Hosford, Clayton, N. Y.; Clinton Strait, Marshall, Mich.; David Gibson, Munde, Mich.; John M. Durgel, Florida; Ira Holmes, Leicester, N. Y.; Timothy Edwards, Peru, Ohio; Maj. Meach, Carlton, N. Y.; Giles B. Hadley, Dewitt, N. Y.; Simeon Nichols, Penfield, N. Y.; Wm. Nelson, Sumerston, N. Y.; S. O. Holbrook, Sparta, N. Y.; David Beardsley, Catherines, N. Y.; H. Dorgee, Providence; Tyler Simpson, Worcester, Mass.; N. B. Moore, Pembroke, N. Y.; Henry Hart, Mich.; J. W. Thurber, Mich.; John Wiler, Ohio; Simeon Tyler, N. Y.; John F. Shultz, N. Y.; Israel M. Patty, N. Y. W. H. Rice, and N. Neely, Ill.; George C. Hill, Utica, N. Y.; Ira H. Bennett, Ind.

Lost and missing.—Capt. Clemens, Dudley, Mass.; Conrad Shurtz N. Y.; Wm. Shurtz, wife and three children, N. Y.; W. Shed, N. Y.; Mr. Barker's family of six, only one saved. A Scotchman, name not recollected, lost three children, mother and sister.

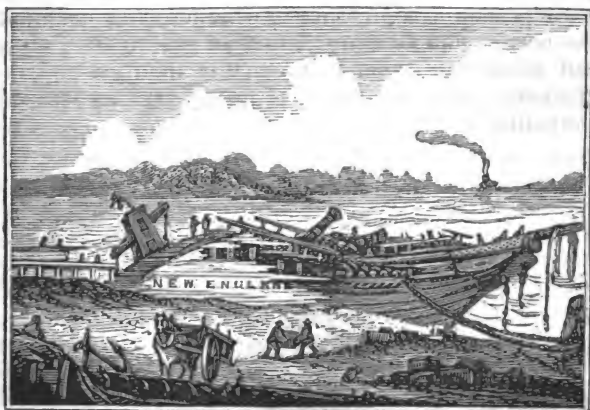
One hundred life-preservers would probably have saved every soul on board, even had they been in the middle of the lake, instead of being close in shore.

In the long run, these would be cheaper than to furnish extra boats, and infinitely better. Let a life preserver hang in every berth, and passengers could close their eyes in security. If they pleased, they might sleep with them buckled around them. Let something be done immediately. It is not the passenger's duty to provide them. Perhaps he makes a lake voyage but once in his life. When he pays his fare he has a right to expect a safe conveyance. When a man gets his arm broken by being overturned in a stage coach, he comes upon the proprietors for damages. So it should be in steamboats. Captains and owners should be held responsible for every accident. No boat should be allowed to take passengers, that is not secured in every possible way from fire and explosions,—and the safety of passengers secured by providing means of escape.



EXPLOSION OF THE NEW ENGLAND,
*at Essex, Ct., October 7, 1833, on her passage from
New York for Hartford.*

The following facts in relation to the explosion of the steamboat **NEW ENGLAND**, are gathered from a statement which was drawn up and published a few days after the occurrence of the disaster:—



Appearance of the wreck of the steamboat New England.

The boat left New York on Tuesday, October 8, at 4 o'clock, P. M. She started in company with the Providence steamboat, Boston, but gradually gained on the latter through the Sound. A degree of anxiety was felt by some of the passengers on account of the competition between the two boats. But we have no evidence that this anxiety was warranted by any unusual press of steam on board the New England. The boat reached the river about 1 o'clock, when, of course,

all competition was at an end. At Saybrook, some difficulty occurred with the engine, which rendered it necessary to throw out an anchor to prevent the boat from drifting ashore. After a detention of twenty or thirty minutes at Saybrook, the boat proceeded on her way up the river about eight miles, and arrived opposite Essex about 3 o'clock. Her engine was stopped, the small boat was let down to land a passenger, and had just reached the shore, when both the boilers exploded, almost simultaneously, with a noise like heavy cannon. The shock was dreadful; and the scene which followed is represented by those who were present as awful and heart-rending beyond description. The morning was excessively dark; the rain poured in torrents; the lights on deck and in the cabin were suddenly extinguished; and all was desolation and horror on board. Those only who witnessed the havoc which was made, and heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, can form an adequate conception of the scene.

There were upward of seventy passengers on board, and others, belonging to the boat, to the number of about twenty,—making, in all, nearly one hundred persons. Most of the passengers were fortunately in their berths. Those who were in the gentlemen's cabin escaped without any serious injury. The most destructive effects of the explosion were felt on the deck, and in the ladies' cabin. The ladies who were in their berths, and remained there, we believe, were not much injured; but those who were on cots opposite the cabin doors, and others, who, on the first alarm, sprang from their berths, were more or less scalded. All who were on deck abaft the boilers, we believe, were either killed or wounded. Had the accident occurred in the day-time, when the passengers are generally scattered about the deck and promenade, the destruction of lives would, in all probability, have been much greater.

Captain Waterman was on the wheel-house at the time of the explosion, attending to the landing of passengers from the small boat. He noticed a movement over the boilers, and immediately jumped, or was thrown upon the forward deck. He was somewhat bruised, but not seriously injured.

From the inhabitants of Essex the sufferers experienced the most kind and hospitable attentions. Their houses were thrown open for their reception, and every thing which could contribute to their relief and comfort promptly afforded.

As soon as the melancholy intelligence reached Hartford, on Wednesday morning, the proprietors despatched the steamboat Massachusetts for the surviving passengers, and several of our physicians repaired to the scene of suffering. The Massachusetts returned the same night, bringing a number of passengers, some of the wounded, and one dead body. Two or three bodies were also brought up the next day by the steamboat Chief Justice Marshall.

The following, we believe, is a correct list of the dead and wounded :—

DEAD.

Passengers.—John M. Heron, Reading, Conn.; Mr. Shepard, Norwich, Conn.; Lyman Warner, Plymouth, Conn.; Dr. Stephen B. Whiting, Reading, Conn.; J. T. Burgess, Waterville, N. Y.; Mrs. Thompson, (a Scotch woman,) and child, who was on her way to reside at Thompsonville, Conn.; and Mrs. Hunter, an elderly Scotch lady; John Estabrook, of Concord, N. H., (body found in the river.) *Belonging to the boat.*—Elias Bushnel, Killingworth; Daniel Harvey, N. Y.; Jared Lane, Killingworth; James C. Bronson, Hartford; Allen Pratt, Hartford.

WOUNDED.

Passengers.—Mrs. Abigail Stocking, Middletown, severely scalded; Roderick G. P. Goodrich, Wethersfield, badly scalded; Miss Warner, Plymouth, Conn.,

slightly scalded ; Mrs. Hastings, Gill, Mass., slightly scalded ; two children of Mrs. Thompson, one severely, and the other slightly scalded. *Belonging to the boat.*—Capt. Waterman, considerably bruised ; William Savage, clerk of the boat, slightly scalded ; Giles Farnum, Killingworth, badly scalded ; Samuel Pasha, Quebec, badly scalded ; Jane Pruden, chambermaid, badly scalded.

In regard to the cause of this dreadful explosion, we believe it to be the prevailing opinion of all who have taken pains to ascertain the facts in the case, that it may be traced to negligence or presumption on the part of the engineer, in permitting the steam to accumulate beyond what the strength of the boilers could sustain. From the best information we can obtain, the steam was not blown off while the boat lay at Saybrook, nor during her stoppage at Essex. It is said, however, that steam was blown off while the boat was under way between Saybrook and Essex. Mr. Potter, the engineer, who has been for many years in the employment of the proprietors, was not on board during this trip ; his place was supplied by Mr. Marshall, from the West Point Foundry, who had the reputation of skill in his profession. He declares there were only eight or ten inches of steam on at the time of the explosion ; but, besides the improbability on the face of this statement, there is said to be strong testimony of a very different character. The steamboat is much injured,—the boilers were rent asunder and thrown into the river—the guards on which they rested were broken off—the promenade deck, from the captain's office to the ladies' cabin, a distance of about thirty feet, was lifted from its place, and fell, in part, upon the main deck. The ladies' cabin was considerably racked and injured,—and all her upper works, in the vicinity of the boilers, are in a shattered condition. The baggage-houses, situated

in the rear of the boilers, were demolished, and the baggage thrown into the river. There was also considerable loss of freight.

The New-England was a new boat, and commenced running about two months since. Her engine and boilers were made at West Point, and, as was supposed, of the best materials, and in the best manner. No expense was spared to make the boat in every respect complete, and to finish it in the most beautiful style. The loss to the proprietors will be very serious. But this is a matter of small importance compared with the destruction of lives, the anguish of sufferers, and the affliction of relatives and friends, consequent upon this terrible disaster.

The following particulars are extracted from two letters, written by a gentleman, passenger in the New-England.

“Middletown, Wednesday, 2 o'clock.

“Our journey in the steamboat New-England was very pleasant last evening, until we entered the Connecticut River. At or about 1 o'clock this morning, when we were all asleep, myself excepted, I perceived the engine, or something else, was out of order. I was in the forward cabin, and concluded I was in the safest part of the boat; things seemed to go on badly, by the frequent stops, until 3 o'clock, when both boilers burst simultaneously, or as nearly together as a two barrel gun could be discharged by one person; the result was, two persons were killed outright, about twenty-five wounded or scalded,—out of which number five or six may not survive. The destruction of the upper works was almost entire. Among the number injured, six or eight women are included, being on the upper deck cabin. In the main cabin, three or four were badly injured. In the front cabin no one was injured, neither did any steam enter it. I was awake and knew what it all meant.

I hastened up, and in the course of fifteen minutes procured lights, and began to look after my baggage. Nearly all the baggage on board, together with about fifty boxes of tea and dry goods, had disappeared; after daylight, some of my luggage was found floating in the river."

"Hartford, Thursday morning, Oct. 10.

"On the arrival of the intelligence here of the explosion of the New-England, a steamboat was sent down to the scene of distress; she returned a few moments since with the news of four deaths, and that eight or ten more must die with their wounds, and perhaps more. The upper works of this unfortunate boat present the most extraordinary wreck I ever beheld, and if the event had occurred in the day-time, when the passengers are generally upon the decks, not a person could have escaped injury. I believe I wrote you that I early discovered that there was some imperfection in the working of the machinery of this boat; which, however, I considered of no importance, as regarded safety; but when she found it necessary to lay to, to fix her steering ropes, which required some time, I at once became astonished that she did not throw off steam, as is usually the case when stops are made,—and from this to the time of the explosion there were several stops made, and at the different stoppages of the engine I could perceive but a faint sound of the discharge of steam.

"I became early impressed with the suspicion that something was wrong, and from my own reasoning on the subject did not consider ourselves in a condition of safety; and so confirmed was I in this impression, that I came to the conclusion of remaining where I was, in preference to changing my position. At 3 o'clock, the explosion was most terrific, and for many minutes every thing around seemed like chaos. I found myself unhurt, and, some how, entirely free

from excitement or extraordinary alarm. I got on my clothes, and while dressing, one or two persons rushed to the front cabin where I was. I asked them some questions, but they were so horror-stricken that the power of utterance had ceased. The decks were covered with broken timbers—the baggage thrown into the river—and the cries of misery, and the moaning of the dying, was for a moment with me a paralysis. I visited the different scenes of distress among the passengers,—found nothing could be done for them but to get the boat to the shore as speedily as possible, and in about thirty minutes we lay alongside the wharf; the good people of Essex were all up with the first report of the explosion, supposing it was an earthquake. The news soon spread, and every thing was done by these estimable inhabitants to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate sufferers.”

The appearance of the wreck is thus described by E. Champion, Jun., in a communication on the subject: “Never, of its kind, was so melancholy a ruin presented to the eye, as the wreck of the New-England. You approach her as you approach the cemetery of the dead. She seems the slaughter-house of the traveller. As you enter her these melancholy associations cease. You stand astonished at the force and effect of the murderous explosion. From the stem to the wheel-room all is well; from the wheel-room aft, athwart the deck, and downward to the water, you see the direction as well as power of the blast. The explosion downward seems to have been far more powerful than in any other direction, and yet, with a resisting body as near the boiler, equal force might have been demonstrated in other parts. The guards on deck, extending beyond the hull, upon which the boilers were placed, were blown through, the exact size of the boilers; beams of a foot square, supported by braces and knees, being blown off as square and close to

the hull as if sawed by the carpenter. Beyond the exact size of the boilers, the deck was entire. The souffle or blast of the larboard boilers was felt as far as the extreme stern, on the outside of the ladies' cabin, leaving the centre. The steps at the quarters were blown out of shape, and crushed sideways by the blast. This shows that no position outside the ladies' cabin could have been safe. The front of the ladies' cabin was pressed inward about eighteen inches at the door, and opened at the corners about twelve inches. The chamber-maid, sleeping in her (upper) berth, next the larboard boiler, was thrown out, and fell upon her hands in the water. This position on the floor was the first thing of which she was sensible. Two children, sleeping in the berth beneath her, were unhurt—the scalding element probably raging above them. The steam filled the ladies' cabin and extinguished the lights. A child, in the most remote berth from the boiler, and next the stern, was so scalded as to die. A lady, in the berth next it, also died. Her clothes were so hot as to scald the hands of those that removed them. This must have been forty feet from the boiler, stating from impression. Letters, exposed to the steam, were charred, or reduced to coal in places. Such facts indicate the extreme high temperature of the steam—far beyond ordinary steam. Perkins, the inventor of the steam-gun, claims that he can so heat steam that it shall fall in atmospheric air, in flakes of snow. In counting the peril of steam explosions, let it be taken into account, that the steam is frequently many times hotter than the ordinary steam of boiling water. The ladies' cabin so shattered and filled with steam, is the upper one. It has sixteen berths, all occupied, and some settees. The ladies who kept their berths were least burnt. Exposure produced scald. The ladies' cabin under this was occupied by gentlemen. All below deck were unhurt, and prompt to give their

aid to the sufferers above deck. Had one boiler been in the centre, or had either projected over the deck a single foot, certain death to all below deck must have followed. In result, fifteen have died, and seven are in a critical but hopeful state.

"The starboard boiler, doubtless, sunk through the opening in the wing, where it stood, made by its own blast. The larboard boiler was scattered into fragments, its top, bottom, sides and back being torn away and lost, leaving the flues and front only. The flues were thrown forward from a horizontal to a perpendicular position, and lodged upon the wood, some six feet forward."

The Board of Examiners, in their report, thus describe the appearances presented on their examination. On the 7th of November they met at the borough of Essex, and proceeded to examine the state of said boat, and the remains of the boilers. On visiting the steamboat, they found that those portions of the guards and railing, on which the boilers had been placed, together with the boiler-houses, railings, and the other contiguous wood-work, had been entirely destroyed by the effects of the explosion. The front of the ladies' cabin upon the quarter deck had also been forced inward, and partially destroyed, and that part of the upper, or promenade deck, which extended from said cabin to the engine-room near the centre of the boat, had been swept entirely away. The engine remained without injury; but the steam-pipe which led from one of the boilers was broken off at its junction with the main steam-pipe in the engine-room, near the point where it unites with the steam-pipe from the starboard boiler. The safety-valve, which is attached to the main steam-pipe at the junction of the two branch pipes near the engine, remains unimpaired, and is a large and apparently well constructed valve. A mercurial steam-gauge is attached

to the main steam-pipe at this point, which serves to indicate to the engineer the pressure of steam in the boilers. The mercury was not thrown from this guage by the explosion, and the guage remained in good order after the accident. Two other mercurial guages of the same description were shown to us, which had been attached, one to each of the boilers on that part called the steam-chimney, which, having no water in contact with its inner surface, becomes heated more than any other portion of the boiler. These guages had been torn from their places at the time of the explosion, and in one of them a portion of the mercury with which it had been charged was found remaining after the accident.

The mutilated portions of the boilers which were examined, gave abundant evidence of the great power or force of the explosive action. They were found to be dismembered and torn in a manner which it is difficult to describe. The boilers were not, as occurs in some cases of steam-boat explosions, rent merely in the main flue, thus giving vent to the steam, or, as in other cases, with a head torn off and lacerated, and still retaining their external form, and remaining in their beds; but the boilers of the New-England were torn asunder, and folded in massy doublings, like a garment; and they were so crushed and flattened, and distorted, that, as they lay upon the wharf, after they were raised from the bed of the river, it was difficult for a common observer to discover how the mutilated parts were ever connected into symmetry, so as to combine just proportion and strength.

The appearance of the boilers, however, was such as to indicate that they had been constructed in a substantial manner. The copper, in all the ruptured parts, had every appearance of being tough and free from flaws; nor did it exhibit the flaking and discoloration which great heat is known to produce upon the metal when not covered by water.

The Board of Examiners, appointed by the Connecticut River Steamboat Company, to inquire into the causes of the explosion, consisting of Professors B. Silliman and D. Olmsted, of Yale College, and Messrs. W. C. Redfield, D. Copeland, and J. F. Lawson, Engineers, having met at Essex, November 7, decided, after having examined the wreck and heard the testimony, that the explosion of the steamboat New-England was caused by the pressure of steam, produced in the ordinary way, but accumulated to a degree of tension which the boilers were unable to sustain. It was estimated that the steam, at the time of the explosion, must have accumulated to nearly or quite thirty inches, giving an aggregate expansive force on the internal surface of each boiler, of not less than 3,000,000 pounds.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER NEW ENGLAND,*
on her passage between Boston, Mass., and Bath,
. Me., May 31, 1839.

The steamboat NEW ENGLAND, while on her passage from Boston to Bath, Me., was run into about 1 o'clock in the morning, May 31, fifteen miles south-east of Boon Island, by the schooner Curlew, Capt. Crocket, of and from East Thomaston for Boston. The schooner was standing to the leeward of the boat, and when a short distance from her, luffed up with the intention of passing her bow. Before this could be effected, she struck the larboard bow of the steamer, and, after get-

* The New England, here mentioned, is the same boat which exploded at Essex, Conn., in October, 1833,—the account of which disaster will be found by referring to page 113 of this volume.

ting clear, passed on. The pilot of the New England finding that her bow was stove in, and that she was rapidly filling with water, hailed the schooner, which then lowered her sails, and the steamer ran along side. The passengers, about seventy in number, among them fifteen ladies, were by this time on deck, and when the boat reached the Curlew, a general rush was made to board her. In their eagerness, several of them jumped too soon and fell overboard, but they were all picked up, unharmed, with the exception of a Mr. Standish, of Providence, who was crushed to death between the two vessels. His remains were recovered and brought up in the Curlew.

The steamer sunk as low as the promenade deck, in which situation she remained, and her boats were launched with the intention to save as much of the baggage and freight as possible,—Captain Kimball and several of the crew remaining in them for this purpose. Two vessels, which came up before the Curlew left, stopped at the request of Capt. Kimball, to receive what might be recovered. On board the boat there was between \$70,000 and \$80,000 in specie and bills,—\$45,000 of which had belonged to Mr. Standish. The remainder was owned principally by the boat and a few of the passengers,—a small sum being for one of the river banks.

The Curlew proceeded on her voyage with the passengers, many of whom had nothing on but their night clothes,—and arrived in Boston about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, having been towed fifteen miles by the steamer Portsmouth.

The following is a list of the passengers saved :—

Rev. Mr. Cole, lady and child, of Hallowell ; Rev. J. B. Husted, Bangor ; David W. Horton, Boston ; G. A. Bendall, Boston ; Geo. W. Morton, Augusta ; David Clancy, Bath ; Joseph Smith, Colerain, Mass. ; V. R. Lovejoy, Gardiner ; John S. Given, Boston ; Abram Lord, Gardiner ; S. G. Stinson, Bath ; Franklin Ste-

vens, and George W. Stevens, Pittston; Authur C. Berry, and Frederick Evans, Gardiner; Nath. Millay, Whitefield; F. R. Theobald, Richmond; J. P. Hunter, Gardiner; Wm. Meacher, Whitefield; James A. McLellan, Bath; J. H. Eveleth and lady, and Wm. K. Weston, Augusta; Levi Appleby, Bowdoin; Stephen Martin, Warren, R. I.; Abiel Butters, Wilmington, Mass.; Sewel Preble, Bowdoinham; Edward Stevens, Winthrop; John Marble, Grafton; Phineas Pratt, Saco; Wm. Morse, Bath; Leonard Sturtevant; C. F. Steward, Nashua, N. H.; E. R. Sawin, Fairhaven; S. H. Dorr, Boston; H. Hill, Bangor; J. Blake, Lynn; J. E. Ware, Farmington; Gridley Bryant, Boston; Theodore Warland, Cambridge; Russell Ellis, Waterville; Myrick Hopkins and son, Gardiner; John McClintock, Boothbay; William Hutchins, Boston; C. G. Bachelder, Hallowell; Franklin Copeland, Roxbury; Thomas Mahony, Augusta. *Ladies.*—M. A. Carlton; Mary Bachelder, Jay; Louisa Demerick, Dresden; Mrs. S. Bates, Norridge-wock; Eunice Goodwin, Gardiner; Anna Dalton, Cambridgeport; Laura Stevens, Boston; Charlotte Bascom, Cambridge; Sarah Clark, Bath; E. N. King and child, South Boston; D. D. Watson, Fayette; Zilpha Pierce, Boston; Mrs. D. Finn, Gardiner; Mrs. Townsend, Roxbury.



EXPLOSION OF THE HELEN M'GREGOR,
at Memphis, Tennessee, February, 24, 1830.

The following interesting narrative was written by a gentleman, who was passenger on board the HELEN M'GREGOR:—

“On the morning of the 24th of February, the Helen M'Gregor stopped at Memphis, to deliver freight, and land a number of passengers who resided in that section of Tennessee. The time occupied in so doing could not have exceeded three quarters of an hour. While the boat was thus detained, I went ashore to see a gentleman with whom I had some business. I found him on the beach, and after a short conversation returned to the boat. I recollect looking at my watch as I passed the gangway. It was half past 8 o'clock. A great number of persons were standing on what is called the boiler-deck,—being that part of the upper deck situated immediately over the boilers. It was crowded to excess, and presented one dense mass of human bodies. In a few minutes we sat down to breakfast in the cabin. The table, although extending the whole length of the cabin, was completely filled, there being upward of sixty cabin passengers, among whom were several ladies and children. The number of passengers on board, deck and cabin united, was between four and five hundred. I had almost finished my breakfast when the pilot rung his bell for the engineer to put his machinery in motion. The boat having just shoved off, I was in the act of raising my cup to my lip, the tingling of the pilot bell yet on my ear, when I heard an explosion resembling the discharge of a small piece of artillery—the report was perhaps louder than usual in such cases—for an exclamation was half uttered by me that the gun was well loaded, when the rushing

sound of steam, and the rattling of glass in some of the cabin windows checked my speech, and too well told what had occurred. I almost involuntarily bent my head and body down to the floor—a vague idea seemed to shoot across my mind that more than one boiler might burst, and that, by assuming this posture, the destroying matter would pass over without touching me.

“The general cry of ‘a boiler has burst,’ resounded from one end of the table to the other; and, as if by a simultaneous movement, all started on their feet. Then commenced a general race to the ladies’ cabin, which lay more toward the stern of the boat. All regard to order, or deference to sex, seemed to be lost in the struggle for which should be first and farthest removed from the dreaded boilers. The danger had already passed away! I remained standing by the chair on which I had been previously sitting. Only one person or two staid in the cabin with me. As yet not more than half a minute had elapsed since the explosion; but, in that brief space, how had the scene changed! In that ‘drop of time’ what confusion, distress, and dismay! An instant before, and all were in the quiet repose of security—another, and they were overwhelmed with alarm and consternation. It is but justice to say, that, in this scene of terror, the ladies exhibited a degree of firmness worthy of all praise. No screaming, no fainting; their fears, when uttered, were for their husbands and children; not for themselves.

“I advanced from my position to one of the cabin doors for the purpose of inquiring who were injured, when, just as I reached it, a man entered at the opposite one, both his hands covering his face, and exclaiming, ‘O God, O God! I am lost! I am ruined!’ He immediately began to tear off his clothes. When stripped, he presented a most shocking and afflicting spectacle: his face was entirely black; his body

without a particle of skin. He had been flayed alive. He gave me his name and place of abode—then sunk in a state of exhaustion and agony on the floor. I assisted in placing him on a mattress taken from one of the berths, and covered him with blankets. He complained of heat and cold as at once oppressing him. He bore his torments with a manly fortitude, yet a convulsive shriek would occasionally burst from him. His wife, his children, were his constant theme: it was hard to die without seeing them; it was hard to go without bidding them one farewell! Oil and cotton were applied to his wounds: but he soon became insensible to earthly misery. Before I had done attending to him, the whole floor of the cabin was covered with unfortunate sufferers. Some bore up under the horrors of their situation with a degree of resolution amounting to heroism. Others were wholly overcome by the sense of pain, the suddenness of the fatal disaster, and the near approach of death, which even to them was evident—whose pangs they already felt. Some implored us, as an act of humanity, to complete the work of destruction, and free them from present suffering. One entreated the presence of a clergyman to pray for him, declaring he was not fit to die. I inquired: none could be had. On every side were to be heard groans and mingled exclamations of grief and despair.

“To add to the confusion, persons were every moment running about to learn the fate of their friends and relatives,—fathers, sons, brothers,—for, in this scene of unmingled calamity, it was impossible to say who were saved, or who had perished. The countenances of many were so much disfigured as to be past recognition. My attention, after some time, was particularly drawn toward a poor fellow who lay unnoticed on the floor, without uttering a single word of complaint. He was at a little distance removed from the rest. He was not much scalded, but one of

his thighs was broken, and a principal artery had been severed, from which the blood was gushing rapidly. He betrayed no displeasure at the apparent neglect with which he was treated,—he was perfectly calm. I spoke to him ; he said he was very weak ; he felt himself going,—it would soon be over. A gentleman ran for one of the physicians ; he came, and declared that, if expedition were used, he might be preserved by amputating the limb ; but that, to effect this, it would be necessary to remove him from the boat. Unfortunately, the boat was not sufficiently near to run a plank ashore. We were obliged to wait until it could be close-hauled. I stood by him, calling for help ; we placed him on a mattress, and bore him to the guards ; there we were detained some time, from the cause I have mentioned. Never did any thing appear to me so slow as the movements of those engaged in hauling the boat.

“ I knew, and he knew, that delay was death,—that life was fast ebbing. I could not take my gaze from his face,—there, all was coolness and resignation, no word or gesture indicative of impatience escaped him. He perceived by my loud, and, perhaps, angry tone of voice, how much I was excited by what I thought the barbarous slowness of those around : he begged me not to take so much trouble,—that they were doing their best. At length we got him on shore,—it was too late : he was too much exhausted, and died immediately after the amputation.

“ So soon as I was relieved from attending on those in the cabin, I went to examine that part of the boat where the boilers had burst. It was a complete wreck—a picture of destruction. It bore ample testimony of the tremendous force of that power which the ingenuity of man has brought to his aid. The steam had given every thing a whitish hue,—the boilers were displaced,—the deck had fallen down,—the machinery was broken and disordered. Bricks,

dirt, and rubbish were scattered about. Close by the bowsprit was a large rent through which, I was told, the boiler, after exploding, had passed out, carrying one or two men in its mouth. Several dead bodies were lying around; their fate had been an enviable one compared with that of others,—they could scarcely have been conscious of a pang ere they had ceased to be. On the starboard wheel-house lay a human body, in which life was not yet extinct, though apparently there was no sensibility remaining. The body must have been thrown from the boiler-deck, a distance of thirty feet. The whole of the forehead had been blown away,—the brains were still beating. Tufts of hair, shreds of clothing, and reeking stains of blood might be seen in every direction. A piece of skin was picked up by a gentleman on board, which appeared to have been peeled off by the force of steam; it extended from the middle of the arm down to the tip of the fingers, the nails adhering to it. So dreadful had been the force, that not a particle of the flesh adhered to it. Several died from inhaling the steam or gas, whose skins were almost uninjured.

“The number of lives lost will, in all probability, never be distinctly known. Many were seen flung into the river, most of whom sunk to rise no more. Could the survivors have been kept together until the list of passengers was called, the precise loss would have been ascertained; that, however, though it had been attempted, would, under the circumstances, have been impossible.

“Judging from the crowd which I saw on the boiler-deck immediately before the explosion, and the statement which I received as to the number of those who succeeded in swimming out after they were cast into the river, I am inclined to believe that between forty and fifty must have perished.

“The cabin passengers escaped, owing to the peculiar construction of the boat. Just behind the boilers

were several large iron posts, supporting, I think, the boiler-deck : across each post was a large circular plate of iron of between one and two inches in thickness. One of these posts was placed exactly opposite the head of the boiler which burst, being the second one on the starboard side. Against this plate the head struck, and penetrated to the depth of an inch, then broke and flew off at an angle, entering a cotton bale to the depth of a foot. The boiler head was in point blank range with the breakfast-table in the cabin, and had it not been obstructed by the iron post, must have made a clear sweep of those who were seated at the table.

“To render any satisfactory account of the cause which produced the explosion can hardly be expected from one who possesses no scientific or practical knowledge on the subject, and who, previously thereto, was paying no attention to the management of the boat. The captain appeared to be very active and diligent in attending to his duty. He was on the boiler-deck when the explosion occurred ; was materially injured by that event, and must have been ignorant of the mismanagement, if any there was.

“From the engineer alone could the true explanation be afforded ; and if, indeed, it was really attributable to negligence, it can scarcely be supposed he will lay the blame on himself. If I might venture a suggestion in relation thereto, I would assign the following causes :—That the water in the starboard boiler had become low in consequence of that side of the boat resting upon the ground during our stay at Memphis ; that the fires were kept up some time before we shoved off ; that the head which burst had been cracked for a considerable length of time ; and that the boiler was extremely heated, and the water, thrown in when the boat was again in motion, was at once converted into steam, and the flues not being sufficiently large to carry it off as quickly as it was

generated, nor the boiler head of a strength capable of resisting its action, the explosion was a natural result.

"I assume this proposition to be correct—that, in every case where a boiler bursts, it is fair to infer that it proceeded from neglect, until the contrary shall be proved."

EXPLOSION ON BOARD

THE STEAMBOAT GEORGE COLLIER,

on the Mississippi River, near New Orleans, May 6, 1839,—by which twenty-six lives were lost.

The steamboat GEORGE COLLIER left New Orleans, Saturday afternoon, at half past 5 o'clock, for St. Louis. On May 6, at half past 1 o'clock, Sunday morning, when within about eighty miles of Natchez, the piston-rod gave way where the key passes through the T head, which broke the forward cylinder head, and carried away a part of the boiler stands. There were forty-five persons scalded, who were in the after cabin,—twenty-six of whom died the same day. The following is the melancholy record of the dead and wounded:—

List of the dead.—T. J. Spaulding, St. Charles, Mo.; Charles Brooks; Wm. Blake, Boston; Crissen Herring, Germany; Mrs. E. Welsh and two children, New Orleans; J. O. Brien and wife, New Orleans; Selen J. Brocqua, Poland, Ky.; John Ideda, France; David J. Rose, N. Orleans; Dederick Groe, Germany; Frederick Cross, Boston; Joseph B. Bossuef, Boston; Joseph Lawrence, Park Co., Ind.; Peter Smith, N. Orleans; Charlotte Fletcher and mother,

England ; — Belch ; and six persons whose names are unknown.

List of the scalded.—Thomas Fletcher and wife, England ; — Husselmonger, Germany ; Mrs. C. Herring, Germany ; Francis Ruan and wife ; Francis Scrunelly, St. Louis ; Thomas Butler ; Isaac Ramey ; Alfred Davis ; John Bröwne ; James McDonald ; Isaac Ideda, France ; five children of Adam Woolridge, and a slave of Thomas Johnston.

The wounded survivors lay about on pallets, the flesh, as it were, literally boiled off their bones ; some groaning in their agony,—others, unable to utter even a groan. There were some among them partially consoled by the soothing care of friends ; but more who had none from whom to seek sympathy but strangers. It was a scene that would have softened a heart of adamant.

The accident, of course, is justly attributable to gross carelessness. The boat was built four years previous to the disaster,—and the piston-rod had been in use ever since that time ; during its continuance in service thus long, it should have been tested, when no loss of life would depend upon the result of the experiment. This running of machinery as long as it will last, and discovering its weakness and inefficiency but at the expense of the lives of scores of human beings, is not only recklessly heartless, but in the highest degree criminal, and should be frowned down by an indignant community, and rendered severely punishable by the laws of the land.

EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER *ÆTNA*, *in New York harbor, May 15, 1824.*

On Saturday evening, May 15, about 7 o'clock, as the steamboat *ÆTNA*, Capt. Robinson, was on her way to New York from Washington, N. J., with passengers from Philadelphia, and while in sight of the city, about four and a half miles distant, in the neighborhood of Gibbet Island, the boilers gave way, and blew up with a tremendous and deadly explosion. The interior of the boat was rendered a complete wreck,—the immensely heavy iron-work having been broken into fragments, and the heavy timbers and lighter work of the two after-cabins literally shattered to pieces.

The whole number of persons on board was thirty-four. There were killed in the cabin by the explosion, Mrs. Job Furman; Mrs. Abm. Mersevole; her daughter, Caroline Furman, and a sister of Mrs. Furman, all of one family, who had been to Elizabethtown to attend the funeral of a near relative. Miss Mary Bates, daughter of Captain Andrew Bates, was also killed. She was in charge of Miss Ann Dougherty, of Auburn, New-York, who, together with Mrs. Taylor, were taken to the hospital, where they died in the most frightful agony before morning. The steward, Victor Grasse, a Frenchman, jumped overboard from the forward cabin window, and was drowned. Another person, name unknown, also jumped out of the forward cabin, and was drowned. Mr. Charles C. Hollingshead, of Princeton, New-Jersey, who was in the forward cabin, jumped overboard through a window, and was saved by seizing a bench that was thrown over,—and afterwards was picked up by the *Ætna's* boat. After the steamboat had been towed up to the city, the body of Mordecai C.

Peters, of Philadelphia, was found among the ruins of the wreck,—he seemed to have been not at all scalded, nor was his hair singed,—but his face was burned to a crisp, and was perfectly black, and, probably, his nearest friends would hardly have been able to have recognized his features.

The following persons were wounded,—some of whom have since died of their injuries :—Mr. Morrison ; Thomas Braden, Wilmington, Del. ; Michael Eckfelt, Philadelphia ; and Joseph Stevens, a native of Ireland. Of the crew there were John Winter, and John Gibbons, of Philadelphia ; Alexander Cromwell, Jamaica ; Ann Thomas, Philadelphia ; and Margaret Cole.

A young lad, about 13 years of age, who was, at the time of the explosion, sleeping on the covering of the boiler, was thrown into the air, and fell into the vacuum caused by the removal of the machinery, and received no injury. Mr. Myers, mate of the *Ætna*, jumped overboard, and was uninjured. Mr. John Pearce, and Mr. Myers, both of Philadelphia, escaped without injury, being on deck and near the bow. Jonathan Case, of Schenectady ; Benedict Arnold, merchant, of Amsterdam, N. York ; Mr. Heacock and lady, were also among those saved.

The following letter, giving an account of the explosion of the *Ætna*, was written by an eye-witness of the dreadful scene, (a passenger,) to his friends in Philadelphia :—

“New-York, May 16.

“It is with pain I inform you of an awful occurrence that took place at 7 o'clock, last evening, on board the steamboat, *Ætna*, Captain Thomas Robinson,—when, about seven miles from, and in sight of this city, her boilers bursting with a noise like thunder, and throwing the pieces upon the quarter deck, where I had the minute before been standing. I had

walked to the bows when the explosion took place ; and thanks be to the Almighty that I am one of the few that escaped unhurt. O ! the awfulness of the scene ! My situation I can scarcely describe. It pleased the Almighty to give me a command of myself at this horrid moment, when every one on board thought it his last, and some in despair jumped overboard and were drowned. A man standing by me was about jumping, when I told him he had better remain quiet, and if the boat should be burned up, we could throw off the cover for the cables (a large round box at the bows,) that we stood by, and might save ourselves in this way. He stopped, and a man crying out in the water, we threw him a rope and drew him upon deck. He was one of the firemen, who had been blown overboard. This served to compose him a little, or he would have jumped over the side of the boat. The smoke disappearing, the horror of the sight increased, when we beheld the bodies of those who had been struck by pieces of the boiler, weltering in their blood on the deck. I now attempted to make my way aft ; and succeeded, after getting through the smoke and broken parts of the wreck, in assisting Capt. Robinson and others to clear the companion-way, to get into the ladies' cabin. The captain went down, and handed up five ladies, whom I took from him, and placing them upon deck, they expired. One little girl entreated me to throw water upon her, her agony was so great ; they were all of one family, and had been on board but a few minutes, being on their return from the funeral of a sister at Elizabethtown Point.

"In this situation we were discovered by two boats at the quarantine ground, which put off to our assistance, and brought us up to the city ; and a steamboat passing by, towed the wreck, with the dead and wounded on board, to the wharf. It was somewhat singular that my baggage, after being

thrown into the air, fell upon the wreck again. My trunk, previous to my being taken off, I had found in the place from which the boilers had blown. Last night, about 12 o'clock, I went to search for my writing-desk; two friends accompanied me, but they were not permitted to go on board, as the coroner had just held an inquest, and had gone on shore to give his verdict. I therefore went on board alone, and, procuring a light, commenced searching for, and finally succeeded in finding the desk. Discovering a hand under some of the rubbish, I called one of the watchmen, and moving a timber away, it led to the discovery of another corpse."

The steamboat *United States*, Capt. Beecher, was on the her way from New Brunswick at the time of the disaster, and after rendering all the assistance in her power, towed the *Ætina* up to the city.

A gentlemen, who accompanied the coroner to view the dead and dying, thus remarked:—"such a heart-rending spectacle we never before witnessed. The scalds of the dead were deep, and, notwithstanding their clothes, they extended over the whole body. But the survivors presented pictures of unutterable suffering. If prepared for the great event, how well might they have envied those whom death had already relieved from bodily anguish!"

EXPLOSION

ON BOARD THE STEAMBOAT *CHARITON*,
near St. Louis, July 27, 1337.

As the steamboat *CHARITON* had just put out, and proceeded a short distance up the stream, one of her

boilers burst, by which disaster nine or ten persons were more or less badly scalded. Three were blown over the starboard side of the boat into the Mississippi. "As we hurried down to the river," says an eyewitness, "upon hearing the noise of the explosion, we saw one poor fellow, a black man, just brought ashore in a boat, which had picked him up,—he was badly scalded, and bleeding. Two white men had been taken ashore a little higher up the landing,—one of them shockingly scalded. On the boiler deck lay two men,—one of them the engineer,—both badly wounded. Four or five more were injured, but not so severely as those we have mentioned. But one passenger was scalded.

"We conversed with a cabin passenger, who was sitting, at the time of the explosion, between the doors that lead in from the sides to the social hall of the boat. He showed us where the board was torn away from under his feet, as he sat; and expressed himself temperately, but strongly, with regard to the necessity of providing some suitable penalty for the culpable negligence that endangers the lives of so many people.

"Three of the men who were scalded have since died,—two of them the cooks of the boat, and the other the second engineer of the steamboat Missouri Fulton, who was on board the Chariton at the time.

"There has been much surmise, and a great deal said with regard to whom blame is attributable in this case; but suspicion rests upon the misconduct of the engineer, who, it is stated, neglected to furnish the boilers with a sufficient supply of water."

EXPLOSION
ON BOARD THE STEAMBOAT ORONOKO,
on the Mississippi River, near Princeton, Miss.,
April 21, 1838.

The steamboat ORONOKO, Capt. John Crawford, left New Orleans on Monday, April 16. On Saturday morning, the 21st, about 5 o'clock, immediately after leaving Princeton, she burst one of her boilers, blowing overboard fifteen or twenty persons, and severely scalding between forty and fifty. Six or seven of the latter have since died. Among the scalded, it was calculated that there were at least between twenty and thirty white men, chiefly deck passengers; five or six women, and about the same number of children. Of those who were blown overboard, four or five were saved. The second engineer was badly scalded, as was also the cook, (a black,) who jumped overboard shortly after the explosion, and was drowned.

The number of cabin passengers, as near as could be ascertained, was from seventy-five to eighty; on deck, from sixty to seventy, including blacks and children. Most of those in the cabin were in their berths at the time of the accident, otherwise the loss of lives would have been immense. Every effort was made by the uninjured of the passengers and crew to alleviate the sufferings of their more unfortunate companions; but they were of little avail. The screams and groans of the agonized sufferers were heart-rending in the extreme; on every side were heard supplications and prayers for water, or to put a period to an existence of agony.

A letter from a gentleman who was passenger in the Oronoko, says:—"Fortunately, all the cabin pas-

sengers were in their state rooms, and, with the exception of two or three, escaped without serious injury. Had we been at meals, every soul must have perished, as the box which covers the fly-wheel was torn in a thousand pieces.

"The report awoke all of us. The first impression among us was that a boat had run into us; but, in a moment, the dense volumes of steam told us what had happened. Some attempted to escape by the doors leading to the cabin, but found it impossible. Fortunately, most of the state rooms had doors opening on the guards, which enabled them to reach the upper deck, the only place of safety in the boat. On the lower deck nearly every person was scalded or blown overboard. A gentleman, who was standing on the shore, saw more than twenty in the river,—only two of whom were picked up.

"After the steam had blown off, the scalded and wounded, forty-three in number, were brought into the cabin, where mattresses had been spread for them; and every assistance which lay in our power was rendered. Not one half can possibly survive, as two of those considered as the least injured died in the course of the same night."

From another source the following is gathered:—
"Seventy individuals are supposed to have perished in the Oronoko. The boat was new, and fitted up with remarkable elegance for private families; but, it has since been ascertained, she had, with all this show, *old boilers*. Comment is unnecessary,—the fact that it was so, and may yet be so in other boats, we should suppose would act as a deep and warning voice upon the feelings of the whole community, and arouse it to an universal expression of its just indignation. This criminal and murderous parsimony respecting the most important portion of the boat,

should have been inquired into at the time, and a just punishment awarded to the proprietors.

"Among the victims to this calamity was one who, by his own acknowledgement, justly merited his doom. He was a known blackleg, and, in the extremity of the agony in which he died, confessed himself the incendiary who had lately fired the Pinkard house, with the fiendish hope of burning up the city of Vicksburg. Revenge for the acts by which his fellow gamblers were expelled the city, he avowed to be the cause that had influenced him. He denounced another gambler, known by the name of Doctor Saunders, not only as his assistant in the act, but as his partner in the intended sack of the city.

"Many thanks are due to the commanders of the steamers Peru, the N. Albany, and the Independence, for their prompt answer to the call of distress. May they never experience a similar disaster on board their own boats."

LOSS OF THE STEAMBOAT TISKILWA,
*on the Illinois River, April 18, 1837, with the loss
of twenty lives.*

From a gentleman who was ascending the Illinois river at the time, the following particulars are gathered, relative to the loss of the steamboat TISKILWA:

"This melancholy occurrence took place on Saturday, the 18th of April, about five miles from the mouth of the river, where, through the obstinacy of the captains of two steamboats, one of the boats was sunk,—the lives of all the deck passengers, amounting to more than twenty, lost,—and the freight and baggage entirely destroyed.

The captain of the steamboat *Wisconsin*, which was then ascending the river, had repeatedly stated, that if he should meet the *Tiskilwa*, and her captain would not give him a clear channel, he would run her down. This, it seemed, provoked the captain of the other boat, and he became obstinately determined not to turn out of his course. Both boats met about 5 o'clock in the morning,—at a time when all the passengers were in their berths,—and steered directly for each other till within only a few rods, when the captain of the *Tiskilwa* endeavored, but too late, to avoid the concussion; and turning a little out of his course, thus gave a fair broadside to the ascending boat, which took her just behind the wheel,—and she sunk in less than three minutes after she was struck. The first notice of their extreme danger which the cabin passengers received, was the screams of those below, who were drowning; and, without even time to put on their clothes, they merely escaped by jumping through the windows of the cabin, which, fortunately for them, had been completely separated from the sinking boat by the shock."

EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE MOTTO,
*on the Ohio River, during her first passage from
Louisville to Pittsburg, August, 1836.*

The steamboat *Motto*, on her first trip from Louisville to Pittsburg, ran on the shoals at the foot of Blannerhasset's Island. In attempting to get off, too great a quantity of steam accumulated, and the boiler burst, killing three persons, and scalding eight others so severely that they died within a few hours,—and three more, it was feared, would survive but a short time.

The persons who were instantly killed, were, the the engineer; a deck passenger, who was blown through the stern of the boat, more than twenty feet, into the river; and a cabin passenger, Mr. W. F. Adams, of Hollidaysburg, Penn. The fate of Mr. Adams seemed to have made a greater impression on the surviving crew and passengers, than that of any other of the sufferers. He had just graduated at Augusta College, in Kentucky, and was returning home to his family with his diploma. He was attended to the boat by a large procession of his fellow students; and the hearty cheers and kindly farewell given to the youth by those with whom he had been so long associated, commended him to the respect and affectionate regard of the passengers and crew of the boat. Young Adams had, during most of the passage, promenade the upper deck, expressing his admiration of the scenery, and dwelling on the anticipated pleasures of home. His good feelings, and the buoyancy of his spirits, had caused him to be particularly noticed, and his numerous inquiries to be immediately answered. At the moment of the disaster, the boat was full, and the cabin passengers were all in or near their berths on the upper deck and aft,—it being about two hours after dinner,—all, excepting young Adams; he had been on the lower deck, and was just leaving a position near the wheel, when the explosion took place. His death must have been instantaneous; he was found twisted around the shaft of the wheel. The trunks of the deceased young man were returned to the college.

An individual, who was present, remarked, that though used to rough scenes, his heart was chilled by that presented on board the *Motto*. Never did he witness, never did his imagination conjure up such an appalling sight.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER MONMOUTH,
*on the Mississippi River, October 31, 1837,—by
which melancholy catastrophe three hundred
emigrating Indians were drowned.*

The steamboat MONMOUTH left New Orleans for Arkansas river, with upwards of six hundred Indians on board, a portion of the emigrant Creek tribe, as passengers. In travelling up the Mississippi, through Prophet Island Bend, she was met by the ship Trenton, towed by the steamer Warren, descending the river. It was rather dark, being near 8 o'clock in the evening,—and through the mismanagement of the officers and obscurity of the atmosphere, a collision took place between the two vessels; and the cabin of the Monmouth parted from the hull, drifting some distance down the stream, when it broke into two parts, and emptied its contents into the river. There were 611 Indians on board;—only 300 of whom were rescued by the crews of the Warren and Yazoo. The Trenton lost her cut-water. The bar-keepers and a fireman were the only persons attached to the Monmouth who lost their lives.

The disaster is ascribed chiefly to the neglect of the officers of the Monmouth. She was running in a part of the stream where, by the usages of the river, and the rules of the Mississippi navigation, she had no right to go, and where, of course, the descending vessels did not expect to meet her. Here is another evidence of the gross carelessness of a class of men to whose charge we often commit our lives and property.

This unfortunate event is one in which every citizen of our country must feel a melancholy interest.

Bowing before the superiority of their conquerors, these men were removed from their homes by the policy of our government. On their way to the spot selected by the white man for their residence,—reluctantly leaving the graves of their fathers, and the homes of their childhood, in obedience to the requisitions of a race before whom they seem doomed to become extinct,—an accident, horrible and unanticipated, has brought death upon *three hundred* at once. Had they died as the savage would die, upon the battle field, in defence of his rights, and in the wars of his tribe, death had possessed little or no horror for them.—But, in the full confidence of safety purchased by the concession and the compromise of all their savage chivalry,—confined in a vessel strange to their habits, and dying by a death strange and ignoble to their natures,—the victims of a catastrophe they could neither foresee nor resist,—their last moments of life, (for thought has the activity of lightning in extremity,) must have been embittered by conflicting emotions, horrible indeed: regret at their submission,—indignation at what seemed to them wilful treachery, and impotent threatenings of revenge upon the pale faces, may have maddened their dying hour.



CONFLAGRATION OF THE PHŒNIX,
on Lake Champlain, on the night of September 5,
1819,—*wherein not a soul was lost.*

The steamboat PHŒNIX left Burlington about 12 o'clock at night, and had proceeded as far as Providence Island, about half way between Burlington and Plattsburgh, when the alarm of fire was given, about 1 o'clock in the morning; there being two small boats attached to the Phœnix, they were immediately filled with passengers; but the wind blowing violently from the north-west, the passengers were not all enabled to embark, and some few of them were obliged to jump overboard.

Capt. Johnson Sherman, who was the regular commander of the Phœnix, was confined with a fever at Vergennes, and the boat at this time was commanded by his son, Richard W. Sherman, a young gentleman, about twenty-two years of age; but who, amid the confusion, danger, and difficulties attendant on this terrible disaster, displayed an energy and presence of mind, not only worthy of the highest praise, but which we might seek for in vain, even among those of riper years. To qualities like these, rightly directed as they were, was it owing that *not a person was lost* on that fearful night.—In that burning vessel, at the dead of night, and three miles from the nearest land, was the safety of *every one* cared for, and ultimately secured, by the promptness, energy and decision of this young commander,—himself being the last to quit the blazing wreck. Mr. John Howard, steward of the boat, was deserving of much credit for his coolness and confidence. It was stated that he and Capt. Sherman were saved by lashing themselves to articles thrown overboard, after the last boat, with its living freight, had left.

The following description of this terrific scene was written by one of the passengers :—"I awoke at the time of the alarm, but whether aroused by the cry of fire, the noise of feet trampling on deck, or by that restlessness common to persons who sleep in a strange place, with a mind filled with sorrow and anxiety, I am unable to tell. I thought I heard a faint cry of fire, and, after a short interval, it seemed to be renewed. But it came so weakly upon my ear, and seemed to be flung by so careless a voice, that I concluded it was an unmeaning sound uttered by some of the sailors in their sports on deck. Soon, however, a hasty footstep was heard passing through the cabin, but without a word being uttered. As I approached the top of the cabin stairs, an uncommon brilliancy at once dispelled all doubts. Instantly the flames and sparks began to meet my eyes, and the thought struck me that no other way of escape was left but to plunge half naked through the blaze into the water. One or two more steps assured me that this dreadful alternative was not yet arrived : I hastily stepped aft, a lurid light illuminated every object beyond with the splendor of a noon-day sun ; I fancied it was the torch of death, to point me and my fellow-travelers to the tomb. I saw no person on deck ; but, on casting my eyes toward the boat which was still hanging on the larboard quarter, I perceived that she was filled, and that her stern-sheets were occupied with ladies. I flew to the gangway, and assisted in lowering the boat into the water. I then descended the steps, with an intention of entering the boat ; but perceiving that she was loaded deep, and that there was a strong breeze and a high sea, I desisted. The painter was soon cut, and the boat dropped astern. I ascended the steps with the design of submitting myself to the water upon a plank ; for I had great confidence in my skill in swimming, and I acted under an impression that the shore was only a few rods,

certainly not half a mile distant. Judge of what would have been my astonishment, and probably also my fate, had I done as I contemplated ; when the fact was, that the steamboat at this period was in the broadest part of Lake Champlain, and at least three miles from any land. I had left the deck about two hours before, and this change had occurred in the meantime. I looked round upon the deck to find a suitable board, or something of sufficient buoyancy, that I could trust to amid such waves as I saw were running. There was nothing large enough to deserve such confidence ; I looked aft over the taffrail, every thing there looked gloomy and forbidding ; I cast my eyes forward, the wind was directly ahead, and the flames were forced, in the most terrific manner, toward the stern, threatening every thing in its range with instant destruction. I then thought if I could pass the middle of the boat, which seemed also to be the centre of the fire, I might find security in standing to windward on the bowsprit. I made the attempt. It was vain. The flames were an insurmountable barrier. I was obliged to return toward the stern. There was then no one in sight. I stepped over upon the starboard side of the quarter-deck. I thought all was gone with me. At that moment I saw a lady come up to the cabin door ; she leened against the side of it, and looked with a steadfast gaze, and distracted air toward the flames ; she turned and disappeared in the cabin. It was Mrs. Wilson, the poor unfortunate lady who, afterwards, with the captain's assistance, as he informed me, committed herself, with many piercing shrieks and agonizing exclamations, to the treacherous support of a small bench, on the troublous bosom of the lake. I then looked over the starboard quarter to know whether the other boat was indeed gone. - I had the happiness to see her ; she seemed to be full, or nearly so ; one or two passengers were standing on the lower steps

of the accommodation ladder, apparently with the design of entering the boat when she came within reach. I was determined to enter her at all risks, and instantly leaped over the quarter and descended into her. I found her knocking under the counter, and in danger of foundering. The steam-vessel still continued to advance through the water: the waves dashed the boat with considerable violence against her, and most of those who had sought safety in the boat, being unacquainted with water scenes, were much alarmed, and by their ill directed efforts were adding to the risk. Under these circumstances it became necessary to cut the fast, which was done, and the boat, and those that were in it, were instantly secure. All these incidents occurred in a shorter time than I have consumed in writing them. From the moment of my hearing the first alarm to that of leaving the steamboat, was not, I am satisfied, near ten minutes; I believe it was not five."

A gentleman in Albany, in alluding to the destruction of the *LEXINGTON* by fire, in Long Island Sound, January, 1840, gives the following as a contrast to Capt. Child's conduct. "We need not go beyond the limits of our own State for a striking example of how much may be effected in such an emergency by decision and presence of mind on the part of the captain of the boat. Several years ago, a disaster occurred on Lake Champlain, similar, in many respects, to the burning of the *Lexington*. One stormy night, as the steamboat *Phoenix*, with a full load of passengers and freight, was ploughing her way through the waters of Champlain, a fire broke out at midnight, and soon raged with irresistible violence.

"The passengers, roused by the alarm from their slumbers, and waking to a terrible sense of impending destruction, rushed in crowds upon the deck, and attempted to seize the small boats. Here, however,

they were met by the captain, who, having abandoned all hope of saving his boat, now thought only of saving his passengers, and stood by the gangway of his boat with a pistol in each hand, determined to prevent any person from jumping into the boats before they were properly lowered into the water, and prepared to receive their living freight. With the utmost coolness and presence of mind he superintended the necessary preparations, and, in a few minutes, the boats were lowered away, and the passengers received safely on board.—They then shoved off, and pulled through the darkness for the distant shore. As soon as this was reached, and the passengers landed, the boats returned to the steamboat and took off the crew, and, as the captain supposed, every living soul except himself.

“But, shortly after the boats had left the second time, he discovered, under a settee, the chambermaid of the Phoenix, who, in her fright and confusion, had lost all consciousness. Lashing her to the plank which he had prepared for his own escape, this gallant captain launched her toward the shore ; and was thus left alone with his vessel, now one burning pile. Having satisfied himself that no living thing remained on board his boat, and with the proud consciousness that he had saved every life entrusted to his care, he sprung from the burning wreck as it was about to sink beneath the waters, and, by the means of a settee, reached the shore in safety.

“This is no exaggerated story. It is the simple narrative of one of the most heroic acts on record. We have only to add, that the captain who so faithfully and fearlessly discharged his duty on this trying occasion, is still in command of a noble boat on Lake Champlain, and is known to every traveller as Captain Sherman, of the steamboat Burlington.”

CONFLAGRATION OF THE JOHN BULL,
an English steamboat, on the River St. Lawrence,
June 24, 1839.

On Monday morning, June 24, about 4 o'clock, as the steamer JOHN BULL was off Lavaltrie, a fire was discovered bursting through the deck with great fury. The captain ran her directly on shore, where she was nearly consumed. About twelve cabin passengers were on board, and sixty steerage passengers. All the cabin passengers were saved, excepting a Miss Ross. Several of the steerage passengers, who were emigrants, jumped over board, and the number lost is not known. The passengers were in bed when the fire broke out, and some of them escaped with only their night clothes.

The John Bull was supposed to be the most valuable steamboat in North America, having cost the proprietors over £22,000.

Subsequent accounts stated that no less than twenty lives were lost, principally in consequence of madly jumping overboard almost as soon as the alarm of fire was given. A poor woman on board the steamer, lost six out of nine children who were with her.—Another woman attached a rope to a Newfoundland dog, who nobly swam ashore with her, and thus saved her life.

The conduct of the Canadian inhabitants to the unfortunate passengers on board the John Bull, was of a description which reflects the utmost disgrace upon their ancient character for good feeling, humanity, and hospitality. Instances of their brutality and disregard of decency and humanity may here be mentioned,—one gentleman, who was clinging to the stern of the boat, cried to some inhabitants in a ca-

noe, for assistance ; but they ruthlessly refused to comply with his request, unless he would promise to give them ten dollars. Another of the passengers asked for a glass of water, but was harshly told that there was plenty in the river. And such was their shameless avidity for plunder, that the ear-rings of Miss Ross were torn from her dead body.

BURNING OF THE STEAMBOAT BELLE,
on the Mississippi River, near Liberty, Illinois,
November, 1839.

The steamer BELLE, of Missouri, while stopping on her passage from New Orleans to St. Louis about a mile above Liberty, Illinois, at a wood yard, took fire, and was entirely destroyed. She had two hundred passengers, men, women, and children, who fortunately escaped, but without saving any of their effects, except such as they seized and bore on shore at the moment of the alarm. She had on board a large quantity of powder, which exploded very shortly after the fire was discovered, scattering and completely destroying a valuable cargo, and making a total wreck. Not even the books of the boat were saved. It is doubtful whether an individual would have escaped, had not the boat lay close by the shore, thereby enabling the passengers to leave previous to the explosion. The passengers, were chiefly Germans, some of whom lost large amounts. One man had \$16,000 in gold and silver, and only saved what in the hurry of the moment he could cram into his pockets. The captain was the last man to leave the boat.

EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE UNION,
*a new steam ferry boat, which had just commenced
running at Alexandria, July 12, 1837.*

The following account was published at the time :
“ The new steam ferry boat UNION, commenced running on Wednesday, between Alexandria and the opposite side of the Potomac. The passage for the day was free, and, after making several trips, and as the boat was again about leaving the opposite shore for Alexandria, her boiler collapsed, and, dreadful to relate, three persons, (the engineer's wife, and a black man and woman,) were instantly killed. Several other persons were badly scalded, and some were blown into the river, and saved by those present who were uninjured.

“ This lamentable accident originated in the neglect of the engineer to let off steam while remaining on the Maryland shore. This, it is thought, was done in order to lose no power, and to make a good exhibition of the velocity of the boat on its return to the opposite shore. One of the first victims of this disaster, was the wife of the engineer himself, who was on board ; she was immediately killed, her body being frightfully mangled.

“ The interposition of a merciful Providence ought not to be lost sight of in this event. The explosion occurred a few minutes before the boat started, while a great number of the passengers were yet on shore, whose lives were thus mercifully preserved. Had the explosion been delayed but a few seconds, there is no knowing how many more lives might have been lost. While, therefore, we condole with the sufferers, let us not be unthankful for the preservation of the many survivors.”

LOSS OF THE GENERAL JACKSON,
*a New York steam ferry-boat, being run down by
the steamboat Boston, August 23, 1836.*

About half past 4 o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the 23d of August, as the ferry-boat, General Jackson was coming from Long Island side to the foot of Walnut st., and when about three fourths the way across, the steamboat Boston, which was passing down the river, came in contact with her, both striking near the bows, which so shattered the ferry-boat, that in less than three minutes, she went to the bottom. Eight or ten persons leaped on board the Boston, immediately after the concussion, and the rest were swept off as the boat went down. The boats of the Boston were immediately lowered, and sent to the rescue of the drowning persons. There were twenty-five passengers on board the ferry-boat, six of whom are missing, and no doubt exists of their having been drowned. There were also on board fourteen horses and wagons, all of which went to the bottom in the boat. The names of the persons who perished, were Silas Wright; Edward Alexander; James Connelly; and a man named Flanagan. Besides the four persons, there were two colored boys, who were drowned. There are no other persons missing, but as the number who were on board is not exactly known, the number lost may be greater than is supposed. The son and wife of Mr. Wright were on board with him, but both were providentially saved.

We understand that the immediate cause of the accident was the efforts of the Boston to avoid a small boat, with several persons on board, which was directly in her way, and that, in so doing, she was brought by the force of the tide in near proximity to

the ferry-boat. In this situation her engine was immediately stopped, and an order to back water given, but not in season to prevent a slight collision, which, however, would have been perfectly harmless, had not the ferry-boat been altogether unfit for her station.

A day or two after the accident, the following intelligence came to hand :—

“ Since the calamity by which the General Jackson was wrecked, and a number of the passengers lost, it has been ascertained that, besides those heretofore reported, another passenger, named Hathaway, was drowned on that occasion. There are circumstances connected with the loss of this individual, which present a case of interest and distress. He was a poor man, but of irreproachable character and correct habits. A short time since, he married the daughter of a wealthy and influential citizen of one of the middle counties of New York ; who was so incensed at the marriage of his daughter with one so much below her sphere of life, and, ‘ cursed with the sin of poverty,’ that he discarded her forever. A few weeks ago they arrived in this city with their little infant, and their stock of worldly goods, for the purpose of residing here ; but not being able to procure apartments that would answer their purpose, Mr. Hathaway stored their effects in some place unknown to his widow, and went to Brooklyn. The effect of his loss has been so powerful upon the mind of his widow that her reason became unsettled. All the funds of which they were possessed, amounting to about one hundred dollars, he had in his pocket at the time of the calamity ; thus leaving her utterly destitute, and in the midst of strangers, a maniac mother with a nursing in her arms, forbidden the home of her parents and her youth, and dependent on city charity.”

EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER FRANKLIN,
at Mobile, March 13, 1836.

The steam boat FRANKLIN, of Mobile, on the 13th of March, having just started from the wharf for Montgomery, with a hundred passengers on board, was blown up by the explosion of her boilers, and a number of persons lost their lives. She had advanced but forty or fifty yards from her starting place, and was lying to, for the purpose of taking on board a passenger who had been left behind, when the accident took place.

A gentleman, in a letter to a friend, says:—

“I was standing close by the river’s brink, and saw the whole fore part of her deck, with large pieces of the boilers, carried to an immense height, with the pilot and one of the hands. The pilot fell into the dock at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, having been thrown into the air nearly three hundred feet; he was dreadfully mutilated. I saw the bodies of two or three persons who were killed instantaneously; and of many others who were seriously, perhaps fatally wounded. The explosion was dreadful; the upper deck, from the wheel-house forward, was carried to a great height. I fear the list of sufferers will be large,—perhaps fifteen or twenty killed, besides the wounded.”

14*

EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE DUBUQUE,
on her passage from St. Louis to Galena, August
15, 1837, by which sixteen lives were lost.

The steamboat DUBUQUE, on her passage from St. Louis to Galena, on the 15th of August, collapsed a flue of her larboard boiler, and twenty-seven persons were killed and wounded. The pilot immediately put the boat ashore, and effected a landing without farther accident. As soon as it was possible to clear the way, an examination of the boiler deck was made. The force of the explosion had literally cleared it of freight, and every thing which stood in its way. The deck passengers, and several of the hands, were dreadfully scalded. Many of them, in their agony, fled to the shore, stripped themselves of their clothes, taking off with them much of the skin. It was several hours before any of them died. The number of deaths was sixteen,—four of these belonged to the crew,—the remainder were deck passengers. The cabin passengers escaped with little or no injury.

ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE SAMSON,
in New York harbor, on her passage from Staten
Island to the city, July 4, 1839.

As the SAMSON was on her way from Staten Island to New York, July 4, between 3 and 4 o'clock, P. M. being densely crowded with passengers, her upper deck gave way, when she was about two miles from the island, and fell upon those who were standing be-

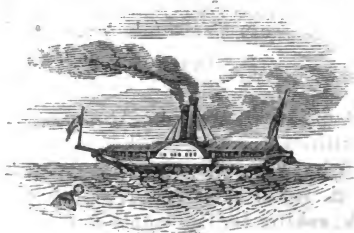
neath. Two passengers were instantly killed, and several others severely injured. One of the persons killed, was Mr. Joseph Chambers, and the other an elderly Scotch lady, named Johnson, both residing in New York. Mr. Moses Henriquez, a broker of that city, was also terribly injured; his breast bone was broken, his shoulder dislocated, and he was otherwise much lacerated and bruised. Mr. Augustus Vampeli, confidential clerk to a mercantile firm of that city, was also very severely injured. The consternation on board the boat was indescribable. The passengers were so crowded that it was difficult for any one to move, and the rush was so great at the time of the accident as nearly to upset the boat, endangering the lives of all on board. The steamboat *Sun*, which had started from the island soon after the *Samson*, soon came along side, and towed the latter up to the city, and relieved her passengers from their melancholy and unhappy situation.

EXPLOSION OF THE JOHN HANCOCK,
on her passage from Norwich to New London, in
1817.

The most singular steamboat explosion, perhaps, that ever occurred, took place in Connecticut in 1817, and is related by that veteran steamboat commander, Capt. Elihu S. Bunker, in his reply to the Collector of New York, asking for information to be transmitted to the Treasury Department.

"Gilbert Brewster, Esq., of Norwich, fancied he was in possession of a plan for building a steamboat, that would prove superior to that then in use; and accordingly built a small boat, (which I think he called

the John Hancock,) into which he put a small engine and a *wooden* boiler. He prepared her for an excursion from Norwich to New London, at the time that President Monroe visited that section of the United States. Fifty gentlemen went on board, and they proceeded down the river from Norwich. They were all, together with the cook, (a colored man,) in the cabin abaft the boiler, when, approaching New London, it was announced that the Fulton, which had the President on board, was in sight. The gentlemen went on deck as fast as the gangway would permit them to move, the cook being the last at the foot of the stairs. When he was half way up stairs, the end of the boiler was blown out, and his left leg was slightly scalded. The force was so great with which the end of the boiler flew, that it swept every thing before it,—tables, chairs, the partition between the ladies and gentlemen's cabin—all went out at the stern of the boat! In one minute more, if they had staid in the cabin, fifty-one would have been swept into eternity!"



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Conflagration of the steamboat Lexington, January 13, 1840.

Conflagration of the steamboat Lexington January 13 1840

CONFLAGRATION OF THE LEXINGTON,
*on her passage from New York to Stonington, on
the night of January 13, 1840,—by which mel-
ancholy occurrence nearly ONE HUNDRED
AND FIFTY PERSONS PERISHED, AND
ONLY FOUR ESCAPED!*

The steamboat LEXINGTON, Capt. George Child, left New York for Stonington on Monday, January 13, at 3 o'clock, P. M., with upwards of one hundred passengers, and a large freight consisting principally of cotton. At 7 o'clock, when about three or four miles from Eaton's Neck, Long Island, some bales of cotton, and the casings around the smoke-pipe, were discovered to be on fire. The wind at the time was blowing fresh from the north, which, with the dreadful confusion that reigned among all on board, rendered ineffectual every attempt to check the fire.

The boat was then headed for Long Island shore, and driven with all speed in that direction, until the wind blew the flames and smoke back to such an extent that it was found impossible to steer, or to remain longer in the stern of the boat. She had not, in fact, proceeded far, when the tiller ropes were burnt off, and she was rendered wholly unmanageable. The passengers at this time were mostly in the forward part of the boat, and the fire amidship prevented any communication with those in the after part. In this frightful condition, a rush was made to the small boats, of which there were three, besides the life boat. Amid the utter confusion and terror that prevailed, they were hoisted out while the burning boat was under full headway, and were immediately swamped, —being filled with passengers, not one of whom escaped.

The engine soon after gave way, and the boat drifted about on the sea at the mercy of wind and tide, while the flames were sweeping over her from bow to stern. The scene that ensued was appalling, and baffles all attempt at description. Bales of cotton, boxes, trunks, every thing that offered the least possible chance of preserving life, had been thrown overboard; and the sufferers threw themselves from the burning wreck into the freezing sea, clinging to whatever article they could reach, in the desperate hope, perchance, that existence might yet be preserved—How vainly, alas! subsequent accounts of the terrific loss of life has proved!

The lurid light of the blazing wreck shone far over the cold and dreary waste of waters, showing, with fearful distinctness, the dreadful scene in its immediate vicinity. Human beings were floating around in every direction,—some were yet living, but more had ceased to be,—some were struggling to gain a fragment or bale of cotton,—while others, in happy unconsciousness, were sinking into the cold flood of death. Here was heard the last wild shriek of despair,—husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, and children, were plunging into eternity, with the heart-breaking cry of agony dying on their lips. What heart but sickens at such a picture, however feebly wrought?

“O, bitter elements! and ye, more cruel fate!

Hearts doomed to perish in their youthful love,—

Hopes crushed forever,—homes made desolate,—

Ties broken,—tears and torture, far above

The strength of thought, to rack the bleeding soul;—

These are the monuments that mark the goal

At which, alone, death terminates your wide control.”

The loss of this steamboat, involving, as it does, the fate of so many souls, is far the most melancholy, even in the gloomy record of steamboat disasters.—Widowed mothers, with their families of children,—

robust men, actively engaged in the hurry of business life,—mariners, who had been absent for years, and were within a half day of their homes,—the divine,—the learned professor,—the merchant,—men of talent, wit, worth,—in sight of shore, all sinking to a common grave,—scarcely one, comparatively speaking, escaping to relate the dreadful story;—the bare mention of these facts calls up before the mind a scene, from the contemplation of which we shrink with horror. We have no recollection of any calamity that has filled the public mind so universally with sorrow as this. Never, we are sure, has the truth, that “there is but a step between life and death,” been more mournfully realized by the whole community.

The burning of the boat was seen from the Connecticut and Long Island shores; but all efforts to render assistance proved unavailing. She drifted up the sound with the tide, and was burning eight hours before she sank. An eye-witness said:—“The boat was seen on fire, drifting past Stony Brook, about midway of the sound, the blaze shooting up from her in columns, lighting up the waters for miles around; a small boat put off, but returned after going a mile or two, it being too rough to venture farther. The Lexington was seen until shut in by Crane Neck Point—and *seen no more!* From her direction, and the place where she was last seen, she must have been drifting directly for the *light boat* on the middle ground, and could have been but two or three miles from it when last discerned by her blaze, which showed her solitary and sable chimneys, standing as monuments over some mighty moving catacomb of death.”

Of the large number of individuals on board the Lexington, nearly one hundred and fifty, including the crew, there were but four saved,—Capt. Chester Hillard, of Norwich, Conn., a passenger; Capt. Stephen Manchester, the pilot of the boat; David Crow-

ley, the second mate, and Charles Smith, a fireman. That these four individuals were saved, and the manner of their preservation, is almost miraculous, exposed as they were from fifteen to forty-eight hours, to the severity of the coldest weather of winter, devoid of requisite clothing; and on the frail security of a cotton bale, tossing over a freezing sea.

The following is believed to be a correct list of the names of the passengers, as far as has been ascertained. They are arranged in alphabetical order :—

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| H. Aldrich, Bridgewater, | R. T. Church, Baltimore, |
| Mrs. Lydia Bates, | Wm. Cowen, N. York, |
| James C. Bates, and | John Corey, Foxborough, |
| Lydia C. Bates, son and | H. C. Craig, N. York, |
| daughter of Mrs. B., of | R. W. Dow, N. York, |
| Burlington, N. J., | J. G. Davenport, Middle- |
| Geo. Benson, Brooklyn, | town, Ct., |
| Ch. Brackett, N. York, | Isaac Davis, Boston, |
| — Baum, N. York, | Wm. Dexter, Boston, |
| E. Brown, Jr. Providence, | — Dorr, |
| J. Brown, of the firm of | A. F. Dyer, Braintree, Ms. |
| Brown & Co., Boston, | Charles Eberle, Boston, |
| H. G. Bradford, Kingston, | Otis Eldridge, Boston, |
| Jamaica, | John Everett, N. York, |
| — Bullard, Boston, | J. P. Felt, Salem, |
| J. G. Brown, N. Orleans, | Henry J. Finn, Boston, |
| Robt. Blake, President of | Dr. Follen, Cambridge, |
| Wrentham Bank, Ms., | Capt. Benj. Foster, Prov- |
| — Ballou, N. York, | idence, |
| C. Boswell, Royalton, Vt. | — Fowler, N. York, |
| John Brown, (colored,)* | John Gordon, Cambridge, |
| Capt. J. D. Carver, Ply- | D. Greene, Philadelphia, |
| mouth, Mass., | |
| — Carey, N. York, | |

William A. Greene, Providence,

A. E. Harding, N. York,
Adolp. Harnden, of Harnden's Express, N. Y.,

Capt. Chester Hillard, of Norwich, Ct.,—*saved*,

Samuel Henry, Manchester, England,

Nath. Hobart, Boston,

Abr'm Howard, Boston,

Benj. D. Holmes, Boston,

Wm. H. Hoyt, mail contractor,

Isaac Howes, just arrived in brig Raymond,

Mrs. Russell Jarvis, and two children, N. York,

Thos. James, N. York,

Joshua Johnson,

J. W. Kerle, Baltimore,

Capt. E. S. Kimball, Salem,

Hez. Lawrence, N. York,

J. A. Leach, Boston,

J. Lemist, Roxbury, Ms.,

John Linfield, Stoughton,

Charles Lee, Barre, Ms.,

T. H. M. Lyon, Boston,

P. McKenna, N. York,

John Marshall, N. York,

A. Mason, Gloucester,

Capt. David McFarland,

Capt. — Mattison,
John Martin, England,
Gilbert Martin, England,

— Narine, N. York,

— Nichols, Providence

Charles Noyes, N. York,

E. B. Patten, N. York,

R. Pickett, Newburyport,

M. Peck, Stonington,

C. R. Phelps, Stonington,

William Pierce,

M. Phelps, N. York,

R. Pierpont, N. York,

T. J. Partridge, Barre, Ms.

Mrs. Partridge, and two children,

J. Roy, Kennebunk, Me.,

Mrs. Mary Russell, Stonington,

— Van Cott, Stonington,

Robert Shultz, N. York,

T. Smith, Dartmouth,

— Steele, N. York,

— Stuyvesant, Boston,

G. O. Swan, Columbus,

G. B. Smith, Brooklyn,

John G. Stone, Boston,

Capt. Smith, Dedham,

Wm. Symmes, N. York,

W. H. Townsend and two children, N. York,

P. Upson, Egremont, Ms.,	J. Weston, Baltimore,
S. Waterbury, N. York,	R. Williams, Cold Spring,
J. Winslow, Providence,	W. H. Wilson, Williams-
W. Winslow, Providence,	burg, N. Y.,
Mrs. Alice Winslow, Prov-	John Walker, Cambridge-
idence,	port, Ms.,
C. W. Woolsey, Boston,	— Walker, Belcher-
Thomas White, Boston,	town,
G. W. Walker, Worcester	Miss Sophia T. Wheeler,
County, Ms.,	Greenfield, Ms.,

List of the officers and crew.

George Child, captain,	Benjamin Cox,
— Furber, first mate,	Charles Williams,
David Crowley, second	Benjamin Laden,
mate,— <i>saved</i> ,	C. Humber,
Jesse Comstock, clerk,	Joel Lawrence,
J. B. Newman, steward,	Susan Holcomb, cham-
— Hoyt, baggage mas-	bermaid,
ter,	Joseph Robinson, colored,
E. Hempstead, first engi-	Robert Peters, “
neer,	Job Sands, “
Wm. Quimby, second en-	Daniel Aldrich, “
gineer,	G. Gilbert, “
M. Johnson, wheel-man,	Oliver Howell, “
Capt. Stephen Manches-	King Cade, “
ter, pilot,— <i>saved</i> ,	J. Rostin, “
Charles B. Smith, fire-	J. B. Tab, “
man,— <i>saved</i> ,	E. Parkson, “
Robert Shatter, fireman,	John Masson, “
B. B. Schuyler,	Solomon Askons, “
George Baum,	Isaac Putnam, “
Henry Reed,	

From various sources published at the time, we gather the following, which varies but little in substance, however, from the preceding account :

The Lexington left New York on Monday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., for Stonington, having, it is believed, about one hundred passengers. A large quantity of cotton was placed upon her decks. At 7 o'clock, when about two miles from Eaton's Neck, Long Island, the cotton took fire near the smoke-pipe. An attempt was made to rig the fire engine on board, but it did not succeed.

After it was found that all effort to suppress the flames would be unavailing, the boat was headed towards Long Island shore. In about fifteen minutes, the tiller ropes were burnt, and the boat became unmanageable. The engine, however, kept in operation, under a heavy head of steam. The three small boats were hoisted out with all possible haste, but they swamped soon after they struck the water, in consequence of the speed with which the steamer was going towards the shore. A life boat, which was on board, was also thrown over, but caught under the wheel and was lost. When the Lexington had got within about two miles of the shore, her engine suddenly stopped. All hopes of escape to those on board, except by clinging to such articles of freight as would sustain them, were now cut off.

Capt. Hillard, in company with some other person, secured a cotton bale, on which he remained, the wind blowing off Long Island shore, until 11 o'clock the next morning, having been exposed for fifteen hours, when he was taken up by the sloop Merchant, Capt. Meeker, of Southport. His companion, in the meantime, had been released from his sufferings by death. Two others were also picked up by the sloop, Charles Smith, a fireman, and Capt. Manchester, the pilot ; both were nearly insensible.

The boat drifted up the sound with the tide, and

was off the harbor of Bridgeport about midnight. Efforts were made to go from Bridgeport and from Southport to the assistance of the sufferers, but, unfortunately, owing to ice and other untoward circumstances, they were unsuccessful.

Capt. Meeker discovered the steamer on fire soon after it broke out, and attempted to get out of Southport; but the harbor being shallow, and the tide falling, his vessel went aground, and he did not get out until the morning tide.

At one time the burning steamboat was within a mile and a half of the Long Island shore; but, probably from the tiller chains giving away, she soon rapidly receded. A boat put out from the shore at one time, and rowed two or three miles, but finding the Lexington increasing her distance, returned. It was low tide, and none of the sloops and schooners could get out. Some of the inhabitants say they heard two explosions in the night, which they have since supposed to have been caused by the bursting of the boilers.

On Wednesday evening succeeding this melancholy disaster, the fourth and last survivor, David Crowley, the second mate of the Lexington, floated ashore on a single bale of cotton, having drifted upwards of fifty miles. On reaching the shore, he walked three quarters of a mile to gain the nearest house. He was so exhausted that he could not utter an articulate sound.—Without coat or hat, exposed to the bleak severity of some of the coldest weather of the winter, he had floated over the water for *two days and two nights!* How human nature could have been sustained under such exposure, and for such a length of time, we are at a loss to conceive. From one or two who have conversed with Mr. Crowley, the following particulars are gathered relative to his escape:—

On Tuesday, the morning after the misfortune, he saw the sloop Merchant pick up one or two persons;

he endeavored, by holding up his waistcoat, to attract their notice, but without success. When the night of that day came on, he thought himself near Faulkland Island, and expected to drift ashore there, but finding himself exhausted, he, miraculous to state, composed himself on his bale of cotton, went to sleep, and slept soundly until morning ! Much revived by his sleep, he continued, through the following day, to make every exertion his situation permitted, to reach the land, which, however, he did not do until night. When landed, he scaled the high bank on the shore, when a light at a distance attracted his notice ; he followed its direction until he reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Huntingdon, at the moment his son had just arrived there and was relating the particulars of the loss of the Lexington. His unexpected appearance, pale and wretched, with his waistcoat round his head, naturally created sensations of pity and astonishment ; he received all the care and attention his helpless and miserable situation required.

The following is the substance of the statement given by Mr. Crowley :—

On the alarm of fire being given, he immediately proceeded to the spot whence it came, and there discovered six bales of cotton on fire, which had not then spread to any part of the woodwork. He immediately handed up to Capt. Manchester, who was on the promenade deck, three pails of water, and then with the deck hands and waiters continued to draw water and throw it on the fire ; they did so without any confusion, and with the most strenuous exertion, until they were driven away by the strength of the flames. Capt. Child was among them, aiding and directing, and it was not until all hopes of saving the boat was gone, that Capt. Child, in reply to an inquiry from some of the passengers of what was to be done, replied in a collected manner, “ Gentlemen, take to the

boats," and then went aft himself, which was the last time Mr. Crowley saw him. He also stated that before leaving the wreck, he saw one of the quarter boats launched by some of the passengers, and called out to them to put the plug in the boat; that he assisted one of the passengers to throw overboard the hawser tub, and another the chaffing board; that he himself at last threw over a side plank, and jumped on it; soon afterward, swam to a bale of cotton which floated near him. While on this bale of cotton, he never lost his presence of mind, or his hope of escape, and noted the different points of land which he knew, as he floated past them.

We commend to the attention of all, the interesting testimony of Capt. Hillard, and that of the other survivors. It presents a clear and connected history of the melancholy event, and makes much intelligible that has heretofore seemed difficult to understand. From Capt. Hillard's testimony it would appear that the passengers, or a large portion of them, took possession of the boats, and *drowned themselves*, even before the danger became imminent; and that, had they waited but ten minutes longer, the way of the boat would have been stopped, and the quarter boats could have been deliberately lowered, and the greater part, if not all, saved. When, with singular self possession, he lowered himself into the sea, nearly all the passengers had already found a watery grave.

The small number of passengers seen by Captain Manchester on the forecastle, and the large proportion of the boat hands, is also explained, by the hasty measures of the passengers, as described by Captain Hillard. His expression that a phrenzy, and a determination to destroy themselves appeared to have seized them, appears literally true, as proved by their unhappy course. But we have no need to reproach the unfortunate, with lack of presence of mind, until

we shall have been placed in a similar position of imminent peril. It may do for Captain Hillard to speak as he does of them, as he has passed the fiery ordeal ; and has shown himself throughout, a man of extraordinary nerve and self-possession.

The passage of the testimony relative to the little child floating near the stern of the boat ; the mother, regardless of herself, calling upon him to save her child, gives us another instance of the disinterested affection of the mother. It may have been that this lady was Mrs. Jarvis : and as the child was a female, the supposition seems extremely probable ;—nay, almost certain. To her friends, this will seem as a last interview with the departed. The centering of her heart upon an object, dear alike to all while all survived, and doubly dear in the memory of the lonely and heart-stricken survivors, will lead fancy to date the last communion of thought as held upon the burning wreck of the Lexington.—When time has mellowed their grief into that pleasing melancholy which delights to dwell on the virtues of the departed, it will seem to the desolate husband, as if he were present at the scene, and shared the solicitude of the mother, who cared only for her child when her own death was certain.

Extract from the testimony of Capt. Hillard before the Jury of Inquest, held in New York :—

“It was about an hour after supper that I first heard the alarm of fire. I was then on the point of turning in, and had my coat and boots off. I slipped them on. I then discovered the casing of the smoke pipe, and I think, a part of the promenade deck, on fire. There was a great rush of the passengers, and much confusion, so that I could not notice particularly. The after part of the casing was burning, and the fire was making aft. I thought at the time, that the fire might be subdued ; but, being aft at the time, could not, therefore, see distinctly.

"I saw nothing of the commander, and from what I could hear of the crew forward, I supposed they were at work trying to rig the fire engine; I saw no buckets used, and think they were not made use of; I think the fire engine was not got to work, as I saw nothing of it. I shortly after went on the promenade deck; my attention had previously been directed to the passengers, who were rushing into the quarter boats, and when I went on the quarter deck, the boats were both filled. They seemed to be stupidly determined to destroy themselves, as well as the boats, which were their only means of safety. I went to the starboard boat, which they were lowering away; they lowered it until she took the water, and then I saw some one cut away the forward tackle fall; it was at all events disengaged, and no one at the time could have unhooked the fall; the boat instantly filled with water, there being at the time about twenty persons in her; and the boat passed immediately astern, entirely clear. I then went to the other side; the other boat was cleared away and lowered in the same manner as the first, full of passengers. This boat fell astern entirely disengaged, as the other had done; but fell away before she had entirely filled with water.

"By this time the fire had got under such headway, that I pretty much made my mind up '*it was a gone case.*' I thought that the best thing that could be done was to run the boat ashore, and for this purpose went to the wheel-house to look for Capt. Child, expecting to find him there. I found him there, and advised him to run for the shore. He replied that she was already headed for the land. The fire by this time began to come up around the promenade deck, and the wheel-house was completely filled with smoke. There were two or three on the promenade deck near the wheel-house, and their attention was turned to the life boat; it was cleared away. I as-

sisted in stripping off the canvas, but I had no notion of going in her, as I had made my mind up that they would serve her as they had done the other boats. The steamer was then under head way. Before I left the promenade deck I thought it was time for me to leave; however, as the fire was bursting up through the deck, I went aft and down on to the main deck. They were then at work with the hose, but whether by the aid of the engine, or not, I cannot say. The smoke was so dense that I could not see distinctly what they were about. I think that the communication with the fore part of the boat was by this time cut off; from the first hearing of the alarm, perhaps twenty minutes had elapsed. The engine had now been stopped about five minutes. I recommended to the few deck hands and passengers who remained, to throw the cotton overboard; and told them that they must do something for themselves, and the best thing they could do was to take to the cotton. There, were perhaps ten or a dozen bales thrown overboard which was pretty much all there was on the larboard side which had not taken fire. I then cut off a piece of line, perhaps four or five fathoms, and with it spanned a bale of cotton, which, I believe, was the last one not on fire. It was a very snug square bale, about four feet long and three feet wide, and a foot and a half thick. Aided by one of the firemen, I put the bale up on the rail, round which we took a turn, slipped the bale down below the guard, when we both got on to it. The boat then lay broadside to the wind, and we were under the lee of the boat, on the larboard side. We placed ourselves one on each end of the bale, facing each other; with our weight it was about one third out of the water. The wind was pretty fresh, and we drifted at the rate of about a knot and a half. We did not lash ourselves to the bale, but coiled the rope up and laid it on the bale. My companion did not like the idea of leaving the

boat immediately, but wished to hold on to the guards ; but I determined to get out of the way, believing that to remain there much longer it would become pretty hot quarters. We accordingly shoved the bale round the stern, when we left the boat and drifted away about a knot and a half. This was just 8 o'clock by my watch, which I took out and looked at. As we left the wreck, I picked up a piece of board, which I used as a paddle or rudder, with which to keep the bale end to the sea.



Capt. Hillard and his companion on the bale of cotton.

"At the time we left the boat there were but few persons remaining on board. I saw one lady, and the reason why I particularly noticed her was, that her child had got overboard, and was then about two rods from her ; we passed by the child so near that I could put my hand on it as it lay on its back ; she saw us approaching the child and cried out for us to save it. The child, which from its dress appeared to be a female, was dead when we passed it ; nor can I recollect what was said by the lady,—it was hard to

notice particulars at the time, as it was pretty rough, and I had as much as I could do to manage the bale of cotton. We then drifted away from the boat, and in ten minutes more we could see no persons on board, excepting those on the forecastle.

"We sat astride of the bale with our feet in the water; but were wet up to the middle from the water frequently washing over. We were in sight of the boat all the time till she went down, when we were about a mile distant. When we left the wreck it was cloudy; but about 9 o'clock it cleared off, and we had a clear night of it until the moon went down; I looked at my watch as often as every half hour, through the night; the boat went down at 3 o'clock. It was so cold as to make it necessary for me to exert myself to keep warm, which I did by whipping my hands and arms around my body. About 4 o'clock the bale capsized with us; a heavy sea came and carried it over end-ways; we managed to get on the bale on its opposite side; at this time we lost our piece of board, which had been useful as a paddle, and afterwards the bale was ungovernable; my companion had complained much of the cold from our first setting out; he appeared to have given up all hope of our being saved. On our first starting from the boat, I gave him my vest as he had on only a flannel shirt, and pantaloons, boots and cap. Cox* remained on the bale after it had upset about two hours, or more, until it was about day light. For the last half hour that he remained on the bale, he had been speechless, and seemed to have lost all use of his hands, as he did not try to hold on. I rubbed him and beat his flesh, and used every effort I could to keep his blood in circulation. It was still very rough, and I was obliged to exert myself to hold on. The bale coming broad-

* Benjamin Cox, of New York. He left a wife and several children in a deplorable situation. His wretched widow offered her last mite, about five dollars for the recovery of the body of her unfortunate husband.

side to the sea, it gave a lurch, and Cox slipped off, and I saw him no more. He went down without a struggle. I then got more into the middle of the bale, to make it ride as it should, and in that way continued for about an hour, when I got my feet on the bale, and so remained until the sloop picked me up. The sea had by this time become quite smooth. On seeing the sloop I waved my hand to attract the attention of those on board.

"The sloop was the Merchant, Capt. Meeker, of Southport. I think Capt. Meeker and those on board the sloop are entitled to a great deal of credit, as they did more on the occasion than any one else. It appears that they tried during the night to get out to the aid of those on board the Lexington, but in coming out the sloop grounded on the bar, and they were compelled, before they could get her off, to lighten her of part of her cargo. Every possible attention was paid me; they took me into the cabin, and then cruised in search of others. They picked up two other living men, and the bodies of two others. The living men were Captain Manchester, pilot of the Lexington, and the other Charles Smith, a hand on board. One of them was picked up on a bale of cotton, and the other on the wheel-house."

Extract from the testimony of Capt. Stephen Manchester, the pilot of the Lexington:—

"When I first heard the alarm of fire, about half past 7 o'clock, some one came to the wheel-house door and told me that the boat was on fire; my first movement was to step out of the wheel-house and look aft; saw the upper deck burning all round the smoke pipe, the flames coming up through the promenade deck. I returned into the wheel-house and put the wheel hard-a-port to steer the boat for the land. I then thought it very doubtful whether the fire could be extinguished. We were about four miles from Long

Island shore, and at the rate we were then going, it would take about twenty minutes to reach it.

"We had not yet headed to the land, when something gave way, which I believe was the tiller rope; thinks she was heading about south-east, and Long Island bore about south, when the tiller rope gave way; the engine was then working; and the boat fell ahead more to the eastward. Captain Child then came into the wheel-house and put his hand to the spoke of the wheel, and, as he did so, the rope gave way; presumes it was the rope attached to the wheel; it was the larboard rope gave way; and at the same time the smoke came into the wheel-house, and we were obliged to go out. I suspect he went aft, but I never saw him afterwards; when he went out he went down on the forward deck; I do not recollect whether he expressed any alarm. I then called to them on the forecastle to get out the fire engine and buckets; the engine was got out, but they could not get at the buckets, or at least I only saw a few. I am of opinion the wheel-ropes burnt off, but I could not have stood it longer even if there had been chains round the wheel.—I think there was then an opportunity to go from the wheel-house aft, where there was another steering apparatus, a good tiller, with chains which ran through blocks; all boats are so rigged, in order that if any thing happens to the rudder, this can be used in its place. I did not go aft to it, because I thought my services would be more useful forward. After calling to get out the engine, I went to the life boat, and found some persons taking the tarpaulin off it. I caught hold of the lashing of the boat, and requested them not to let her go until we got a line fastened to her. I called to those at the forecastle to pass a line to make fast to her, which they did, and we fastened it to her bow. The fire was then burning through the promenade deck. I cut the lashing, and told them to launch the boat. I

jumped from the promenade deck down on the forward deck, took hold of the hawser, and found it was not fastened to the steamboat. I told them to hold on to the rope, but they all let go one after another; the engine was still going, and I was obliged to let it go myself also. We then found two buckets, and commenced throwing water with them and the specie boxes; we got the water from over the side of the boat, which was then nearly stopped; while doing this, some others took the flag-staffs and parts of the bulwarks, and made a raft, to which we made a line fast and hove it over the side of the boat; we then threw the baggage overboard from four baggage cars, and made them fast with a line; the engine by this time was entirely stopped; it worked from ten to fifteen minutes going gradually slower until it ceased. We threw out every thing by which we thought any person could save themselves; and continued throwing on water in hopes that some relief might reach us.

"The main deck now fell in as far as the capstan, and the people had by this time got overboard, some of them drowned, and others hurried on to the baggage cars, the raft and other things. What was left of the main deck was now on fire, and got us cornered up in so small a space that we could do nothing more by throwing water. There were then only eight or ten persons astern on the steamboat, and about thirty on the forecastle. They were asking me what they should do, and I told them I saw no chance for any of us; that if we stayed there, we should be burned to death, and if we went overboard we should probably perish. Among those who were there, was Mr. Hoyt and Van Coit, another person named Harnden, who had charge of the express line. I did know any one else.

"I then took a piece of spun yarn and made it fast to my coat, and also to the rail, and so eased myself

down upon the raft. There were two or three others on it already, and my weight sank it. I held on to the rope until it came up again—and when it did, I sprang up and caught a piece of railing which was in the water, and from thence got on a bale of cotton where there was a man sitting; found the bale was made fast to the railing; I took out my knife and cut it off. At the time I cut this rope, I saw some person standing on the piece of railing, who asked me if there was room for another; I made no answer, and he jumped, and knocked off the man that was with me; and I hauled him on again. I caught a piece of board which was floating past, and shoved the bale clean off from the raft; and used the board to endeavor to get in shore at Crane Neck Point, in which I



Capt. Manchester and McKenna on the bale of cotton.

could not succeed; but I used the board as long as I could, for exercise. When I left the wreck, I looked at my watch, and it was just 12 o'clock. I think the man who was on the bale with me said his name was McKenna and lived at New York; he spoke

of his wife and children; how he had kissed them the morning he left home, and said he feared he should perish with the cold.—He died about 3 o'clock. After I had hauled him on the bale, I had encouraged him, and told him to thrash his hands, which he did for a spell, but soon pretty much gave up. When he died he fell back on the bale, and the first sea that came washed him off. My hands were then so frozen that I could hardly use them at all; was about three miles from the wreck when she sunk; and the last thing I recollect, was seeing the sloop, and raising my handkerchief between my fingers, hoping they would see me. I was then sitting on the cotton, with my feet in the water. The bale did not seem to roll at all, although there were some heavy seas.

"I was taken off the cotton by Captain Meeker, and brought to Southport, where I received every possible attention."

Capt. Manchester also stated, in addition to the foregoing:—

"I knew Capt. Child for ten or fifteen years. He and I were packet masters for several years, and since then he has commanded the steamboats Providence and Narraganset; he was a man of considerable decision of character, and had commanded a steamboat for four years. When he came to the wheel-house on the night of the fire, he appeared to be agitated, but there was too short time for me to remark much. I think the fire originated from the smoke-pipe; it was very red that night, and the cotton was most likely piled within two feet of the steam chimney. The boat was going about twelve knots an hour, but the engine went gradually slower until it stopped, which was about twenty minutes after the first alarm."

Extract from the account as given by Charles B. Smith, fireman on board the Lexington:—

"The first time I heard the alarm of fire was about half past 7 o'clock in the evening. I was in my room asleep, on the guard; a man came in and told me that the boat was on fire; I got out of my berth; the door of the room was open, directly opposite the steam chimney, and I saw the promenade deck, and part of the casing around the chimney on fire; went immediately into the crank room and put on the hose, opened the cocks, and tried to get to the end of the hose to play on the fire, but the fire and smoke prevented me. The hose was lying alongside of the bulkhead, alongside of the air pump. I went aft of the shaft to get breath, and then tried to get the buckets down that hung over the shaft, which the fire prevented me from doing; I then went aft with the intention of getting into the boat; I there saw Capt. Child standing on the rail, by the crane of the boat, on the starboard side, and heard him sing out for the engineer; the engineer answered; and the captain asked him if he could stop the engine; he replied that it was impossible, as the fire prevented; I had now got to where Capt. Child stood, and saw the bow tackle of the boat cut away, with the boat full of passengers—the bows of the boat filled with water, and she swung round on her stern tackle. Capt. Child sung out to hold on to the boat, and slipped down to the fender, outside of the bulwark. I slipped over after him; he stepped into the stern sheets of the boat, and I put my foot on the stern of the boat, and hauled it back, and just as I got my foot back, the stern tackle was let go, but whether it was cut or not, I do not know. That was the last I saw of the boat or the captain. Capt. Child was in the boat at the time. I got over the stern then with the intention of getting on to the rudder; I hung by the netting, kicked in three cabin windows, and lowering myself down got on the rudder.

"I had been there but a minute or two, when I was

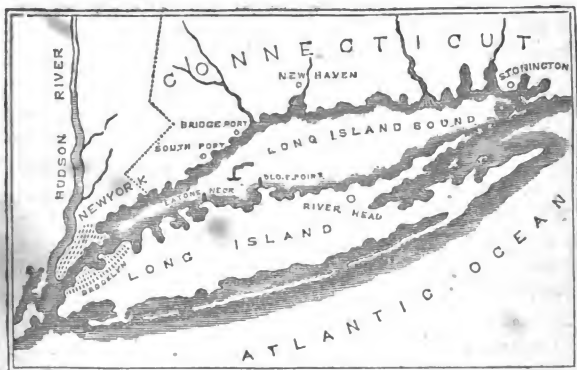
followed by several others. There was a boy got over the stern, whom I told to drop overboard and get on a bale of cotton: he said he could not swim. I then told him to tell some of those on deck to throw over a bale of cotton. There was one thrown over, which I jumped after, and gave the boy my place. I swam to it, and got on it. I remained on it until about half past 1 o'clock. About that time I drifted back to the steamboat and got on board. There were then ten or twelve persons hanging to different parts of the boat. Mr. Hempstead was one of them, and one of the firemen by the name of Baum,—Job Sands, a waiter,—Harry Reed, and a small English boy,—another coal heaver, whose name was William,—and a deck hand by the name of Charles. These were all the names I knew; the rest were, as I suppose, passengers, and some waiters,—there were no ladies. I staid there until 3 o'clock, when the boat sunk. I staid about midships, near where the fire originated.

"We stood on the top of the hips which are put on the boat to keep her from rolling, and are made of solid timber, running fore and aft of the boat nearly her whole length, under the guards; but the guards at this time were burnt off. I stood there until she sunk. After she began to fill, the rest jumped off. I then swam to a piece of the guard, and, with four others got on it,—they all perished before daylight. One of them was Harry Reed, and another, George, the fireman—the other was the boy to whom I had given my place on the rudder—the other I did not know; I think they all perished with the cold. I shook them all round, and tried to exercise them and rub them. I remained on the piece of guard until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when I was taken off by the sloop Merchant, Captain Meeker, and was taken into Southport, where I had the best care taken of me possible. My feet were badly frozen, and my fingers touched a little with the frost.

"I have been in the Lexington ever since she commenced burning coal ; knew her to be on fire on the 2d of January, on the main deck, alongside the boiler ; it originated from some sparks which flew up and caught the deck ; it did not burn so much as to make a blaze on deck ; it burnt a corner of a box which was there, but did not damage the goods that were in it ; never knew her on fire at any other time. When the door of the furnace is opened, the sparks from the coal do not come out unless the damper is down, which we always keep open and fastened open ; I never saw the blaze come out of the furnace except when the damper was down. I never before saw the casing of the steam chimney on fire ; I have seen the chimney-red hot, and seen a blue flame come from the top of it, probably as much as six feet. I do not consider a boat in any more danger with a blower than without one ; and we can make more steam with blowers than without ; when we are carrying ten or twelve inches steam, take off the blower and the steam will run down so as to stop on her centre in a short time ; I have seen the steam run down sixteen inches to an inch and a half in twenty minutes after the blower was taken off."

Capt. Joseph J. Comstock, the commander of the steamboat Massachusetts, was appointed by the proprietors of the Lexington to proceed to the scene of the disaster, for the purpose of recovering the bodies of the ill-fated passengers and crew, and to search for and to protect whatever baggage and property might drift ashore, or otherwise be discovered. His testimony does not vary materially from that of Captain Manchester, from whom, indeed, he had gathered the principal portion,—yet there are parts of it which Capt. Manchester has asserted to be somewhat incorrect. As every thing connected with the subject of this melancholy occurrence cannot fail to possess interest, we will give the substance of his statement.

The proprietors having concluded to send a boat for the purpose just mentioned, the steamer Statesman, Capt. Peck, was procured, an extra number of hands, and every requisite for the object in view was put on board,—the whole was under the command or direction of Capt. Comstock. They left New York on Thursday morning, and encountered great difficulty in getting through the ice as far as Sand's Point, having spoken every vessel they met, for the purpose of learning the position of the wreck. They first landed at Eaton's Neck, about forty-five miles from New York, where the only information they could obtain, was, that a vessel of some description had been burnt on Monday night, apparently about six or eight miles distant.



Map of Long Island Sound.

Continuing their progress sixteen miles farther east, they again landed,—they here discovered a body on the beach, which, from a memorandum book found upon it, proved to be that of Philo Upson. It was left in charge of a man, and conveyed to a barn at the light-house. All the information here procured, was,

that a vessel, supposed to be a steamboat, was seen on fire on Monday night, at half past 7 o'clock; the last that was seen of her was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. The people here knew of no effort having been made to assist those on board the burning boat. Night approaching, the Statesman left for a harbor, and ran into Bridgeport,—from which place Capt. Comstock went by land to Southport, six miles distant, to see Capt. Manchester, who, he heard, had escaped, and was in that place.*

Capt. Comstock stated as follows, before the jury of inquest :—"I have known Capt. Manchester for ten years. He was the pilot of the Lexington. He informed me that on his first hearing the alarm of fire, he being then at the wheel on the forward extremity of the promenade deck, he opened the wheel-house door and looked out. He saw no fire nor any thing to indicate fire. He stepped out twelve or sixteen feet to a small scuttle in the deck, which looked directly down to the fire-room; all that he could see was a little fire; but his view was almost entirely obscured by a dense smoke. He stepped immediately back to the wheel-house, and hauled the boat's head for the land of Long Island. While in the act of doing this, Capt. Child came also to the wheel-house, and ordered him to haul the boat in for the land. He replied that he was doing so. The captain then laid hold of the wheel to assist him; he came to him very precipitately, and seemed to be out of breath.

"By this time the fire and smoke came up from beneath the promenade deck into the wheel-house, with such violence that they were compelled to relinquish their posts. He did not say what time elapsed between the alarm of fire and the time they left the wheel,—from his manner of speaking I should think but little time could have elapsed. After this he saw nothing of the captain. He began immediately to clear away the life-boat, which was lashed on the lar-

board side of the promenade deck, near the wheel-house. Having cleared the lashings away, he procured a rope, and securing it to the bows of the boat, ordered it to be hauled taught, and made fast forward to keep it clear of the wheel. This was, as he supposed, done. He then hove his pea-jacket and coat into the boat, and threw her overboard. In all this he was assisted, but by whom he did not know.

"The steamer was at this time under way, and the life-boat was taken under the wheel. He thinks that the rope parted, or that it had not been made fast upon the forecastle; knew when he threw the life-boat overboard, that the quarter-boats had been lowered away and lost. He was also of opinion that the life-boat, having run under the wheel, was lost, unless to some one who had previously got overboard, who might possibly have got into her. When he hove her overboard, he saw that the fire had already taken hold of her aft,—which I afterwards found to be the case when I recovered her, as she was considerably scorched. He then went upon the forecastle, and found that owing to the smoke and fire, he could not get under the promenade deck; he supposed that, at this time, there were with him on the forecastle, twenty-five or thirty people,—among whom he gave the names of Mr. Hoyt, Mr. Van Cott, Wm. Nichols, a colored man, and several others, whom I do not recollect.

"Among the number, he said, were several of the firemen and waiters. He saw there was no hope, that the boat must inevitably burn up, and that no means could possibly save her. He then advised to open the baggage crates, throw out the baggage, and make a raft of the crates. This was partially done; the baggage was thrown overboard, and the crates were entirely emptied and also thrown over; they were run out of the forecastle gangway. The persons who were with him acted very coolly, and made ef-

forts to fasten them together; but all their efforts proved of no avail, as the 'crates came all sides up at once,' and nothing could be done with them. He said nothing of an attempt to get at the steering apparatus aft; that on the main deck all communication aft was cut off by the fire; and I think that he said the fire was also spreading upon the promenade deck.

"While endeavoring to lash the crates together, the forecastle deck became very hot from the fire beneath, and some of the persons were employed in throwing water upon it to keep it cool; the only article they could procure with which to bail water was some specie boxes, which they had opened and thrown the specie overboard. His attempt to get under the promenade deck from the forecastle, was made to get at the buckets. I think that the buckets must have been used previous to Capt. Child coming to the wheel-house, as the buckets were in so convenient a position, that any body could get hold of them. Seeing that the crates were of no use, they then knocked off the bulwarks, and endeavored to make of them a raft,—the fire all the while driving them forward inch by inch; in consequence of which they could not make a sufficient raft to hold those who were there.

"They were compelled to leave, and get over, until driven clear forward to the nighthead,—the flames then rushing from the forecastle in a column ten feet high. Capt Manchester then left the boat, and endeavored to get on whatever came in his way. He got upon some stage or other,—the same they had been forming into a raft. From this he got on a bale of cotton, on which there was already some one; another person, jumping from the boat on the same bale, knocked Capt. Manchester's first companion off; he hauled this man back again,—there being then three persons on the bale. Capt. Manchester stated that he left the bale, (he did not say at what time,)

and got upon a piece of the guard. Beyond this, he gave me no particulars relative to the fate of the boat, or any one on board,—excepting that the wreck sank about 3 o'clock in the morning, by his watch, which he took out and looked at by the light of the moon. He had a piece of plank from the bulwark, which he used as a paddle by way of exercise. He remained upon the guard until toward noon the next day, when he was taken off by a sloop. On seeing the sloop, he put his handkerchief upon the piece of plank, and raising it as a signal of distress, he clasped his arms around the plank, and remained in that situation; before the sloop reached him, he fell over on his face, and became insensible, and so continued until after he was taken on board the sloop.

“At 3 o'clock on Friday, A. M., I went on board the *Statesman*; at day-break we started, and landed again at Old Field Point. It was at this time intensely cold, the thermometer varying from three to four degrees below zero. At the Point I now left six men to look out for luggage, as I had heard that a number of trunks and packages had come ashore in the neighborhood. During the night, the body of a child about four years old had drifted ashore.

“At 8 o'clock, A. M., I left in the steamer for the eastward. Every part of the bank was carefully explored as we progressed, and traced the shore around the bay. I left persons ashore at different points, and inquired at all the houses for information relative to property saved from the wreck. After running seven miles east, I learned that three bodies had been found. I had them sent to Old Field Point; I here learned that eighteen miles farther east, a man had got ashore alive.

“I then proceeded to explore the beach the entire distance of the eighteen miles, until I came to the place. During this distance we found numerous portions of the wreck, among which was one piece, on

which was the entire word 'Lexington,' in letters two feet long.

"We learned that David Crowley, the second mate, had come ashore at 5 o'clock on Wednesday night. He stated to the people here that he had been forty-eight hours upon the bale of cotton, and had crawled several rods upon the beach through the ice, and after getting ashore, had walked three quarters of a mile to the nearest house. They said that his feet and legs were badly frozen. He was bare-headed, and in his shirt sleeves; and supposed himself to be the only one saved from the wreck. I gave instructions to leave nothing undone to render his situation as comfortable as possible, and to procure for him all medical or other aid that might be necessary. They said he was in the best of hands, and that he was in want of nothing for his comfort.

"We then left on our return to Old Field Point, to take on board, and bring to New York, the bodies and property which were there; having left information at all the places where we had stopped, that a reward would be given for any bodies discovered, and offering also a reward of five hundred dollars for the detection of any persons committing depredations upon the bodies or property which might come ashore from the wreck. I was authorized to do this by the company. I was compelled to relinquish the expedition on account of the severity of the weather, and of the sudden accumulation of ice, which rendered farther efforts useless.

"On returning to the light-house, we took on board all the baggage which had been collected by the men in my absence,—five bodies, and the life-boat, which latter was found about two miles to the westward of the light-house, with the coats therein, as described by Capt. Manchester.

"The bodies brought up were those of Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Upson, the child, and of two men unknown

which had the appearance of being two of the boat hands.

"I was acquainted with Capt. Child, and think he was every way qualified for the duties of his office. My brother was clerk of the Lexington.

"I never heard of the Lexington being on fire till since this accident, since when I have heard of it fifty times.

"I was informed by Mr. Samuel Yeaton, mate of the ship Helirium, that Capt. Wm. Terrell, of the sloop Improvement, of Brookhaven, stated to him that, at the time the fire broke out on board of the Lexington, he was sailing past in the sound on board of his sloop,—being at the time about six miles distant. He gave as a reason for not going to the relief of the Lexington, that, as she had life boats on board, and being near the shore, the passengers might in all probability get ashore. Another reason given by him was, that if he delayed, he should lose his tide over the bar. He could not, probably, have reached the wreck in less than an hour; but might, doubtless, have saved many on board, all, indeed, except those lost in the quarter-boats."*

In reviewing the preceding testimony, and the facts as far as we have gathered them, we perceive nothing to exonerate the company who were the owners of the Lexington, from the universal censure which has been attached to them. That the conflagration was owing to combustible freight,—that the

* A card was published, soon after the above statement respecting Capt. Terrell, signed by Mr. Charles Porter, of New York; another, signed by Henry Rogers, a passenger; and a third, signed by the crew of the sloop Improvement, fully exculpating Capt. Terrell from the odium which has been cast upon him on account of not repairing to the assistance of the victims lost in the Lexington. At the time the light of the fire was seen, the Improvement was ten or twelve miles distant, and the wind dead ahead; and the light was seen by them but a few minutes, when it disappeared.

amount of danger is always increased by such freight, and that the owners must have known there was *more* risk with such freight than without, are self-evident facts and cannot be denied. In truth, there is no doubt that the large number of human beings, who so terribly perished that fatal night, were heartlessly sacrificed to the mean spirit of gain, and to a perfect recklessness of human life. What excuse can be rendered for crowding the deck of a passenger steamboat with the most combustible of freight, in careless disregard of the safety and convenience of the travelling public?—or what reason can be given that it is done, except that of sordid self-interest—the accumulation of more dollars and cents by the trip of a boat thus encumbered.—We do not, of course, believe the owners would send a boat out with a certainty of its being lost, for that, to say the least, would conflict too much with their own pecuniary interests; but though they have the undoubted right of risking their own property, it is morally certain they have no such right of wantonly risking the lives or the property of their fellow-beings.

The Rev. S. K. Lothrop, of Boston, justly and temperately remarked on this subject; that “the steamboats of Long Island Sound, have, till recently, been in general managed with distinguished skill and care, and all necessary, nay, even a scrupulous attention paid to the safety and comfort of the passengers. Of late years, however, the growing competition, and the increased facilities for carrying freight, afforded by the rail-roads to Providence and Stonington, have produced an unfavorable change, and taken from the boats the high character for safety and comfort that once attached to them. They are now, it is said, almost invariably overloaded, the passengers all but crowded out by freight, and their comfort and safety made apparently a secondary consideration. We have separate trains for freight on

our rail-roads ; why should we not have separate boats for freight on our waters ; If steamboats for passengers, exclusively or principally, could not be supported at the present rate of fare, let it be increased. Until the fate of the Lexington is forgotten, most persons will be willing to pay something extra if they can be insured a safe, comfortable passage. It is to be hoped that this melancholy catastrophe will direct public attention to the subject, so that the reckless exposure of human life, which has marked some portions of the country, may never become one of the features of travelling in New England, and proper means be taken, and efforts made, to provide against the recurrence of any similar disaster."

Even from the pulpit is heard the voice of condemnation, rebuking the gross carelessness and cupidity that led to this disastrous event. The following is extracted from an eloquent discourse, delivered in Boston, by the Rev. S. K. Lothrop:—

"But I confess, my friends, I hesitate not to say, that after the first emotions of horror and pity, excited by this event, the thought, the feeling that is uppermost in my own mind is, *indignation* ; yes, I will use that word, though it be a strong one, indignation at the gross recklessness or carelessness, which caused this destruction of human life and produced this wide suffering,—and *indignation* also at the feeble and inefficient legislation, that permits, and has for years permitted, these disasters to occur throughout our waters, without a just rebuke or an adequate restraint in the laws. I have read the statement published by the agent of this ill-fated boat. I am willing to admit and believe that every word of that statement is true. I admit also that those, whose business it was to prevent by carefulness this accident, are themselves among the sufferers, and that the inference is, that they would not wantonly peril their own lives. They are dead,—I would respect the memory of the

dead,—but I must plead, and I feel constrained to plead for the rights, the protection, the security of the living. Admitting all that has been, or can be said in extenuation; the simple facts of the case, so far as known, *especially when taken in connexion with the circumstance that this self-same boat has unquestionably been on fire once, rumor says two or three times, within the last few weeks*, it seems to me, that these facts are enough to prove that a solemn duty, a fearful responsibility was neglected somewhere by some one, enough to sustain the opinion, widely prevalent, that this awful disaster is to be attributed, either to the selfishness and cupidity of the owners, who, greedy of gain, insisted upon overloading their boat with a dangerous and inflammable freight, or to the culpable carelessness, the utter inattention of the master and officers, in not stowing that freight securely, in not watching over and constantly, with an eagle eye, the condition and safety of the vessel, to which hundreds had entrusted their lives.

“The simple fact that such an accident, on such a night, occurred, is in itself presumptive evidence of carelessness or incompetence on the part of some one. At any rate, all the circumstances of the case ought to be thoroughly investigated, every thing that can be gathered, if anything *can* be gathered from the survivors, touching the origin and early progress of the fire, ought to be made known, to satisfy the public curiosity, to relieve the public anxiety. If this investigation makes against the owners or managers, the truth ought not to be winked out of sight. It ought not to be hushed up, and kept back, and passed over. It is a misplaced charity to do it. We are false to our own interests and safety, to the interest and safety of all, in doing it. It ought to be spoken out, to be urged and insisted upon, boldly and plainly. It ought to be proclaimed trumpet-tongued, through-

out the length and breadth of the land, till it reaches the halls of Congress, calls off the members from their petty party animosities, their disgraceful personal contentions, and wakes up the government from its inertness, its epicurean repose, a repose of apparent indifference to those, whose safety it ought to guard, whose lives it ought to protect,—till it causes the supreme power of the land to legislate wisely and efficiently, for one of the most important interests of the people, and to do, not something, but every thing requisite, to check an evil that cries aloud for redress.

“The destruction of human life in the United States, during the last ten years, by accidents and disasters in the public conveyances, is, I had almost said, beyond computation. It is utterly unparalleled in the history of the world. It confirms what all foreigners and travellers assert, that there is no country upon earth, where the proprietors, managers and conductors of these public conveyances, are so little responsible, so slightly amenable to the law, so far beyond the reach of public rebuke or public punishment; and the fearful catastrophe of the Lexington, as well as many others that might be collected from the history of the past year, are sufficient evidence that the late act of Congress, as was anticipated, has proved utterly inadequate and inefficient, and that something more strong, peremptory and binding is necessary, to protect the amount of life and property, daily and hourly exposed upon our highways and our waters.

“I call upon you, therefore, as merchants, who have large interests at stake in this matter, I call upon you as men, and citizens, who cannot behold with indifference the sufferings of your fellow men, to let your influence be felt, let your voice be heard in this thing, let it go forth to swell the power of that great sovereign, Public Opinion, till it demand and insists upon enactments, that shall meet the necessities of the case.”

We trust that the foregoing strictures will be acted upon, both by our legislative bodies, and by the public at large; and that the proprietors of the boats will themselves see the necessity and policy of a different course. In all their endeavors to exculpate themselves from the odium which has attached to them, they speak mainly of the boat itself, of its strength, safety and capacity,—qualities we do not pretend to deny. But in this case they are to be considered but as secondary,—the calamity, as is well known, was not owing to the insufficiency of the boat, but to the circumstance of her decks being cumbered with combustible freight. That it was common to carry such freight is but poor excuse, since they must ever have known that the risk of danger was thereby increased.

The horrors of that dreadful night will remain untold till the sea gives up her dead. We can only approach them in imagination. The facts which have reached us are invested with a tragic interest, surpassing the creations of fiction. On the bereaved ones left behind falls the weight of sorrow, and for them are kindled our strongest sympathies,—not for the lost,—they are at rest. There was the husband of a devoted wife, and the father of seven daughters, all in early childhood;—there was the widow of Mr. H. A. Winslow, in company with the aged father and the brother, returning with the corpse of her husband to Providence;—there was the young bride, Mrs. Mary Russell, of Stonington, who had been wedded but the day previous;—the hardy mariners, Capt. E. J. Kimball and Capt. Benjamin Foster, who had but just returned from foreign climes, after an absence of several years, and were on their way to visit their cherished homes,—their wives and children. There were mothers to whom their offspring clung for safety with all the confidence and hope of childhood, as if danger itself would turn aside from the protecting arms of

maternal affection. The learned divine returning from dedicating the house of God ;—the merchant, the mariner, the man of wit ;—their names are all recorded,—but where are they ? Their graves are unmarked,—and the only dirge above them is the wailing of the ocean blast.

The following reflections on the terrible loss sustained by bereaved relatives and the community at large, by the awful conflagration of the Lexington, will be found of interest to every reader :

No one has a right to be indifferent and unconcerned because the disaster has not come near him. Let such an one remember, that there is danger, and that among the next victims may be reckoned his own father, brother, sister, or child. We know not when our sensibilities, or those of the community have been so awakened by a steamboat disaster. We believe no considerable accident has ever occurred before, since steamers commenced running on Long Island Sound, and we had come to consider the travelling upon that route so perfectly safe, that when we were aroused by the astounding intelligence, that in one night, more than *one hundred* fellow-beings had been hurried into eternity, by a casualty upon that very route, our heart was exercised with feelings of amazement and sorrow.

A fire on the water is always terrific. The ribs of oak will stand against the roaring winds, and dashing waters, and the hardy mariner can sleep soundly amid the storms of heaven. The storm is the season not of great danger ordinarily, but of great exertion, and of the exercise of the consummate skill of seamanship, and having passed it safely, it is remembered rather as an exploit, than a peril.

Not so with a fire at sea. No securing of hatches, clearing of decks, lashing of boats, or double reefing of sails can prepare for a fire. Strong cables, and massive anchors are of no use, for the most terrible of

elements, when uncontrolled, has broken loose from the power which governed it, and has asserted its supremacy in the work of death.

Let the reader fancy himself looking down upon the Lexington, as she wheels away from the pier at New York, and gallantly threads her way up the East River, and through the tortuous channel of Hurl Gate. The Sound opens before her as the last grey of the twilight is fading over the waters, and the chill night-wind, penetrating every nook on deck, drives all to the cabins. Let us look in upon them. The passions and purposes of the human bosom are at work, and even in this thoroughfare, we may read something of human character.

Gathered in groups here and there, are the merchants who chance to meet acquaintances, reviewing the condition of monetary and mercantile affairs, and gathering from mutual hints, the elements of future commercial enterprises.

At the tables are seated several parties of card players, spending the energies of deathless minds in the efforts to use skillfully certain pieces of figured pasteboard, and ever and anon, some triumphant exclamation tells a crowd which has gathered around, that a crisis in the game has passed, and victory has decided upon her favorites.

In a more social attitude around the stoves, are several old sea-captains, who have been long absent, and are now returning to their tenderly-remembered firesides, and the affections of the delighted group which awaits their coming. You may see their weather-beaten faces lighted up with smiles as they talk of their past adventures, and remember that having passed their perils, they are almost home. If any man is worthy of a warm greeting, when he turns his footsteps homeward, it is a magnanimous and upright seaman.

Yonder is a scholar, pacing up and down in deep

abstraction, and farther on, a company apparently bound in the bonds of some common sorrow, and only now and then uttering some word of condolence, and sadly thinking of their mutual sorrows.

A merry and facetious band are amusing themselves by calling forth and listening to the lively sallies and witty repartees of a much admired comedian.

In another apartment may be seen the widow in her weeds, sadly reflecting that he who often had passed the same route with her in health and hope, was now a corpse on board, borne toward his last resting place. There are also mothers who have called their children around them, and are watching them with all a mother's anxiety and a mother's hope.

On deck, busy in the duties of their charge, or lounging wearily around the engines, are to be seen the hands of the boat, listless as ever—thoughtless alike of the future and the present.

A world in miniature is here. The hopes and fears, the love and hate, the ambition and despair, the mirth and sorrow of the millions of our race, have their representatives here. An hour has passed. Some are beginning to prepare for a night's repose, and others are entering with more interest into the amusements of the evening.

But hark! what cry is there from the deck, which starts every passenger to his feet, and hurries up the gangway all who are near it? It is "*Fire! Fire!*" "*The boat is on fire,*" is echoed from every lip, and the whole company rushes confusedly from the cabin. "*Where? where?*" is asked by scores of voices, and the vociferousness of the question, and the fierceness of the struggle for a sight of it, prevent the answer being given.

The boat is headed for the shore, while first the fitful bursts of smoke, and the frightful flames denote that she is doomed. A boat is thrown over,

and is instantly loaded, but the steamer in her watery path, plays the tempest's part, and the frail boat is engulfed in the waves, which she heaves from her quivering sides ! Another shares the same fate. The life boat, the last resort, is let down, but is caught in the wheel and lost !

At last, as the frightened company begin to hope they may reach the shore, a crash is heard, and all is still ! The wheels cease to move, and the hulk sways heavily amid the roaring flames. Now comes the scene of terror ! Listen to the shrieks which pierce the very heavens ; the horrid oaths of some in their feverish agony, and the plaintive exclamations of others who think of the home and friends they can never see again, while now and then, at intervals of these, may be heard, as on board the fated Kent, or the wrecked Home, the solemn prayer, commending the soul of the supPLICATOR to God, and even, if the ear mistakes not, the song of triumph, like that sung by an apostle in the dungeon of Nero.

The flames rush on, licking up the water which continues to be thrown, as if in mockery. One after another has fled to the remotest part of the boat, that he may preserve life a little longer, or has crawled over, and is clinging to the guard-braces, while overhead, the fire crackles and hisses, triumphing in their subjugation. Some have thrown over bales of cotton, or other articles of freight, and are floating upon them, while others, maddened by the intolerable heat which is every moment growing more and more terrible, have cast themselves into the sea, and are struggling as desperately with the waves, as if there was a chance of life !

Can a moment of more horrible, agonizing suspense be imagined ? See the mother kneeling on the deck with her children, calmly commending them to Heaven !

But amid this raging destruction, the Christian

stands as the sun among the flying clouds of heaven, calm and serene ; one moment lost in the confusion, the next emerging from it to utter words of comfort, or raise a prayer to God for the pardon of the guilty and horror-stricken. Moment of terror ! It chills the blood to think of it ! But that moment passes. The burnt mass begins to settle. Each end of the boat sways for a moment in the yielding waters, and the eddying of the troubled waves tells that the Lexington, with her unfortunate passengers and crew, rests where the sea sings for ever the dirge of the lost !

Among other instances worthy of record, as connected with the fate of this boat, we give the following, as exemplifying the undying strength of a mother's love : around the body of a child was found the veil of a lady, partly burnt,—in this touching circumstance we find the last act of that passion which ceases only with life—a mother's love. Ceases, did we say ? Never ! It is of heaven, heavenly—allied to the essence of deity, and co-eternal with the soul which never dies. In the mother's love, to the last moment that the trembling spirit lingers in its earthly tenement—in its increasing strength as life wanes, strongest as the soul is fluttering to depart, we read the best natural evidence of the truth of revealed religion. In the last smile of a mother upon her offspring, where the attention of friends smoothes the dying pillow ; but more than all, in the mother's convulsive embrace of her child, in the season of peril, where there are none to help—in the frantic clasp which death makes only more rigid—are affecting testimonials, better than all other, to the immortality of the soul. A mother's soul is in her love of the children she has borne—and when should that soul be more like its source, and less selfish, than at the moment its shackles of clay are loose ? Forgive us if

the sentiment be sacrilegious—but to us it seems an antidote of Heaven—a manifestation of the Deity.

The ages of terror that passed in the few hours antecedent to the deaths of the sufferers, are more painfully described in this little evidence of a mother's care for her child, than in volumes of description. We can read in it her retreat to the last corner of a plank, upon the wreck, which would yield a support to the horror-stricken passengers, at the greatest distance from the devouring fire; we can see the child's face buried in a moment in the bosom which had yielded a sufficient shelter against all its apprehensions of danger, previous to that awful night. The terrific screams of the weak, and the more violent despair of those who were cast down from fancied strength to conscious impotence—the confusion of the appalling scene, and the certainty of danger from which there was no escape; apparent even to an infant, would force its face, in wild affright, from its temporary asylum. It was then, as she bound her terrified child to her breast; amid the horrors and distracting circumstances of that moment, that, despite of every thing which might draw it away, her heart was centered upon her child. It was then, that she interposed the feeble barrier of a gauze veil between its face and the flames. Had a feather, floating in the air, passed her, it would not have escaped her attention; and she would have clutched it in the fulness of a mother's hope, to have placed it between death and her infant. For herself she had not a thought; and could the attitude in which she had stood alive be painted, we would stake our life upon the fact that her body shielded the infant's body from the fire; and that the veil was drawn over its head to protect the features which childish waywardness, terror, and curiosity, would not permit the mother to fold in her arms. But both are now gone—and He who saw their last moments, and their temporary separation in

death, sees them again united. While God lives, their friends mourn not as those without hope.

Did the world need this lesson to teach us our obligations to our mothers—the unrequited debt of love, due from the hour which gave us birth, through the years of mental pain for our follies, anxiety for our success, thought for our prosperity, grief for our adversity? Child, impatient of thy mother,—be thy years infantile or mature,—remember that to her thou art *still* a child; and when the pride of fancied superiority would make thee impatient of her womanly, and it may seem to thee childish suggestions, think of the burned threads of the gauze veil.

We have received a few brief notices of some of the victims of the conflagration of the Lexington. We give them to the reader as being of peculiar interest, and as showing the high character and standing of many of those who perished in that awful event.

DR. CHARLES FOLLEN was born at Romrod, in Hesse Darmstadt, in the year 1796. His elder brother, Augustus Follen, is now a professor in a university in Switzerland, and is an eminent German poet. Another brother, whom we have heard spoken of as distinguished for his literary talents, is now a citizen of Missouri. Previous to the year 1823, Dr. Follen was a professor of the civil law in the University of Basle, in Switzerland. He taught his science with a spirit of freedom worthy of the earlier days of the little republic in which he lived. In his character benevolence and perfect gentleness were so happily blended with the greatest courage and firmness, that he was regarded by the student with a love approaching to enthusiasm. His animadversions on the subject of government and law, became displeasing to Austria, a power whose iron and relentless despotism is felt far beyond the limits of her territory. A formal demand was made on the authorities of Basle,

that Professor Follen should be delivered up to Austria, to answer for the freedom with which he had spoken of absolute governments. The question was debated, and the demand was refused; but afterwards, at the pressing instances of the Austrian government, and through fear of provoking the vengeance of a power which they were too feeble to resist, the authorities of Basle instituted a preliminary process against Professor Follen, in consequence of which he left Switzerland. He first went to France, where he was kindly received by Lafayette, who was just coming out to America, and who offered to bring him out with him and introduce him. This proposal he modestly declined, although it was his intention to make the United States his place of refuge. In the autumn of 1824, after Lafayette's return to France, Dr. Follen came out to America. He was soon afterwards employed as a professor of German Literature in Harvard College, where his kindness of manners and varied knowledge made him extremely popular with the students. He subsequently embraced the profession of divinity, and was for a while pastor of a congregation in this city. At the time of his death he resided in Lexington, in Massachusetts, where he had charge of a religious society.

He was a man of strong intellect, much cultivated in the various departments of knowledge and inquiry, and his judgment was calm and solid.—His experience of the evil of arbitrary governments, joined to the feeling of universal good will, and to the genial spirit of hope which were ever strong within him, led him to embrace the purest democratic principles in regard to government and legislation. The world had not a firmer, a more ardent, or more consistent friend of human liberty. His passions naturally energetic, were all so perfectly subjected to the control of the higher qualities of his character, that, although you saw that they were not extinct, you saw, at the

same time, that they were held in their place, and overruled by justice and benevolence. No man could have known him, even slightly, without being strongly impressed by the surpassing benignity of his temper. He is taken from us by a mysterious Providence in the midst of his usefulness.

In one of his last lectures before the New York Mercantile Library Association, he made the following beautiful quotation, being a translation from Schiller, unconscious that to himself it was so soon to be applicable:—

“With noiseless tread death comes on man;
No plea—no prayer delivers him:—
From midst of life’s unfinished plan,
With sudden hand it severs him;
And ready, or not ready, no delay,
Forth to his Judge’s bar he must away.”

Mrs. Russell Jarvis, the lady of Russell Jarvis, Esq. of New York, who, with her two children perished by the late calamity, was the only surviving daughter of Thomas Cordis, Esq., of Boston, and grand-daughter of the late Thomas Kemble, of the same city. She was cousin of the wife of General Towson, of the U. S. Army, a lady most favorably known at Washington city, and of H. K. Oliver, of Boston. Mr. Cordis has, by this death, been again subjected to a most afflicting bereavement. He had heretofore followed to the tomb two wives, a son and an older daughter. Both were most lovely and interesting children. When the flames of the boat drove Mrs. Jarvis into the waves, she sprang overboard with one child, and succeeded in reaching a cotton bale. The other child quickly followed, and in attempting to secure her, the distracted mother lost her hold, and the three sank in death together.

Mrs. Jarvis was a lady of incomparable excellence, one of those whom all delight to love. Heaven with lavish hand had adorned her with the richest endowments of mind, disposition and person. Her face was

one of uncommon beauty, and one could read, in its gentle expression, the entire loveliness of the mild spirit that dwelt within. Those who knew her well, possess the full confidence, that, as her exhausted frame sank beneath the closing waves, her spirit, with those of the innocents who perished in her embrace, ascended spotless and pure to the presence of Him, who ordered this event for the wisest purposes.

Mrs. Jarvis had the greatest aversion to this particular steamboat. But she yielded her objections, as she was attended by two of her relatives. Strange and mysterious providence, that her first venturing where she had the most fear, should be the first step to her watery grave.

James G. Brown. Among the many who have been called to mourn by the late awful catastrophe, few can have been overwhelmed with a deeper sorrow than the friends of James G. Brown, of Boston, but late of New Orleans. He was a young man, just in the prime of maturity, with qualities of person and of heart, such as are fitted to attract friendship and respect. The impression of his manly accomplishments and pure purposes, rendered him an object of high esteem to the large circle of his acquaintance.

He had just commenced his career as a man of business, and his energetic and honorable character, added to the uncommon advantages with which his perseverance and industry had surrounded him, were giving fair promise of success and eminence in his worldly pursuits. In the spring-time of his hopes, amid many bright visions of happiness and usefulness, while rejoicing in his escape from perils by land and sea, and just hastening to the home of his affection, and the welcome of his expecting friends, he was met at the threshold by the great enemy. Anxious hearts wait in vain for his coming. And those who had watched with interest his maturing graces, and hoping to view his continued progress, are compelled

to seek their comfort in the memory of his virtues, and the thought of his reward.

To the bereaved family of which he was the ornament and pride, this fresh affliction came in a train of disasters, itself the most terrible of all. Within a few months, two other cherished ones have been torn from their hitherto unbroken circle, one by sudden accident, and one by lingering disease.

Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day;
The quiet grave-yard, some lie there,
And cruel ocean has his share.

Under this new loss, no language can express the depth of their anguish. "Their strong shaft is broken, and their beautiful rod." Yet precious to them beyond measure are the last moments of their departed one. In a letter to a dear friend, written just before he went on board of the *Lexington*, he says, "I leave to-night, trusting to the watchful care of my Covenant Shepherd." They cannot doubt that the Shepherd had his eye upon their beloved in the terrors of that dark, cold night.

Robert Blake, Esq., of Wrentham, Mass., was one in whose death the public, the church of Christ, and his bereaved family, have sustained a loss of no ordinary kind. The confidence reposed in his ability, discretion and judgment, by those who were associated with him in the affairs of life; and his uniform adherence to the principles of truth and justice, were known throughout the community. He was a kind and tender husband, and a faithful and affectionate father. Having accustomed himself to regard the property with which God had entrusted him, as a talent, for the use of which he was accountable, he did not uselessly lavish it away in procuring for himself the pomp and empty show of this world, but uniformly exhibited a plainness and simplicity becoming a man professing Christianity. He was far removed

from a temporizing, man-fearing, or man-pleasing spirit; and habitually appeared to view himself in the light of God's truth, which rendered him truly humble in the sight of God and man. The various benevolent enterprises of the age found in him a friend and helper. Though the calls on his charity were numerous, he was ever a cheerful and bountiful giver; and often in ways so private, that it may truly be said of him, that "his right hand knew not what his left hand did." He will long be remembered by many young men who received from him judicious advice and pecuniary assistance. Though his bereaved friends were not permitted to hear his parting counsels, nor soothe his dying moments, we doubt not the Savior was with him as he passed through the dark valley of death, and that he is now with the redeemed on Mount Zion.

Capt. Ichabod D. Carver, of Plymouth, Mass. He was on his return from a foreign voyage, and after a passage so long as to excite serious apprehensions for his safety, he at length reached his port; and, by his request, every preparation had been made to consummate his marriage immediately on his arrival home. We have seldom been called to mourn the loss of a worthier citizen, or more estimable young man; and the aggravating circumstances under which he met his end, seem to have thrown a gloom over our whole community. Young, amiable, industrious, enterprising, and just on the eve of forming an alliance with one chosen to be the companion of his bosom, his fate seemed indeed a hard one; and we deeply sympathize with the friends who were anticipating his return, with the certain expectation of enjoying his society for a long period of time,—it having been his intention to relinquish a sea-faring life. But wise and inscrutable are the ways of Providence,—we bow in submission, although desirous of paying a passing tribute to his memory. He was one of our most de-

serving sea captains,—his integrity and entire devotion to his business, endeared him to his employers, and made them his strong and confiding friends. His loss will long be felt by all who knew him, and has left a void which will often remind them of the afflicting and disastrous event by which he was taken away.

Mr. J. P. Felt, Jr., of Salem, was about twenty-six years of age, and one of the most promising and respectable young men in the city. His character was estimable, and blended with intelligence and enterprise that would have given him the highest standing in the mercantile profession, to which he was bred. He was one whose loss is irreparable to a large circle of friends, and important to the whole community.

Capt. Benjamin Foster, of Providence, was on his return from India, after a voyage of three years; and probably had on board with him a large amount of property. His wife and children had been anxiously awaiting his arrival for several months, and the dreadful intelligence that reached them of his loss in the *Lexington*, was the first intelligence they received of him.

Mr. C. R. Phelps, was a gentleman of great enterprise, well known and highly esteemed. He had acquired a large fortune at New Orleans, some years since, and owned a beautiful mansion at Stonington, celebrated for its taste and arrangement. But the sad event which bereaved the family of its head, has left it a house of mourning.

We will now conclude the melancholy history of the loss of the *Lexington*, by giving a few extracts from one or two of the eloquent discourses delivered in Boston, soon after the news arrived of that fatal event.

The following is extracted from a sermon, preached in St. Paul's church, Boston, by J. J. Stone, D. D.:

"The burning of the Lexington upon the waters of Long Island Sound, is an event which has overwhelmed many hearts with the bitterness of grief, and is engraven indelibly on the memory of many other hearts scarcely less afflicted than those of the bereaved themselves.

"The company, gathered on that sad night aboard the ill-fated vessel, were of almost all classes, and from various and widely separated homes. There was the humble and toilsome laborer; the active and enterprising man of business; the learned and accomplished scholar and divine; the young betrothed, who had just left the beloved one amidst the joys of happy affection; the husband, returning to be greeted anew by the smiles and the welcome of wife and children; tender woman, uniting in herself the characters of daughter, wife, and mother, and seeking, after years of separation, the presence and embrace of an affectionate and yearning father; trusting childhood and helpless infancy, following the steps of parents, and not dreaming that there *could* be danger in a mother's arms and on a mother's bosom; the faithful and prayerful Christian, ready at all times to commit himself "to the care of his covenant Shepherd;" and perhaps the thoughtless follower of pleasure and the world, who never thought of dying till plunged amidst the agonies of death. All were travelling in hope, drawn by their various objects of interest or affection, and trusting with comfortable confidence to the means provided for their conveyance. The distance between themselves and their homes, or the objects which they sought, was lessening with every quickly passing moment; and hearts, and thoughts, and tongues were busy with beings, or with interests left behind, and with beings or interests still before.— Winter had darkened the skies into a chilly and in-

hospitable night, and made most grateful the speed with which they were borne onwards, and the safety which seemed to reign around them.

"How terrible at such a moment must have been the awful cry of alarm which broke their feeling of security, and told them that they were within the power of those fearfully opposed elements, *flame* and *flood*, *fire* and *frst*! And who can paint the agonies of that hour, when, as the burning vessel shone upwards towards heaven, as if to remind them once more of that only home where there are no night and no death, no sorrow and no sin, they were driven successively into the arms of the tossing waves, and all went down together to die in the cold, dark chambers of the deep!

"The agonies and sufferings of that hour, whatever they were, are now over. The *bodies* of the perished rest from pain. They feel not so much as the thrill which creeps through our frames at the thought of what they endured.

"Meanwhile, the *spirits* have returned to God, who gave them, and are waiting the period of their final account with him. Their state is no longer, in any respect, a concern of ours. It is *wholly* in the hands of Him who is infinitely just and infinitely good."

The following is an extract from a sermon preached at the Brattle Square church, in Boston, by the Rev. S. K. Lothrop:

"A few days pass, and our thoughts are yet wandering to that far off spot on the lonely ocean, where

'The death Angel flapped his broad wing o'er the wave,' when they are suddenly called back, and called home, by a calamity which appals and almost benumbs sensation, by its fearful nature and a magnitude not yet ascertained in its full extent. I need not name it. I need not describe it. It cannot be described. The

circumstances attending it are few, but terrible. Imagination can hardly paint a scene, in its immediate aspect, or its ultimate and swiftly approaching issues, more full of horrors, to distract the calmest mind, to unnerve the stoutest heart,—‘horrors which must have appeared to start up from the wild caverns of the deep itself.’ No warning was given to prepare the thoughts, no omen of peril had been noticed. The tempest and the whirlwind give signals of their approach, but no signal is here to tell of coming danger. In an instant almost, that unfortunate company found themselves assailed by an enemy against which they could make no defence, and from which they soon lost all means of escape. And four ‘only have escaped alone to tell’ the tale, to give the brief outline of the beginning of that scene of terror and dismay. How it ended, and the details of its progress, what were the movements, the efforts and sufferings of the multitudes gathered upon that burning deck, none can tell.

“The physical suffering endured in those brief hours, must have been severe, but it sinks into insignificance before the mental suffering of a situation so bereft of hope. To be shipwrecked is terrible. To be driven by the fierce hurricane upon an iron, rock-bound coast, is fearful and appalling. But in shipwreck there is room for action, and consequently for hope. There is something to be done, some effort to be made ; a steady eye, a calm, self-possessed mind, a courageous heart, may avail something towards escape, and if death come at last, it comes only after noble efforts and struggles. To die in battle is terrible. Few scenes of this world’s suffering and woe, can equal the battle field,—that scene of dreadful and indiscriminate slaughter, where multitudes are assembled that death may mow with greater facility, that the mighty and renowned, the young, the healthy, and the vigorous may perish in a moment, amid pierc-

ing groans, and frantic shouts, and bitter shrieks, and the roar of the deadly thunder, which strews around them companions in misery. But in the battle there is *action*, and to the very last there is *hope*, hope of success or escape. The mind is buoyed up and pressed onward to effort and endurance by this hope, and if at last death come, sudden and violent, there is, it may be, the consciousness of a noble duty nobly done, of life periled in a holy cause, and sacrificed, if sacrificed it must be, to freedom and truth.

"But here, after the first few moments, there was no room for action, effort, or hope. In the wild confusion and dismay of the first outbreak of danger, the only means of escape had been utterly lost. And there they stood, the two companies, helpless and powerless, gathered on the bow and stern of that ill-fated boat,—the devouring fire raging to madness between them, throwing its lurid flames to Heaven, and casting a terrific brightness upon the yawning waves that stood ready to engulf them. There was no longer any help in man. None could hope to live for an hour in that wild wintry sea. They had nothing to do but to wait, to suffer, and to die. If ever any situation required manhood, fortitude and the power of religious faith, it must have been this. Let us trust, brethren, that these were not wanting. Let us trust that those brief hours were not all hours of pain, of grief, of unmitigated anguish. Let us hope that, while glad memories of the past thronged thick and fast upon their minds, and burning thoughts of home, of wife or husband, of children and kindred, no more to be seen on earth, tore with anguish their hearts, there also came in upon their souls, sweet and holy in its influences, that faith, mightier than any human affection, stronger than any mortal peril, which lifts the spirit to God, and gives it peace in death."

In another passage from the same discourse he speaks thus eloquently:—

"The moonlight of a desert solitude, the gloom of evening or midnight in a ruined city may carry the traveller's thoughts through years of bygone happiness; but it is in his passage across the deep, in the hush and loneliness of the ocean, that the visions and bodings of his own spirit become palpable and real. This it is, that causes the misfortunes that happen in the heart of the seas, to awaken in our breasts the deepest sympathy with the sufferers. Their complete, absolute separation from the rest of mankind, makes us feel for them, as if they had been the inmates of our own dwellings. And if they have actually been known to us, if they have lived in our neighborhood, if our hands have ever exchanged with them the warm grasp of friendship and affection, if they have mingled in our social or domestic joys, our hearts yearn in pity and tenderness, as we think of their fate. No tomb shall plead to their remembrance. No human power can redeem their forms. The white foam of the waves was their winding sheet, the winds of the ocean shall be their eternal dirge."

We are gratified to be able to state that Mr. Partridge and family, whose names are on the list of those lost in the Lexington, were fortunately not on board at the time of the disaster.



BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.

The steam is up, and the pistons play,—
 The bell has rung,—she's away,—she's away !
 The streamers are flying, and in her bold flight,
 She scuds o'er the waters like a thing of light;
 The young and the aged, the gay and the grave,
 Are dancing together along o'er the wave;
 The pastor, the punster, the matron, the maid,
 Throng around on the deck or the high promenade,—
 They watch the great city, with curious eye,
 Till the last lofty dome is gone out of the sky;
 And as the cold breezes rush on from the snow,
 They hurry from deck for a shelter below,
 Where they heed not the wind, or the surges that foam,
 And taste of enjoyments "like home, sweet home."

The tables are spread, well laden, and stored
 With as sweet a repast as an epicure's board;
 They gather around, and partake with delight
 Of the savory cheer that is furnished to-night;
 Then shoot off, in clusters, wherever they list,—
 Some loll on settees, and some sit down at whist,—
 Some talk upon politics,—some upon trade,—
 Some speak of the profits or losses they've made,—
 Some take up a paper,—some musingly sit,—
 Some laugh at a bright scintillation of wit,—
 And all seem as easy, and happy, and free,
 As if they were not on the wild, faithless sea;
 Nor dream the dread king is so near in his flight,
 To hold a rich carnival among them to-night;
 That a scene of deep sorrow and woe is at hand,
 That with horror and anguish shall fill all the land.—

What means the loud tumult,—the heart-breaking cry,—
 The shrieks that uprise to the dark vaulted sky?
 Why tremble the weak, and why cower the strong?
 Why rush they thus phrenzied and madly along?
The boat is on fire! and they see that their grave
 Is the red flashing fire, or the cold dashing wave!

"To the boats!" to the boats distracted they crowd,—
 And find the dark wave is their funeral shroud.
 "Lower the boats! lower the boats!" 'tis done in a breath,
 Down they sink in the icy embraces of death!

Some struggle a moment and buffet the wave,—
One shriek,—and they sink into one common grave!

But where may the brave, hardy mariners be,
Who have breasted the dangers of ocean and sea?
They left the endearments of friendship and home,
In far distant oceans and climates to roam;—
Their dangers are past, and their hardships are o'er,
And they look once again on their dear native shore.—
On hope's merry pinions they joyously move,
To throw their rich treasures to those that they love;
And a few fleeting hours on the wild dashing main,
And they'll clasp those they love at their fireside again.
O, where are they now! look down in the flood,—
They struggle,—and who can now save them but God?
Hope braces each muscle, and arms them in might,—
Sweet home, and its loved ones, are clear in their sight,—
Hope flickers—O, horror! it is quenched in the wave,—
And despair lays them down in their cold icy grave.

The lover,—O! where is the lover to-night,—
Whose future was woven with wreaths of delight!
He saw the bride stand in her pure maiden charms,
And clasped her in hope in his own guardian arms;
A few hours will pass, and he'll leap to the shore,
And meet her, and greet her, and leave her no more.—
Ah! there may ye see him,—look down from the prow,—
He struggles—love buoys him—O! where is he now?
The waters close o'er him,—he moves with the dead,—
And the cold briny wave is his own bridal bed!

The mourners—the mourners! O, tell me *their* doom,
Who are carrying the dead to their own kindred tomb?
Keen anguish has bidden them shed the salt tear,
As they bent with affection around their sad bier.
O! where have they hied them to sorrow and weep?—
They have gone to commingle their tears with the deep;
The tie so late severed, was severed in vain,—
For death has united more firmly again;
No changes can part them,—they lie in one bed,
And the same winding sheet holds the quick and the dead.

O! where is that spirit, who, in his brief day,
Could bid the sad bosom be joyous and gay!
By whom the glad smile, on thousands, was lit
By the play of his genius, and sparks of his wit!
Can he charm the dread monarch his hand to stay,—
Or the winds and the waves to cease their play?

Can he stop the red fire, as it sweeps along,
 By the magic of wit, or a pun, or a song?
 O, pardon, gay spirit! the thoughts that oft start,
 And shoot a keen pang through my sorrowing heart,—
 They picture thee struggling undaunted for life,
 For thy sweet rosy children and grief-stricken wife,—
 And crying, while bravely ye buffet the tide,
 "O, God! if I'm lost, be their shield and their guide!"
 Ah, vainly he struggles,—the destroyer shall win,—
 And quench the bright spirit and genius of Finn!

And where is the shepherd, who loved to unlock
 The treasures of wisdom to nourish his flock?
 Is the faith that he preaches, his pole star and light,
 To guide and to cheer him on this awful night?
 Does the sunlight of heaven, to the keen eye of faith,
 Gleam bright through the vale of the shadow of death?
 Does he smile as he bends at the beck of the king,—
 And say, as he clasps him, O! "where is thy sting?"
 Ah, yes! for methinks, 'midst the horror, I see
 A friend who is throwing his arms over thee;
 Who smiles, and whose smile brings the sunshine of day,
 And chases despair, with its terrors, away;
 And though the dark billows dash fiercely and roll,
 The sunlight of heaven awakes in the soul;
 And, as the last tie that confined it is riven,
 He takes thy freed spirit and wings it for heaven!

O! where is that mother, to whom fondly clung
 Two beautiful beings so lovely and young?
 She was cradled and nursed in the lap of a home
 Where hardship and want might not venture to come;
 And the winds were not suffered too rudely to blow
 On a form that was shielded in tenderness so;
 And when the tie broke, that had bound her so long,
 For one more enchanting, enduring and strong,—
 The arms of affection encircled her there,
 And shielded and screened her from hardship and care.—
 Ah! there stands she now, on the red fiery deck,—
 And now 'midst the surges she clings to the wreck;—
 She buffets the billows, that thunder and swell,
 And clings to the dear ones she loves so well.
 "My children, my children!" she shrieks in dismay,—
 "O! see,—have ye taken one darling away!
 Restore her, restore her,—alas! is there none
 To bring a fond mother her beautiful one?"
 O, death! how remorseless and keen is the dart
 Thou hast planted to-night in that fond mother's heart;

Ye have taken her child, as a merciless king,
 And have cast it away as a poor, worthless thing.
 "O, save my lost darling," she shrieked, and she pressed
 The dear one more closely she held at her breast,—
 "O, God! must we perish? is the funeral bier
 Of myself and my cherubs,—my own cherubs, here?
 My father, my father,—O! sigh not for me,—
 'Twas sweet, when I died, I could think upon thee;
 And, ah! my loved husband, it gives me delight,
 That thou know'st not the horrors that gird us to-night;
 And when the sad tidings shall spread, as they will,
 Let fancy, with all her creations, be still,—
 Nor take up a pencil to sketch to your sight
 The horrors that gather around us to-night.
 Farewell,—ah! my loved ones,—we'll lie down together,
 Where troubles and trials depart, and forever.—
 Earth seemed to you lovely and covered with bliss,—
 Hush, hush!—there's a world more enchanting than this,—
 There are roses more lovely,—fields sweeter above,—
 We will hie and enjoy them, forever, my love."

Ye living,—ah! here is a picture for you
 More frightful than fancy can paint to your view.—
 Rank, rank,—ah! what is it? let thought but portray
 This scene, and 'twill vanish like bubbles away;
 And wealth,—ah! the wealth of a Croesus would seem,
 With all its enchantments, a trifle, a dream.—
 The grades and distinctions subsisting below,
 That raise or depress us,—O! where are they now?
 The noble, the ignoble, the coward, the brave,
 Are lying, all equally low, in the grave;
 The highest, the proudest, the wealthiest bow
 As low as the poorest, the lowliest, now.

O! happy, thrice happy, is he in whose breast
 Sweet innocence lodges her soft downy nest,—
 Who weds not the pleasures, and splendor, and show,
 That spread their enchantments so gaudy below;
 But, planting his holiest affections above,
 Reaps, even in hope, a rich harvest of love;
 And thus, let the summons be sudden or slow,
 He ever stands ready and willing to go.

ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE FLORA,
*on her passage from Louisville to Wheeling, on the
Ohio River, November 17, 1836.*

The steamboat FLORA, Capt. R. D. Chapman, on her passage up the river from Louisville to Wheeling, November 17, met with a serious accident, by which several lives were lost, and a number scalded and mutilated.

The following particulars of the disaster have been furnished us by a gentleman who was a passenger on board:—

“On my return from the West, in November, I took passage on board the steamboat Flora, at Louisville, bound for Wheeling. Early on the morning after we left Louisville, while the passengers were most of them in their berths, the two boilers, from some defect in the lower deck of the boat, settled suddenly, leaving the entire weight of them upon the cast iron pipes, (commonly called the conducting pipes,) by which the steam is conducted to operate upon the machinery. These pipes immediately broke, and being near and directly under the social hall, which is on a level with the passengers' cabin, a volume of steam was forced through the floor, stripping up the boards, and completely filling the hall and cabin. There was no explosion by which the sleepers might be warned of their danger, but a slight quivering of the deck seemed to tell those that were awake that all was not right. There was an alarm at once raised that the boiler had burst. I, with eight or ten others, made for the ladies' cabin, in the stern of the boat, passed through, out upon the guard, with the intention of jumping into the river if the steam should be so hot that we could not breathe it, but being such a distance

from the boilers, it was cool by the time it reached us.

"We could form no idea of the work of misery and destruction, until we returned into the gentlemen's cabin—and there such a scene presented itself as I can never forget ; some were running about with their skin scalded and peeling from their faces, hands and arms ; others in their berths, who were not awakened until the steam aroused them, writhing about in the most intense agony, having inhaled the scalding vapor so as to prevent their speaking only in whispers. Mr. Benjamin Myrick, of Charlestown, died in about half an hour after the accident. Another, whose name I have forgotten, died before we reached Cincinnati.

"We were towed up to Cincinnati by the steamboat Mountaineer, which overtook us a short time after the disaster, which happened about thirty miles below that place. Mr. Myrick and one other were buried there. A number were carried to the hospital, among whom was Mr. Kinnaid, member of Congress from Indiana, who died after having suffered about three weeks.

"It was supposed that the cabin door was opened by some one to escape, as soon as the pipes broke, by which means the steam rushed in and performed its work of destruction. Almost every one on board was wounded, either by scalding, or by attempting to jump through the windows. The boat being crowded, I had not been able to secure a berth, but was obliged to sleep on a cot on the floor, to which circumstance, with the protection of Providence, my own fortunate escape may be attributed.

"One or two, who were in the immediate vicinity of the place where the steam first passed through the floor, saved themselves by remarkable presence of mind ; one of them was a cripple, who escaped by creeping under the berths, where he remained on the

cabin floor until the steam cooled. Another drew his broad brimmed hat over his face and ran out on the guard,—his hat being burnt to a complete crisp, which broke into pieces like a pipe-stem.

“No blame whatever could be attached to the engineer, as the result of the accident plainly showed that the settling of the deck, on which the boilers were supported, was the prime cause of this distressing calamity.”

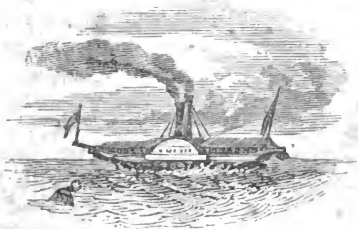
EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE WILMINGTON, *on the Mississippi River, November 13, 1839.*

The steamboat WILMINGTON left New Orleans, for St. Louis, on the 11th of November, and on the morning of the 13th, a little before day-light, stopped to wood near the mouth of the Arkansas river. She left the wood yard a little after day, and soon after, being a few miles above Napoleon, the middle boiler burst, tearing off nearly two rings in its centre. The explosion threw the other two boilers into the river, with the chimney, and carried the centre boiler backwards along the starboard side of the engine, nearly the length of the boiler, tearing all the stanchions and other works, driving the fire-bed and deck under the boilers down into the hold. Fragments of the furnaces were only prevented from going through, by hogs-heads of sugar lying under it. The piece of iron detached from the exploding boiler, being about three feet wide, and reaching quite round it, was carried directly through the social hall, tearing away every thing in its course and cutting off the pilot house, in which the pilot was at the time, and falling through the after part of the hurricane deck into the ladies'

cabin. The furnaces and all the upper deck, back to the second room in the main cabin, was torn away, or so knocked down as to fall immediately in. The pilot house was thrown into the river about fifty yards. Such was the force of the explosion, that the principal clerk, Mr. Birkinbine, who was in his berth in the office, was thrown forward, and with the iron chest, fell near the capstan, having been carried a distance of almost forty-five feet.

There were several thrown overboard. The captain instantly manned and sent the yawl out, and succeeded in picking up several of them. Those of the passengers who were injured, were around the stove in the social hall, and suffered most from the falling in of the floor and the stove. One had his leg broken in this way.

Immediately after the accident the boat took fire, but was soon extinguished without serious injury. Fortunately, she was in such a situation, that, by the aid of the current, they were enabled to run her ashore.



EXPLOSION OF THE GREENFIELD,
on the passage between Greenfield and Hartford,
May 18, 1840.

The steamboat GREENFIELD, Capt. Crawford, which plied between Greenfield and Hartford as a tow-boat, was blown up by the explosion of both her boilers, on Monday, May 18. We give the particulars as far as we have heard.

The boat was constructed to pass through the locks and canals on the river, drawing but little water, and quite narrow. At the time of the explosion she had four freight boats in tow, and had stopped to attach a fourth. Both boilers burst at the same time, and the boat was so much rent that she sank immediately, carrying down one of the freight boats, in six feet water. The captain was thrown high in the air, and fell upon his head in one of the freight boats, and survived but a few hours. Mr. Wood, the engineer, was killed outright in the engine room, and one of the firemen was thrown some distance, but fell in the water and was not materially hurt. Mr. Lallin, the inventor and constructor of the boilers, was on board for the purpose of observing their operation, and was so severely wounded that there was little hope of his recovery. Two or three of the men belonging to the freight boats were slightly injured. The smoke pipe of the steamer was thrown into an adjoining field. The freight boat which went down was chiefly laden with salt. Captain Crawford was well known and respected on the river, having been engaged in the same business for ten years past.

ESCAPE OF THE CONSTITUTION,
in a tremendous gale on Lake Erie, October, 1837.

One of the most thrilling incidents on record, took place on board the steamboat CONSTITUTION, during an awful gale on Lake Erie. It tends to show the heroism and strength of nerve of which humanity is sometimes capable. We copy from an account written shortly after the occurrence.

"In that fearful night, the steamboat Constitution, Capt. Appleby, was out amidst the terrors of the gale. By the glimpse caught at intervals, when the fitful storm for a moment broke away, the anxious and watchful commander was made aware of the critical situation of his boat, which was rapidly drifting in—under the hurricane power of the gale, which blew almost directly across the lake—toward the dangerous reef, from which escape would have been impossible. He went directly to the engineer, and ordered on 'more steam.' The reply of the engineer was that there was already as much on as the boilers would safely bear.

"Again did the captain seek the deck, to see if his laboring boat was making headway, and again returned to the engine-room. He explained to the engineer their hazardous situation, and told him all hope was lost, if no more headway could be gained—but left the engineer to act his discretion in the crisis. A moment of reflection, and his decision was made. Life or death hung on the issue. Certain destruction awaited the boat and her devoted crew, in a few brief minutes, if they did not gain upon the driving storm. This might be averted, if the boilers, already crowded to a fearful pressure, could yet bear a heavier strain,—and that he determined to *try*. True, the

awful horrors of an explosion were vividly before him,—the mangled limbs, the scorched and lifeless bodies, the death shrieks and the groans of the hapless victims, were before his eyes, and on his ear,—the alternative was a fearful one, yet it must be resorted to.

“He coolly directed the heads of two barrels to be broken in, and the furnaces were rapidly fed with wood dipped in the highly inflammable liquid, while two men, with ladles, dashed the oil into the flames. The intense heat which these combustibles created, generated steam with the rapidity of lightning, and soon the resistless vapor forced up the safety valve, and issued forth with tremendous violence, its sharp hissing being heard above the wild uproar of the waters and the storm.

“With a desperate and determined courage, which equalled the most daring heroism that the page of history has ever recorded, the engineer *sat down upon the lever of the safety valve*, to confine and raise the steam to the necessary power required to propel the boat against the drifting waves! In this awful situation he calmly remained, until the prodigious effort of the engine had forced the boat sufficiently off shore to be beyond the threatened danger.

“This intrepid act was not a rash and vain-glorious attempt to gain the applause of a multitude by a fool-hardy exposure of life, in some racing excursion,—it was not the deed of a drunken and reckless man, wickedly heedless of the safety of those whose lives were periled,—but it was the self-possessed and determined courage of one whose firmness is worthy of all admiration. We give it as it was told to us, as one of those frequent scenes of real life, whose actual realities are indeed ‘stranger than fiction.’”

LOSS OF THE STEAMER BEDFORD,
on the Missouri River, April 27, 1840.

The steamboat BEDFORD, Capt. Walker, April 27, in descending the Missouri river, near its mouth, struck a snag, and sunk in less than five minutes. She first struck a snag in the bow, which knocked a hole in her bottom, and careened her nearly over, but immediately struck another, which brought her up again. It was not precisely ascertained how many there were drowned; but Mr. Moore, an old revolutionary soldier, a negro woman, and three children, a white infant whose mother was saved, and a gentleman, (name unknown,) could not be found. Two or three gentlemen on board were sick, one of whom died near the place of disaster. The passengers lost all their baggage.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER MARY EXPRESS,
*which sunk at the wharf in Mobile, on the morning
of April 29, 1840.*

The steamboat MARY EXPRESS, sunk at the wharf, April 29, about 3 o'clock in the morning, without any assignable cause. She had been cleared and wooded the night before, ready to start at the usual hour in the morning, and the captain had retired to his berth as usual. Towards morning, the captain was awakened by an unusual noise, which seemed like the rushing of water. He started up, and on opening the door, found the boat sinking, the cotton already

washed overboard. He rushed to the shore. Before he could raise the hands who were sleeping on shore, the boat careened over ; her chimneys fell landward, and she went down, breaking her fastenings, in about thirty-five feet depth of water. The captain did not save even his watch, or any of his clothing.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER GREEN RIVER,
*on Green River, April 22, 1840,—by which several
persons lost their lives.*

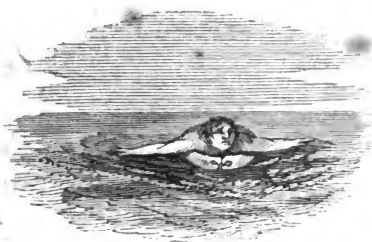
The steamboat **GREEN RIVER**, Capt. **BROWN**, which plies on the river of the same name, in attempting to pass lock and dam, No. 1, the river being very high, and the current unusually strong, after crossing the lock, struck an eddy and capsized. Nine persons were drowned,—five females and four men. The names of the lost were Mr. Brady, Jacob Beck, a little girl named Margaret Eckeberge, and four young ladies of the name of Suttlewine,—daughters of a widow lady who was on board at the time, but fortunately rescued. James Finley and Andrew Haley, two of the boat hands, were also lost.

EXPLOSION OF THE GRAMPUS,
on the Mississippi River, May 13, 1840.

The steam tow-boat **GRAMPUS**, Capt. Martin, blew up, on the 13th of May, when twenty-five miles out-

side the Mississippi bar, in consequence of the bursting of her boiler, and sunk in about half an hour. John Sprigg, the second engineer, died two hours after the accident,—he was on watch when the explosion took place. Wm. Walker, one of the firemen, was lost; Wm. T. Knight, the mate, was slightly scalded; and the cook was badly bruised, and somewhat scalded.

At the time of the accident, the Grampus was rounding to in order to take in tow the schooner Victoria, Capt. Kenney. The schooner's boats were immediately sent to the relief of the sufferers.



In closing our account of steamboat disasters, we will give a few brief extracts from the law of the United States, passed July 7, 1838, respecting the management of "vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam." We hardly deem it necessary to state, that we deem the law to be inefficient, and that, till more energetic measures are devised and enforced, the mournful catalogue of such disasters will be increased.

"That it shall be the duty of the owners and masters of the steamboats licensed in pursuance of the provisions of this act, to employ on board their respective boats a competent number of experienced and skillful engineers, and in case of neglect to do so, the said owners and masters shall be held responsible for all damages to the property or any passenger on board of any boat occasioned by any derangement of the engine or machinery of any boat.

"That whenever the master of any boat or vessel, or the person or persons charged with navigating said boat or vessel, which is propelled in whole or in part by steam, shall stop the motion or headway of said boat or vessel, or when the said boat or vessel shall be stopped for the purpose of discharging or taking in cargo, fuel or passengers, he or they shall open the safety-valve so as to keep the steam down in said boiler as near as practicable to what it is when the said boat or vessel is under headway, under the penalty of two hundred dollars for each and every offence.

"That it shall be the duty of the master and owner of every steam vessel, to provide, as a part of the necessary furniture, a suction-hose and fire engine and hose suitable to be worked on said boat in case of fire, and carry the same upon each and every voyage in good order; and that iron rods or chains shall be employed and used in the navigation of all steamboats, instead of wheel or tiller ropes; and for a fail-

ure to do which, they, and each of them, shall forfeit and pay the sum of three hundred dollars.

"That every captain, engineer, pilot or other person, employed on board of any steamboat or vessel, propelled in whole or in part by steam, by whose misconduct, negligence, or inattention to his or their respective duties, the life or lives of any person or persons on board said vessel may be destroyed, shall be deemed guilty of manslaughter, and, upon conviction thereof before any Circuit Court in the United States, shall be sentenced to confinement at hard labor for a period not more than ten years.

"That in all suits and actions against proprietors of steamboats, for injuries arising to person or property from the bursting of the boiler of any steamboat, or the collapse of a flue, or other injurious escape of steam, the fact of such bursting, collapse, or injurious escape of steam, shall be taken as full prima facie evidence, sufficient to charge the defendant, or those in his employment, with negligence, until he shall show that no negligence has been committed by him or those in his employ."

In conclusion, we give a brief abstract of a law recently passed in the Territory of Wisconsin, for the prevention of steamboat accidents within the jurisdiction of that Territory.

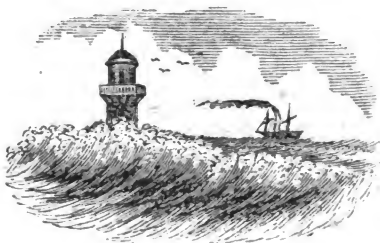
The passage of the act is highly creditable to the representatives of this rapidly growing Territory, and it would tend greatly to the preservation of human life, were its provisions adopted by every State in the Union.

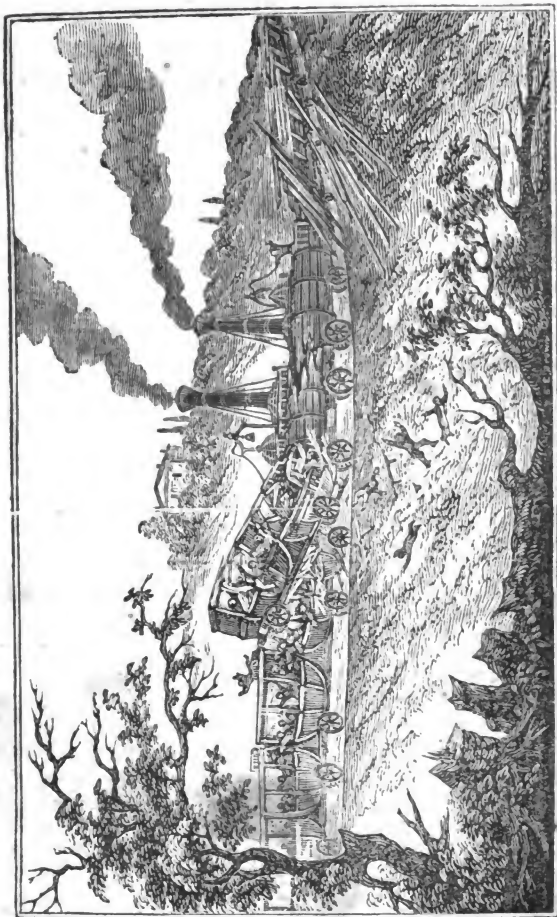
Steamboat racing, for trial of speed or for any other purpose is prohibited, and officers are made responsible for all damages that any one may sustain during the race; and in case of loss of life, in consequence of racing, the master or person having command at the time, is to be deemed guilty of a high crime and mis-

demeanor, and on conviction, be fined in a sum not exceeding \$5000, or be imprisoned not exceeding ten years.

Regulations are prescribed to which boats must conform in ascending and descending navigation, and the master and owners are made responsible for all damages that any person may sustain, by the neglect to comply with any of the regulations ; and if loss of life shall ensue from such neglect, the officers on watch, and conducting the boat at the time, are to be deemed guilty of the crime of manslaughter, and punished accordingly.

The mode of taking in freight, landing passengers, and the passing of boats in narrow channels, or in the night, is strictly regulated, so as to protect travellers from the consequence of negligence.





Concession of a passenger and lumber train of cars.

RAIL-ROAD ACCIDENTS.

PORTSMOUTH AND ROANOKE RAIL-ROAD, VA.

August, 11, 1837.

A passenger train, with nearly two hundred passengers, was run into by a lumber train on the Portsmouth rail-road, in Virginia, August 11, 1837,—by which occurrence several lives were lost, and many were maimed and otherwise wounded. The following particulars were published at the time:—

“The daily train left Portsmouth on Friday, Aug. 11, at 8 o'clock, with thirteen passenger and other cars, and nearly two hundred passengers, the greater portion of whom composed a party of pleasure who had been on a steamboat excursion, and were returning to their homes. The train having made its usual stop at Suffolk, had proceeded on to Smith's Bridge, a high embankment over Goodwin's Landing, a mile and a half beyond. Here there is a gradual rise in the road, and at the termination of the embankment, the road makes a curve. But before we proceed farther, we should state, that there was a lumber train, then on its way down, with fifteen cars heavily laden with staves, which must necessarily pass the passenger train at one of the turn-outs above Suffolk. When the locomotive of the passenger cars had reached the curve, and while the whole train was on the embankment, (which at that place is a greater eleva-

tion than at any other on the whole line, being thirty-five feet high,) the lumber train suddenly appeared in sight, sweeping down the curve.

"The engineer of the passenger train promptly stopped the locomotive, but he of the lumber train was either unable, owing to its being on a descent, to stop his, or did not see the danger in time, for his engine drove furiously on against that of the passenger train, forcing it back upon the first car, which was driven against the second, and the second against the third, and the two latter were crushed to pieces in the dreadful concussion. The greatest havoc, however, was in the second car, the first having been lifted from the rails and propelled over it, raking, as it were, fore and aft, and crushing to death, or horribly maiming the passengers who remained within it. We must leave it to the imagination of the reader to depict the horrors of that awful moment, and of the scene which ensued. Many, who were young and active, leaped from the cars and rolled down the embankment at the hazard of life and limb. A gentleman who was casually seated next to a young lady in the second car, saw the coming death, and warned his fellow passengers of it,—he could do no more,—then sprang down the embankment. As soon as he was upon his feet he looked up—it was all over, and she who had sat behind him within the passing moment, lay a mangled corpse upon the seat which he had left!

"Those killed were Miss Elizabeth McClenny; Miss Margaret Roberts; and Miss Jemima Ely, daughter of Mrs. Martha Ely, who was herself dreadfully hurt.

"Among those who were dangerously wounded, were Mrs. Ely; Mr. Wiley Watkins, his wife, infant child, and maid servant; Wm. Daughtry; Miss Martha, and Miss Eliza Holland; Mrs. Meredith Watkins; Miss McCluney, the younger; Mrs. Story; Mr. Rees Phelps, and Mr. James M. Holland.

"The accident occurred within one hundred yards of the residence of Mr. Richard Goodwin, where the dead and wounded were carried. From this kind and hospitable family, as well as from the ladies of Suffolk, the unfortunate sufferers received every attention that could be bestowed. Mr. Goodwin's house presented the appearance of a hospital. Every room was filled with beds containing the injured, whose cries and groans were heard afar off. Under the large shed of his turpentine factory lay the bodies of the deceased young ladies, surrounded by their mourning relatives and friends. Two of these young ladies were soon to have entered the married state. The accepted of one of them was by her side when the death blow came upon her, and he could have escaped unhurt by leaping from the car, which he refused to do unless he could save her. He remained in his seat, therefore, and received such injury as he will probably never recover from. The young gentleman to whom the other was engaged came to the scene a few hours after the accident had occurred, and by the expression of his grief, too well told the wounds of his heart.

"An inquest was held on the three deceased young ladies, whose verdict is subjoined :

"We, the jury, are of the opinion that the deceased came to their deaths by the violent concussion of the lumber train coming in contact with the regular train ; which concussion was occasioned by the wilful mismanagement and gross negligence of the captain and engineer of the lumber train, by running down a rapid descent on a curve of said road, with great velocity, at a time when they might reasonably have expected to meet the regular train."

"Another fatal accident happened the same day. When the directors and physicians left the engine, it returned to Suffolk for wood and water, propelling be-

fore it the coach in which they had come up. The night was dark, and a heavy rain falling, so that no look out could be kept on the road. When within about a hundred yards of the watering place, the coach and engine passed over Mr. James Woodward and Mr. Richard Oliver,—two citizens of the neighborhood, who were walking on the track,—and so mangled them that the former died immediately, and the latter was so badly injured that recovery was considered doubtful. This accident was wholly unavoidable—the engineer could not see, through the darkness, (having a large passenger coach before him,) that the unfortunate men were in his way; and they, by the same cause, together with the pattering of a heavy shower of rain falling at the time, were rendered unconscious of the approach of the train, until they were struck down.

“The day’s disasters are stated as follows:—four killed, thirteen severely, and twenty-five or thirty slightly wounded.”

On the 10th of December following, on the same rail-road, the train of cars, on its return from Halifax, met with another accident. The train consisted of a large number of passengers and several loads of produce. These last were put in the rear of the passenger-cars. In their progress they encountered the end of one of the iron rails, the spike or bolt of which had started, or the head rusted off, so that the end projected above the level of the road. It is stated that the inequality was so slight that the wheels would have readily passed over it, but it was caught by a strong iron fender, which travelled before the wheel, and bent up; and consequently the engine was thrown off the track. The headway of the passenger-cars being thus stopped, they were run into by the burden-cars, and ten persons injured, two of whom have since died.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAIL-ROAD, N. Y.

September 11, 1839.

On Wednesday noon, September 11, a most painful accident occurred on the Camden and Amboy rail-road, at the landing of the steamboat at the latter place. The locomotive came in with eight passenger cars containing over one hundred passengers, and, as usual, was detached from the cars, about one hundred rods back from the landing, and turned off upon another track. The brake-man then endeavored to stop the headway of the cars, but his brake was out of order, and he sprang to another car for the purpose of using a second brake, but by that time it was too late to stop a concussion, and the first of the cars came in contact with the baggage car, which was standing on the edge of the wharf, discharging its crates of baggage. The crash was tremendous, and the baggage cars, and two forward passenger-cars were utterly demolished and pushed upon the wheel-house of the steamboat Commerce, which was lying there to receive the passengers. The wheel-house was stove in and destroyed, though the wheel was but slightly injured, and the boat was not disabled.

It is impossible to describe the terror and dismay of the passengers, all of whom, most providentially, escaped with their lives, though two of the wounded are not expected to survive. The number of persons more or less injured by this accident, was about twelve, four of them dangerous. We subjoin the following list of the sufferers from an account published at the time :

"Calvin Burnell, of Northampton, Mass., dangerously injured.

"Richard Butler, of Paterson, N. J., cut across the thigh in a horrid manner, and his thigh broken in two places.

"William Chequer, of Washington city, D. C., one of his thighs broken and badly mangled, collar bone broken; he is not expected to recover.

"James Aiken, of Galloway, Ireland, but more recently of Manayunk, Pa., hip dislocated, thigh broken, head shockingly bruised, and serious internal injuries. It is supposed he cannot survive.

"James Tuller, of Skaneateles, N. Y., leg badly cut, and other injuries; and Charles Kaber of New Bedford, Mass., badly hurt.

"A little girl, about six years of age, whose name we could not learn, had the back of her head shockingly cut by a splinter at the time of the concussion. The brake-man had his ankle dislocated, and his head severely bruised.

"On the end of the dock were two posts, eighteen inches square, with hides stretched across to stop the baggage-car as it came up; these were snapped like pipe-stems, and carried away by the concussion, and had it not been for the fact that some rubbish got entangled in the wheels of the third passenger-car, there is no doubt the train would have pitched upon the steamboat in a confused mass of rubbish, so great was their headway. As the matter stands, six of the eight passenger-cars are a complete wreck, including the two mentioned as entirely demolished.

"At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, between thirty and forty of the passengers held a meeting, and after drafting a minute account of the accident for publication, passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That, in the opinion of this meeting, the proprietors and managers of the Camden and Amboy rail-road company were guilty of gross and unpardonable negligence in not furnishing more hands to superintend the brakes attached to the cars,—and that, in our opinion, the fatal disaster which happened by the concussion of the cars this day, would probably have been obviated, had there been a sufficient number of persons to superintend the same."

"During the meeting, several gentlemen spoke of the occurrence in a very feeling manner, expressing their thanks to a kind Providence for what they considered a most miraculous escape from violent death.

"It is proper here to add, that the rail-road at Amboy terminates in an inclined plane towards the river, and that the arrangements of the company in assigning to one man the task of breaking, or stopping the speed of the cars, (always near a dozen in number,) is a mode of trifling with the lives of passengers, unparalleled in its atrocity in the history of public conveyance.

"The wounded passengers were all brought to New York in the steamboat, and two of them taken to the hospital,—Richard Butler, of Paterson, and James Aiken. The latter gentleman was not expected to survive the night."

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAIL-ROAD.

June 19, 1836.

On the 29th of June, about twenty minutes before 1 o'clock, as a train of eleven cars, with about 300 passengers from New York, including about 120 United States seamen for the sloop of war Boston, was passing the cut near Mr. Guy Carleton's factory, Roxbury, where the rail-road crosses the Tremont road, it was met by a locomotive with a single merchandise car, for Dedham, which was going at a very rapid rate. The two locomotives came in contact with a terrible crash, and the two forward cars of the Providence train were shattered to pieces, and most of the passengers thrown out on either side, some of them to the distance of several yards.

"The seamen were in the two forward cars, their officers being in the second. Past midshipman Russ was severely bruised, and was taken from beneath the fragments of the cars. Eight of the seamen were also much hurt, and Mr. Wm. Trask, the fireman attached to the engine, had his leg broken below the knee, having jumped off, as it is said, before the engines came in contact. The wounded were conveyed to the Tremont hotel. The other passengers were thrown against each other and considerably bruised.

"The cars were so much shattered, that the engine of the Providence train backed up nearly to the third one, and it was with difficulty that pieces of the broken cars could be found, sufficiently large to form litters for those most seriously hurt. The locomotives were so firmly interlocked that iron bars were used to separate them.

"The blame of the accident is generally attributed to the engineer of the Providence train, who, it is said, must have been aware that a train for Dedham would leave the depot in Boston at noon.

"We have received the statement of the superintendent of the Providence rail-road, respecting the accident. It shows that the conductor of the Providence train was alone in fault; and he was promptly discharged from the service of the company. The superintendent gave the following statement of the injuries sustained from the accident:

"Lieut. Russ, who was supposed to have suffered very severely, I am happy to learn, is in no danger. Four others were severely wounded, three of whom were sailors, and one fireman; two of them having each a leg broken, one an arm, and the fourth a collar bone. Every attention has been paid to them, and I am happy to learn that they are all in a fair way of recovery."

From another source we gather the following remarks:—

"From all the circumstances as yet known to the public, it appears that the terrible accident which occurred on the Providence rail-road was the result of gross carelessness, or what is equally as bad, reckless daring. It seems that the engineer of the Providence train neglected to stop at the usual turn-out for the Dedham train to pass, *in the hope* that he might be able to reach the depot before the Dedham train started. This, however, is no excuse for his conduct—he knew very well the hour at which the Dedham train would start, and he had no right to *presume* that he could reach the depot before that hour. It was his duty to stop at the turn-out until the train had passed, and not risk the lives of three or four hundred passengers on his *presumptive ability* to perform an unusual trip. We think such accidents may always be avoided, if proper precautions are adopted—and in the absence of such precautions there can be no doubt that the proprietors of the road are liable, as common carriers, for all injuries received by passengers, whether of life, limb, or property. A full investigation of this accident is due to all parties concerned, and we trust that the public will not be satisfied without it. The superior manner in which all rail-roads and steamboats are managed in England, render passengers almost perfectly secure against the occurrence of such disasters. There is no reason why the same business should not be equally well managed here, and the same precaution adopted against an unnecessary exposure."

NEW JERSEY RAIL-ROAD,

August 16, 1837.

As the Orange train of cars was coming into Newark, August 16, one of the cars ran off the rails. Two gentlemen, Mr. Ward of Newark, and Mr. Crane of Orange, jumped out and were run over. Mr. Crane lived about two hours, but the other was killed instantly. They have both left families.

BOSTON AND WORCESTER RAIL-ROAD. *Mass.**June 21, 1837.*

As the train of dirt-cars on the Worcester rail-road had proceeded about two miles on their route to Worcester, one of the cars, loaded with shingles and lumber, broke down and threw off many persons who were on it. Mr. Oliver Everett was among the number, and received a large portion of the load upon him, and was seriously injured internally, and his head was much bruised; he was taken to the hospital. Two Irishmen, Dennis Conder and William Kervin, were thrown under the cars, and the wheel of one passed over Kervin's head, cutting off the upper part of it, and otherwise mutilating his body. Conder fell across the track, and the wheel, after passing half way over his body, held him, and he was dragged some distance before the cars were stopped. Both of the Irishmen were almost instantly killed. Mr. Gilman Barnes had his arm so mutilated, that amputation was found necessary.

BOSTON AND WORCESTER RAIL-ROAD, MASS.

April, 1839.

As the train of passenger cars on the Boston and Worcester rail-road was leaving Boston, at 7 o'clock on Saturday morning, April—, James F. Curtis, Esq., the superintendent of the road, took a seat in one of the cars, for the purpose of examining the effect upon the road of the heavy rain of the preceding night. As the train approached Washington street, Mr. Curtis's attention appears to have been attracted to something in the state of the road, which he wished to examine more particularly. For this purpose he suddenly put his head some distance out at the window, beckoning at the same time to the person in his view. At this instant the car reached the bridge, by which Washington street passes over the rail road, and he received a fatal blow on the back and side of his head, from one of the iron pillars which support the bridge between the two tracks of the rail-road. The train was immediately stopped, and he was taken from the car, and conveyed to his own house, in a state of insensibility. The most efficient and skillful surgical aid was afforded, with the least possible delay, but in about an hour after the accident he expired.

Mr. Curtis had made a most faithful, active and efficient officer of the rail-road, for more than four years, and under his direction and superintendence the system of transportation, both of passengers and freight, had been reduced to an admirable degree of regularity and precision.

CATSKILL AND CANAJOHAREE RAIL-ROAD.

May 3, 1840.

A melancholy disaster occurred on Monday, May 3, on the Catskill and Canajoharee rail-road, by the fall of a bridge in Durham, over which the rail-road passes. The whole train of five cars went down with the bridge, which was about fifteen feet high. The locomotive had reached the opposite bank, and remained firm. The crash was tremendous. Mr. Tyler, of Durham, who had jumped on merely for a ride, was instantly killed,—his body was taken out of the river a few rods below. A colored man, one of the hands employed, had both thighs broken, and one of his legs below the knee,—his recovery considered as very doubtful. Several others were severely wounded. The number of passengers was about forty. A large quantity of merchandize was tumbled into the river, which had been much swollen by late rains, and carried down the stream without the possibility of being saved.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAIL-ROAD, N. J.

March 2, 1836.

In a dense fog the lumber cars from Camden met the passenger cars about three miles above Burlington, on the 2d of March, when the locomotives came in contact, heads on, producing, as may well be imagined, a tremendous crash! The fog, it is said, shut the two trains from the view of each other until they were about four hundred yards apart. The lumber

cars were stopped, or nearly so, but the passenger cars came full on with retarded speed, it is true, but only so much as could be procured by a few yards of distance. The pause in the lumber cars, and the backward motion given to them by the action of the opposite train, together with the mounting up of both locomotives in front, like two dogs in a fight, and the baggage cars of the passenger train being thrown upon their rear with their fronts downward, saved all hands from consequences which cannot now be known. By these actions the cars with their passengers were saved from a tremendous crash. The engineers and firemen sprang off at the moment of the concussion and saved themselves. The passengers were electrified, and a bruise here and there betokened that a shock of no slight nature had occurred. The locomotives were broken into many pieces. The passengers speak of their rampant posture, as exhibiting a very singular appearance. Breast to breast, they seemed to be in deadly strife, under the impulse of deadly hate.

Some of the passengers footed it to Burlington, others were brought in sleighs—some remained at a farm house hard by, whilst others lingered about the ruins.

A despatch was sent to Camden, and another to Bordentown. By half past 5 o'clock, the train was brought to Burlington. At 6, it was in motion again, and at 7, all hands were landed in safety at Camden—whence, on the ice, some on foot, and some in boats pushed on the ice, they reached the city.

RAIL-ROAD AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

March 15, 1840.

From a gentleman who was present, we have learned the following particulars relative to the accident that occurred on the rail-road, at the celebration of its opening :—

“On Thursday, March 14, a celebration of the completion of our rail-road commenced. About four hundred persons went up to New Milford. On Friday, the company returned to Bridgeport, and a dinner was provided at the Sterling hotel. On the arrival of the cars, the brake-man mistook his duty, and allowed the cars, twelve or fourteen in number, to run full speed directly off the end of the track. A quantity of rubbish, and a great pile of steamboat wood, brought them up with a great concussion. Several of the cars were smashed. One of the brake-men had his thigh broken, and another was very badly injured. Mr. Peck, of Newtown, had a thigh broken, and one finger cut off. Mr. Kellogg, of Canaan, had a thigh, arm and wrist broken; and several others were more or less injured. Eight doctors were in attendance, who were occupied about four hours in dressing the wounds. None of the wounded are considered in a dangerous state. This disaster, of course, destroyed the hilarity of the occasion.”

COLUMBIA RAIL-ROAD, OHIO.*October 2, 1836.*

A most melancholy accident occurred on the Columbia rail-road, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 2. In

the forward passenger-car was a number of persons, among others Mrs. Gibson and family of Philadelphia, bound to Cincinnati. The axle of the car unfortunately broke, and let the body down upon the road, by which a large hole was forced through the car, and Mrs. Gibson and child, by some means were dragged through to the ground, and nearly the whole train passed over her body, crushing it in a most shocking manner, and leaving her a lifeless corpse—the child miraculously escaped death, although much bruised. A black man, who leaped from the car, was so much injured that it was believed that he could not survive. A gentleman had his arm broken, and was otherwise injured.

From a gentleman who was among the passengers, we have received the following particulars:—

“We arrived at Hollidaysburg about 12 o'clock, Thursday night. On Friday morning we took the cars to cross the Alleghany mountains,—the rail-road over the mountains is thirty-eight miles, including the inclined planes and levels; there are ten planes, five ascending and five descending, which are each little less than a quarter of a mile in length. The morning was very cold, being in the early part of October. There are three lines of boats on the route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, starting at the same time, which occasions some racing on the canal. We were fortunate in being beaten, by which another line, arriving first at the summit of the mountain, took the first train of cars on the seventh plane, at 6 o'clock in the morning. The descent is regulated by a stationary engine on the top of the plane; the cars are attached to a large rope which runs between the rails by smaller ones.

“When they had proceeded about one fourth part of the way down, one of the small ropes gave way, and the whole train ran like lightning to the foot of the plane, coming in contact with other cars which were

on the level below. One passenger-car and a baggage-car were stove to pieces,—trunks, boxes, &c., were strewn about as if an explosion of gunpowder had taken place. There were twenty or thirty persons wounded,—five or six were left in a small house at the side of the mountain. One of the sufferers was an old man, seventy years of age; another, about thirty years old, had made his will just before we arrived there; a young woman lay near with her head horribly cut and bruised, and near her her little girl lay insensible. I believe none of them had friends near. If we had been first at the mountain, we should probably have suffered the fate that befel them.

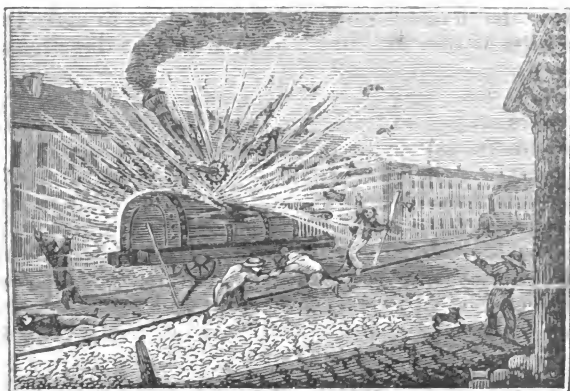
"No satisfactory account was given as to the occasion of the accident. I believe it was said that frost on the rails was the only reason that could be given. The cause must have been the carelessness of the conductors in attaching the smaller rope too slightly to the main one, which became loosened as soon as the weight of the train drew upon it. We arrived at Pittsburg at 9 o'clock in the evening, making, on the whole, rather a pleasant journey, although the travelling on the canal is tedious."

EXPLOSION ON THE HARLAEM RAIL-ROAD,
in the city of New York, July 4, 1839.

About 10 o'clock in the morning of July 4, the steam engine which comes into the city with the cars for Harlaem, ran off the track opposite Union Park.

The steam was already generated to excess, but, unfortunately, the engineer neglected to blow it off. It is also supposed that water had not been taken in properly at the stopping place.

When the engine had thus ran off the track, a number of the passengers, mostly mechanics, lent their services to get it on again. While thus surrounded, the boiler burst. The chief engineer was blown to pieces,—his legs went into Union Park, his arms on to a pile of lumber on the other side of the avenue, and his head was split in two parts. His abdomen was also burst, and his intestines scattered over the road.



Explosion of a locomotive on the Harlaem rail-road.

The assistant engineer had both his legs broken, and his head, face, and breast dreadfully scalded. He only lived a few moments. Another of the unfortunate persons employed, Philip W. Case, was dangerously wounded. The names of the other victims were Johnson and Spencer, and Roderick Matheson, the latter being severely scalded on his legs, and his face dreadfully lacerated by pebbles and sand being blown into it. Besides these there were fifteen or sixteen other persons wounded or scalded. The fragments of the boiler were thrown in every direc-

tion, and the machinery of the engine was entirely destroyed.

Immediately after the accident there was observed a disposition on the part of a number of Irishmen, who were under the influence of liquor, to create a riot; some were for marching in a body to destroy the depots of the company. Others insisted that the cars should be prevented from passing over the spot, and actually laid hold of the horses to carry out their purpose. Every thing, in fact, that could be done, was done by a number of disorderly persons to make the results of this lamentable affair still more disastrous.

The foregoing particulars were extracted from the papers of the day. From other sources of the like nature we gather the following additional account:

"We cannot refrain, in this place, from awarding to Alderman Tieman the highest praise. But for his coolness, forbearance, judgment, and firmness, it is probable that a very serious riot would have occurred. So unreasonable a set of men we never before saw collected. Rum and excitement had destroyed the little self command the low Irish at any time possess.

"From a passenger we are sorry to learn that the persons killed were both in a state of intoxication, and that by the most common prudence all this might have been averted. It is even supposed that the engine was thrown off the track for a frolick. Surely this ought to be lesson to the company, and compel them to employ trustworthy men, in offices where not only the limbs, but the lives of our fellow citizens are at stake, as well as the peace of the city placed in jeopardy.

"In relation to the accident on the Harlaem railroad, the following are authentic particulars:—

"1st. The locomotive engine was in charge of Mr. Spencer, one of the oldest and most experienced en-

gineers in the country, who has been employed on the Long Island and other rail-roads, as engineer, for many years and was thoroughly acquainted with the use of the locomotive engine.

"2d. The locomotive had brought up a train of cars from Harlaem for the city, which was taken by the horses to the city hall and Walker street ; and, after they had gone forward, the locomotive was crossing the switch to prepare to receive the return line of cars, so that it was quite alone, and wholly disconnected with the cars at the time it ran off the track.

"3d. As soon as the locomotive was off the track, Mr. Whigham, the superintendent of the company, and several others in the employ of the company, set immediately at work to replace it upon the track. During this time the engineer was upon the engine, and constantly blowing off the steam. It had been stationary for about twenty minutes, while the men were at work to replace it, the superintendent giving repeated instructions to the engineer to take care of his steam ; he was answered by Mr. Spencer that he was doing so ; and he was constantly blowing off the steam. At this time the train of cars was approaching the spot from the city, as also the train from Harlaem, and when the engine blew up, both trains were in sight ; but fortunately so far distant as to escape any injury.

"4th. At the instant it blew up, Mr. Whigham and one of the collectors of the company were stooping down to place a stone under the frame, so as to get a lever by which to raise the engine about an inch higher, to get the wheels upon the track, and they both escaped with very slight injury, as the whole blew over their heads, while it killed Mr. Spencer the engineer, and his brother-in-law—the only two persons who were killed on the spot. Five others were severely wounded by the fragments, and one of

the collectors of the company scalded from head to foot.

"The limit by the corporation for the locomotive to come into the city, is at 14th street. It is only on the gala day of the fourth of July, that the engine comes below 32d street; the horses of the company on that day being insufficient to accommodate the public, and it was solely to grant the greatest facility to the public, that the locomotive was brought to 15th street."

This, if we recollect aright, is the first explosion of the boiler of a locomotive, by which human life has been sacrificed.

The modern construction of locomotive tubular boilers, has rendered them liable to explosion only by gross mismanagement, and even in case of accident, the explosion is generally only a partial one of a tube, or flue, so that no serious evil is to be anticipated. The wretched men whose recklessness produced this horrible catastrophe, have been victims to their own fault, and were sent to their account. But what shall atone for the agony caused to the families and friends of the innocent sufferers?

PHILADELPHIA AND GERMANTOWN RAIL-ROAD.

Upon the Philadelphia, Norristown, and Germantown rail-road, there have been three persons killed, since its commencement in 1832; two of them lost their lives by attempting to enter the cars when they were in motion. The third was run over by the engine in attempting to cross the road in a wagon when the engine was approaching, and himself and horse killed.

BOSTON AND WORCESTER RAIL-ROAD.

November 30, 1839.

A distressing accident occurred on the Boston and Worcester railroad, at Framingham, on Saturday, Nov. 30, the particulars of which are thus given in a letter from the agent of the corporation.

Framingham, Nov. 30, 1839.

"I am grieved to say that our gravel train, in coming into the depot this forenoon, ran over Mr. Aaron Pratt, a worthy citizen of this village. Four of the cars passed over his body and he was instantly killed. Mr. Pratt was 75 years old, and very deaf. The train was moving slowly, and within two hundred feet of its stopping place. The engine-man noticed him, but supposed he would step out of the way in season to preserve himself from danger. When that became doubtful, the brake was applied, the engine being previously reversed, and every effort made to stop the cars, and to alarm the man ; but he did not hear or notice the train until it was nearly upon him, and then, in his effort to escape, he fell across the rail."

Another account says,—He was standing between the rails, near the depot, watching apparently a man sawing wood, and being deaf, he heard not the rapidly approaching train ; he was however called to by several persons, but instead of turning his eyes towards the train, he turned in the opposite direction, and the next moment it was upon him,—he was thrown across the rail, and several of the heavily laden cars passed over his body, cutting him almost completely through. Some of the cars were thrown from the track, and two of them broken to pieces."

PHILADELPHIA AND COLUMBIA RAIL-ROAD.

The locomotives in use upon this rail-road have collapsed their flues a number of times, though without doing any damage. Accidents to passengers have frequently occurred. In one instance, upon this road, there were three persons killed by the breaking of an axle of one of the cars, which was caused by the rapid rate at which they were then running. Other accidents have happened to persons from want of care and attention on the part of themselves and the engineers, of which we have not been able to learn the particulars.

WESTERN RAIL-ROAD.

January 17, 1840.

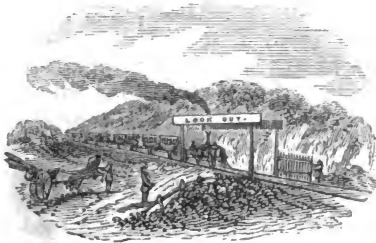
As the train of passenger cars, from Worcester to Springfield, left the West Brookfield depot, Jan. 17, they came in contact with Mr. Hale Young, of North Brookfield, who was driving his horse, attached to a sleigh, at the crossing of the roads about a mile from the depot. Mr. Young was instantly killed, his sleigh dashed in pieces, and his horse so badly injured that it was found necessary to kill him, although he ran on the rail-road to the West Brookfield depot after the accident.

The circumstances are briefly these:—"The two roads run quite near each other, for a considerable distance, before and after crossing. Mr. Young was going towards Warren, and, just as he came to the crossing, he was about to meet a party of twelve or thirteen sleighs from that place. He turned to the

right, directly on the track of the rail-road, between two banks of snow, and then stopped. The next moment the cars were upon him, although the bell was ringing, the conductors shouting, and the engine reversed. His face was muffled up, and he did not appear to hear any of the alarms.

"The train soon stopped, and the conductors and many of the passengers came back to the spot, where they found Mr. Young on the track, his brains literally dashed out—probably done by one or more of wheels passing over the back part of his head. No blame is attached to any of the persons having the management of the train, as, from the moment he appeared on the track, every available method was resorted to to warn him of his danger, and also to stop the train.

"The notice over the crossing cannot be made too public, 'Look out for the engine while the bell rings.'"



We select the following notice of a newly invented improvement with regard to safety in rail-road travelling.

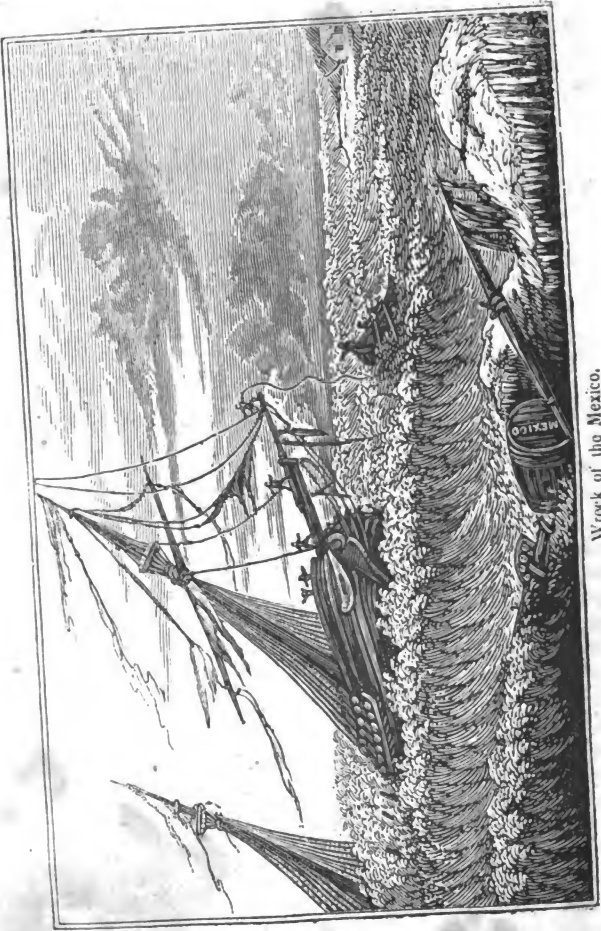
"We had the pleasure, recently, to examine the model of a patent 'band and pulley brake,' intended to be applied to the stopping of a train of cars, while in rapid motion, whenever it may become necessary to do so, upon any sudden and unexpected emergency. This brake is the invention of Mr. George S. Griggs, of Roxbury, master machinist, attached to the Boston and Providence rail-road. Mr. Griggs had long seen the great and increasing necessity for some certain method of stopping a train of cars in the shortest time possible, without giving a shock. Being a naturally inventive genius, he resolutely applied himself to the task, and has lately succeeded in realizing his most sanguine hopes, by producing an apparatus, which effectually secures the object in view; and, in a manner so simple, that the merest child may understand and manage it. It can be affixed to the cars now in use at an expense not exceeding *twenty-five dollars*, and may be either left to the care of the several brakemen upon the train, or by a leading rope, it may be placed under the control of the engineer, who, by throwing the machinery into gear, may oftentimes *stop the train before a signal of danger could be passed to the brakemen!* This brake being attached to and operated by the movement of the cars, it necessarily follows that the more rapid the motion of the train, the quicker the brake will be brought to bear, and consequently the sooner the train will be stopped.

"We are not informed that the discovery has been adopted by any other than the Boston and Worcester rail-road. The penurious plea of a trifling expense for the patent and fixtures should not be suffered to keep it from general use. The public can witness its operation upon the Worcester road, and will soon demand its general application. It doubtless *will* do

so through its legislative powers. We subjoin the following particulars of a trial upon the Worcester road, where its utility was fully and faithfully tested, from Mr. Parker, the accomplished and skilful engineer upon that road, and one well calculated to judge of the merits of this improvement.

“ One of the greatest dangers in rail-road travelling, as is well known, arises from the difficulty of suddenly stopping the train of cars when in rapid motion, in case of danger being descried ahead. It is accordingly provided by a law of Massachusetts, that every passenger train shall be attended by a certain number of brake-men. But brake-men, however great their number, give but an imperfect security, since, when the signal is given, their attention may be wandering, so that they will not instantaneously apply their whole force to the brakes; or, what is still worse, if they apprehend that the train cannot be stopped in time, they are liable, and very naturally so, to consult their own safety by jumping off; and this they are apt to do in a panic, even though the danger by so doing is greater than in remaining at their post. Some certain method of stopping the train in the shortest time possible, without giving a shock, and in a way that might be always relied upon, has been a great desideratum in this species of travelling and transportation. This has been finally attained in Mr. Grigg’s band and pulley brake, which has been in occasional use for four months past on the Boston and Worcester rail-road, and its operation satisfactorily tested. The superintendent of that road, for the purpose of testing the operation of this brake, soon after it was introduced upon the road, made an experiment with it on a freight train of sixteen cars, on a descent of thirty feet to the mile, moving at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and found that two sets of brakes of this description, applied to one double car, ‘so forcibly and easily checked the train, in going a little more than its

length, that he was satisfied two double cars, so provided, both of which would be under the command of one man, would have prevented any collision of this train that could threaten it under any circumstances, with an obstacle on the track.' The brake can be instantly put in gear to stop the train, the moment the danger is discovered, or the signal is given. It is cheaply constructed, and can be applied at small expense to the cars now in use; and, as the power of one brake is estimated to be equivalent to at least six brake-men, the use of it, besides the safety thereby secured, is of material importance in point of economy; since a single brake-man can thereby have a complete command of the longest train of cars. Having witnessed the operation of this brake, and also understanding its character from those who have tried it, it is considered due, both to the inventor and the public, to give this short account of it."



Wreck of the Mexico.

SHIPWRECKS, AND OTHER DISASTERS AT SEA.

WRECK OF THE BARQUE MEXICO,
*on Hampstead Beach, Long Island, January 2,
1837,—by which melancholy occurrence, one
hundred and eight lives were lost.*

The barque Mexico, Capt. Winslow, sailed from Liverpool on the 25th of October 1836, having on board a crew of twelve men and one hundred and four passengers—in all, one hundred and sixteen souls. She made the Highland Lights on Saturday night, December 31, at 11 o'clock, and on Sunday morning was off the bar, with thirty or more square rigged vessels—all having signals flying for pilots, but not a pilot was there in sight. The Mexico continued standing off and on the Hook till midnight, and at dark she and the whole fleet of ships displayed lanterns from their yards, for pilots. Still no pilot came. At midnight the wind increased to a violent gale from the north-west,—the barque was no longer able to hold to windward, and was blown off a distance of some fifty miles. At this time, six of the crew were badly frost-bitten, and the captain, mate, and two

seamen were all that were left able to hand and reef the sails. On Monday morning, at 11 o'clock, standing in shore, they made the southern end of the Woodlands, when she was wore round and headed to the north under a close reefed main-topsail, reefed foresail, two reefed trysail and fore-staysail. At 4 o'clock the next morning, the mate took a cast of the lead and reported to Capt. Winslow that he had fifteen fathoms water. Supposing from the soundings, as laid down on the chart, that with this depth of water, he could still stand on two hours with safety—the captain gave orders to that effect, and was the more induced to do it, as the crew were in so disabled a state, and the weather so intensely cold, that it was impossible for any one to remain on deck longer than half an hour at a time. The event has shown that the information given by the mate, as to the depth of water, was incorrect; his error probably arising from the lead line being frozen stiff at the time it was cast.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, the ship struck the bottom, twenty miles east of Sandy Hook, at Hempstead Beach, and not more than a cable's length from the shore. The scene that ensued on board, we leave to the reader's imagination. For one hour and three quarters she continued thumping heavily, without making any water, the sea, however, breaking continually over her. Her rudder was now knocked off, and the captain ordered the mainmast cut away. The boats were then cleared, the long-boat hoisted out, and veered away under her bows with a stout hawser, for the purpose of filling it with passengers, letting it drift within the reach of the people who crowded the beach, then hauling her back again, and thus saving the unfortunate people on board; but this intention was frustrated by the parting of the hawser, which snapped like a thread as soon as the boat was exposed to the heaving surf. The yawl was next got alongside, and stove to pieces almost instantly.

At 7 o'clock the same morning, the ship bilged and filled with water. Orders followed from the captain to cut away the foremast, and that every soul on board should come on deck. In inexpressible agony they thus remained until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a boat was launched from the beach, and succeeded in getting under the bowsprit of the wreck. This boat took off Capt. Winslow and seven men, and succeeded in reaching the shore with them in safety. The attempt, however, was attended with such imminent danger, that none could be induced to repeat it. And now, the horrors of the scene were indescribable. Already had the sufferings of the unhappy beings been such as to surpass belief. From the moment of the disaster, they had hung round the captain, covered with their blankets, thick set with ice, imploring his assistance, and asking if hope was still left for them. When they perceived that no further help came from the land, their piercing shrieks were distinctly heard at a considerable distance, and continued through the night, until they one by one perished. The next morning the bodies of many of the unhappy creatures were seen lashed to different parts of the wreck, imbedded in ice. None, it is believed, were drowned, but all frozen to death. Of the one hundred and four passengers, two thirds were women and children.

It is but justice to the people on shore to say, that every thing was done to save the unfortunates, that their means permitted. The only boat which boarded the vessel was hauled at a distance of ten miles, and was manned by a old man and six others, four or five of whom were the old man's sons and grandsons. For thirty-five years has he been living on the seashore, during which time, he has rendered assistance to numerous wrecks, and never before has he or his comrades shrunk from the surf; but, in addition to its violence on the present occasion, such

was the extreme cold, that a second attempt to rescue was more than they dared venture—it would inevitably have proved fatal to them.

Every thing of detail connected with the Mexico, and the frightful loss of lives upon our coast, is not without its melancholy interest, and, therefore, we publish the minutest account we have yet seen, furnished from the best authority.

We extract the following from the minutes of Amos Gore, one of the district marshals of New York :—

“January 8, 1837, arrived at the wreck of the Mexico. She had left Liverpool with 112 passengers, and crew consisting of Capt. Winslow, his mate and nine persons, and the lad Broom, brother to the merchant. Left Liverpool on the 22d of October, 1836—was wrecked on the 2d of January, 1837. Was boarded by Raynor R. Smith, his two sons and four others, in all seven persons, about 2 o'clock, P. M. When Smith first saw the barque ashore, his boat was aground, and he immediately got help to launch her ; she was about two miles from the beach—he then proceeded to board the Mexico, and after three attempts, he succeeded in catching a small chain which hung from the ends of her bowsprit, and desired the passengers to come on the flying jib-boom to get in the boat. The cook was the first who obeyed the command, and fell in the boat followed by one of the sailors ; another attempted to do so, and was thrown on one side into the water, and immediately sunk out of sight. One other person falling into the boat on her gunnel, caused Smith to loose his hold, and in a moment his boat was carried by the surf about twenty feet, where they discovered a man struggling ; he was seized by Zopher Smith and dragged into the boat. The father was then entreated by the sons not to return. At that moment Capt. Winslow hailed the

boat, and the elder Smith insisted on returning, saying, 'If we get the captain, he will be able to tell the story.' They consented, and after three desperate attempts he succeeded in catching the same chain. The captain then came on the bowsprit, leading the lad Broom, and he threw Broom into the boat on to the gunnel, at which time the other persons, making in all eight, got into the boat. The whole number of bodies found was forty-six,—three of whom were carried to New York. The remainder of the bodies were taken up to Lott's tavern, about five miles from the beach, and buried on the Wednesday succeeding the disaster."

The following is a list of the passengers, from the custom-house passenger list; arranged in alphabetical order:—

Thomas Anderton,	Patrick Devine,
Ellen Anderton,	Bridget Devine,
Joseph Arford,	Owen Durilla,
Margaret Barret,	Mary Dulaney,
Joseph Barret,	Thomas Dryer,
Joseph Brooks,	Charles Dolan,
John Blanchard,	William Evans,
Isabella Ballentine,	Margaret Evans,
Bridget Brenman,	George Evans,
Terence Burns,	William Evans,
William Babington,	Margaret Evans,
Samuel Blackburn,	John Evans,
Samuel Blackburn,	James Ellsworth,
Andrew Boyd,	Martha Ellsworth,
Catherine Collier,	Thomas Ellis,
Myers Carpenter,	Bridget Farrel,
Margaret Carpenter,	Catherine Gallagan,
Mary Carpenter,	John Hays,
Mary Carpenter,	Mary Hays,
Margaret Dolen,	Joanna Hays,
Bernard Devine,	John Hays,

James Handlen,
 Mary Higgins,
 John Harnden,
 Rose Hughes,
 Thomas Hope,
 Mary Hope,
 William Hope,
 Frederick Hope,
 Thomas Hope,
 Henry Hope,
 John Irvin,
 William Irvin,
 Charles Irvin,
 Lewis Irvin,
 Hannah Irvin,
 Bridget Kerr,
 Maria Kerr,
 Elizabeth Lawrence,
 James Lawrence,
 Catherine Lawrence,
 John Leonard,
 Matthew Martin,
 Bartholomew McGlenn,
 Sally McGuire,
 Mary Metcalf,
 Barbara Metcalf,
 Harriet Metcalf,
 Elizabeth Metcalf,
 Emanuel Metcalf,
 Mary McCaffey,
 Martha Mooney,
 Thomas Mulrue,
 Thomas Mulligan,
 Michael Murray,
 Ellen Nolan,

Richard Owens,
 William Pepper,
 Judith Pepper,
 Joseph Pepper,
 William Pepper,
 Rebecca Pepper,
 David Pepper,
 Miriam Pepper,
 John Pepper,
 Peter Rice,
 John Reily,
 William Robertson,
 Catherine Ross,
 Edward Smith,
 Mary Smith,
 Elizabeth Smith,
 Robert Smith,
 William Smith,
 John Sullivan,
 Bridget Sullivan,
 James Thompson,
 Lydia Thompson,
 David Thompson,
 Eleanor Tieruly,
 John Wilson,
 Mary Wilson,
 James Wilson,
 Elizabeth Wilson,
 Thomas Wilson,
 Margaret Wilson,
 John Wood,
 John Write,
 Bridget Write,
 Nicholas Write,
 Catherine Write,

The following extract of a letter, written by a gentleman in New York to a friend, gives an affecting

description of the appearance, after death, of the unfortunate individuals who perished in the Mexico.

"On reaching Hempstead, I concluded to go somewhat off the road, to look at the place where the ship Mexico was cast away. In half an hour, we came to Lott's tavern, some four or five miles this side of the beach, where the ship lay; and there, in his barn, had been deposited the bodies of the ill-fated passengers, which had been thrown upon the shore. I went out to the barn. The doors were open, and such a scene as presented itself to my view, I certainly never could have contemplated. It was a dreadful, a frightful scene of horror.

"Forty or fifty bodies, of all ages and sexes, were lying promiscuously before me over the floor, all frozen, and as solid as marble—and all, except a few, in the very dresses in which they perished. Some with their hands clenched, as if for warmth, and almost every one, with an arm crooked and bent, as it would be, in clinging to the rigging.

"There were scattered about among the number, four or five beautiful little girls, from six to sixteen years of age, their cheeks and lips as red as roses, with their calm blue eyes open, looking you in the face, as if they would speak. I could hardly realize that they were dead. I touched their cheeks, and they were frozen as hard and as solid as a rock, and not the least indentation could be made by any pressure of the hand. I could perceive a resemblance to each other, and supposed them to be the daughters of a passenger named Pepper, who perished, together with his wife and all the family.

"On the arms of some, were seen the impressions of the rope which they had clung to—the mark of the twist deeply sunk into the flesh. I saw one poor negro sailor, a tall man, with his head thrown back, his lips parted, and his now sightless eye-balls turned upwards, and his arms crossed over his breast, as if

implored heaven for aid. This poor fellow evidently had frozen while in the act of fervent prayer.

"One female had a rope tied to her leg, which had bound her to the rigging; and another little fellow had been crying, and was thus frozen, with the muscles of the face just as we see children when crying. There were a brother and a sister dashed upon the beach, locked in each other's arms; but they had been separated in the barn. All the men had their lips firmly compressed together, and with the most agonizing expression on their countenances I ever beheld.

"One little girl had raised herself on tiptoe, and thus was frozen, just in that position. It was an awful sight; and such a picture of horror was before me, that I became unconsciously fixed to the spot, and found myself trying to suppress my ordinary breathing, lest I should disturb the repose of those around me. I was aroused from the reverie by the entrance of a man—a coroner.

"As I was about to leave, my attention became directed to a girl, who I afterwards learned, had come that morning from the city to search for her sister. She had sent for her to come over from England, and had received intelligence that she was in this ship. She came into the barn, and the second body she cast her eyes upon, was hers. She gave way to such a burst of impassioned grief and anguish, that I could not behold her without sharing in her feelings. She threw herself upon the cold and icy face and neck of the lifeless body, and thus, with her arms around her, remained wailing, mourning, and sobbing, till I came away; and when some distance off, I could hear her calling her by name, in the most frantic manner.

"So little time, it appears, had they to prepare for their fate, that I perceived a bunch of keys, and a half eaten cake, fall from the bosom of a girl whom the coroner was removing. The cake appeared as if part of it had just been bitten, and hastily thrust into

her bosom, and round her neck was a ribbon, with a pair of scissors.

"And to observe the stout, rugged sailors, too, whose iron frames could endure so much hardship—here they lay, masses of ice. Such scenes show us, indeed, how powerless and feeble are all human efforts, when contending against the storms and tempests, which sweep with resistless violence over the face of the deep. And yet the vessel was so near the shore, that the shrieks and moans of the poor creatures were heard through that bitter, dreadful night, till towards morning, when the last groan died away, and all was hushed in death, and the murmur of the raging billows was all the sound that then met the ear."

WRECK OF THE BRIG REGULATOR,
in the outer harbor of Plymouth, February 5, 1836,
by which five lives were lost.

The following account respecting the loss of the brig REGULATOR, of Boston, Capt. Phelps, is extracted from the statement of the captain; it shows the condition of the brig from the time she made Plymouth light-house till she was wrecked in the outer harbor:

"On the 3d of February, the wind E. N. E., with snow, judged the vessel to be in latitude of Cape Ann, and steered accordingly, wind strong from N. the vessel and rigging so covered with ice, that with the weakened crew it was impossible to work the brig; hoisted a signal of distress, and bore away for Plymouth. A signal was made from the light-house for us to run in; we did so, steering the brig with the

braces, the rudder being choked with ice; ran it as far as possible and let go the anchors in three fathoms water, the vessel striking heavily between the swells. At 8 o'clock, P. M., the flood making, the vessel lay afloat and easy till 5 next morning; when the swell increasing, she began to strike heavily. As the brig made no water during the night, we had hopes of assistance from the shore by day-light to help us change our berth. About 7, the vessel drifting towards the breakers, cut away the foremast, which took with it the main topmast and main yard. The vessel was now in the breakers, and the sea making a complete breach over every part of her.—The long boat was washed overboard, and lay under the lee with a hawser fast to it and full of water. Slipped both cables and lightened the vessel as much as possible. At half past 8 o'clock, cabin and forecabin full of water and the vessel fast breaking up, three men, (Geo. Dryden, an Englishman, Daniel Canton of New York, and Augustus Tileston, of Vermont,) threw themselves into the long boat and cut her adrift; she capsized in the breakers about fifty yards under our lee. John Smith a Swede, and a Greek boy of Smyrna, were buried under the fragments of the wreck, and perished there. The mainmast was still standing, the top and mast head were gone, but the rigging was firm, and to that we now retreated, every sea drenching us, and our clothes freezing upon us. Here we remained until all were more or less frozen, and the cargo washing out aft. The remnant of her providentially drifted near the edge of the breakers, and we were taken off by the boats of brig *Cervantes*, Capt. Kendrick, the crew of which were anxious observers of our perilous situation, at the distance of one third of a mile, all the morning, without being able to render the least assistance, as the sea broke over and around us so that no boat could approach and live. At the imminent peril of their lives

they rescued us. Another hour on the wreck and human aid would have been unavailing."

The crew of the *Cervantes* were FIVE HOURS in their boats, endeavoring to rescue the *Regulator's* crew. The consciousness that these noble fellows were thus striving, animated the sufferers to continued exertions; otherwise they would have speedily sunk under their calamities.

The gratitude of the survivors of the ill-fated brig *Regulator* towards those who had nobly rescued them at the peril of their lives, was thus expressed in a card published a few days after:—

"A Card.—William D. Phelps, for himself and in behalf of the officers and surviving crew of the late brig *Regulator*, return their grateful and heartfelt thanks to Capt. Kendrick, officers, crew, and passengers of the brig *Cervantes*, for their perilous and successful exertions in rescuing them from a watery grave; and for the untiring and persevering benevolence and kindness exhibited by every person on board the *Cervantes*, in ministering to our wants while on board that vessel.

"Language is incapable of expressing the feelings of our hearts towards them.

"Actuated by the noblest motives, their efforts were crowned with success; and their reward is, in the consciousness of having preserved from distressing shipwreck, six of their fellow-creatures.

"Boston, Feb. 11, 1836."

The following is extracted from a sermon occasioned by the loss of the brig *Regulator*, in Plymouth harbor, by Rev. James Kendall, D. D.

"The dangers of the sea are increased, and the hardships of our seamen greatly multiplied, when, to the ordinary dangers arising from winds, and storms, and tempests, is added the inclemency of a wintry at-

mosphere—the extremity of cold—and an ice-bound coast. These circumstances, in a climate like ours, often render a seaman's life most perilous and distressing. They are such as sometimes to paralyze all exertion—to mock the skill and daring of the most experienced navigator—to disarm the boldest and hardiest sailor of his energy, his resoluteness, and his courage—and, in the moment of exhaustion and with a desponding heart, to compel him to say, at least within himself—‘All hope that we can be saved is now taken away.’

“Next to the anxiety and distress, occasioned by such exposure, is the extreme solicitude—the heart-rending concern—that is felt, at witnessing our fellow-beings—perhaps, our relatives and friends—in the most perilous condition, surrounded by danger and death—every thing breaking up beneath them—and every thing above and around them falling and crashing, and, it may be, burying them in the ruins, or forcing them to retreat and cling, stiffened with frost, to the shattered shrouds, or to lash themselves to some fragment of the wreck, that may yet, perhaps, be destined to float upon the swelling surge—without the possibility, but at the peril of life, of affording them relief, or rescuing them from threatening destruction. Such a scene, my friends, has recently been presented to your eye—and which you were destined to witness from your quiet homes, surrounded by all the comforts and endearments of social and domestic life. But what was impossible for you to do, was possible with God. He in his great mercy had provided the means of deliverance and preservation for, at least, a portion of these shipwrecked mariners, through the instrumentality of human efforts and human daring. Some bold and fearless spirits, urged on by strong sympathy for their suffering brethren, and at the hazard of their lives, launched into the deep amidst masses of ice, and a rolling sea,

and threatening breakers;—and, tossed by a wind fierce as Euroclydon, they followed up their efforts for five successive hours, undismayed by the obstacles and dangers which they had to encounter, until at a particular moment, and the only moment, perhaps, that relief could have been given, they were able to extend a helping hand to their perishing brethren—and to rescue them from imminent peril and a watery grave. There was no Paul at hand to warn the unfortunate men, who perished, of the consequences of leaving the ship, and trusting to the boat. And, if there had been, without the vision of an angel, he might have been in doubt, under such circumstances, which of these fearful alternatives to have chosen. This sad and disastrous event, which has resulted in the sudden and distressing death of five of our fellow-beings—in such a total loss of property—alleviated, indeed, by the almost miraculous preservation of the six surviving men—ought not, it seems to me, to pass without some suitable notice—some serious reflections—some moral and religious improvement.

“I am sure, there is no class of our fellow-men, who have more frequent opportunities to witness the manifestation of the divine power and goodness in the preservation of their lives, than our sea-faring brethren. None are oftener exposed to trials and perils. And none have more need of religious principle—of faith in God—to sustain and encourage them in seasons of emergency, toil, and suffering—and in the prospect of instant and overwhelming destruction. That mind must have little faith, if it be not exceedingly thoughtless and skeptical, not to have seen, in the recent shipwreck on our coast, a remarkable concurrence of circumstances, which strongly marked the immediate interposition of Providence—and resulted in the rescue of half a dozen human beings from the most perilous condition. There was a brig providentially at hand—forced into the harbor by the

same adverse circumstances—and the only vessel, from which any assistance could be expected or given—well provided with boats and men—sound, healthy, experienced seamen—who were not to be disheartened nor discouraged by ordinary difficulties, or turned back by common dangers. There was also, as stated by eye-witnesses, a momentary abatement of the wind, and lulling of the sea, which afforded an opportunity, and the only one, for approaching the anxious sufferers. Besides, there was, at the same instant, a swinging round of a fragment of the deck, on which these perishing men were lashed—and the only remaining fragment, that now buoyed them up from a watery grave. And this fragment of the wreck was brought round to the outer edge of breakers—the only point from which the shipwrecked mariners could be taken—at the particular juncture of the toiling, struggling boats' access to them. All these circumstances combined to render this perilous attempt to save these unfortunate men successful; while the absence of one of these circumstances, it is obvious, would have been fatal to the enterprise—and all must have perished. Who does not see the hand of God distinctly moving in this wonderful arrangement of coincidences, and in bringing them all to bear, at the favorable moment, upon the same successful and happy result—the deliverance and preservation, to their families, their friends, and their country, of six valuable citizens? Will not these happy men, thus rescued from the overwhelming surge, with humble, grateful hearts, ascribe their preservation to a merciful Providence? In looking back upon the dangers from which they have escaped, are they not ready to say—'God provided help for us, and sent to preserve us—and hath saved us by a great deliverance?' "

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER ISABELLA,
which foundered at sea in a gale, November 1, 1837.

We copy the following account as published at the time, purporting to be gathered from the statement of the only survivor :

"The schooner Forrest, Capt. Davis, which arrived at New York Nov. 10, fell in, on the 4th inst., with the wreck of the schooner ISABELLA, on which they found but one person living, whom they took off, Mr. James Henderson; of the Isle of Haut, Me. The substance of Mr. Henderson's statement is as follows :—

"He sailed from New York on the 25th of October, for Wilmington, N. C. in the schooner Isabella, Capt. Samuel Turner, of the Isle of Haut, having on board Mr. Snow of Bucksport, and Charles Lewis, or Nealer, of Camden, cook, and a lad fifteen years old. On the 4th day out, hove to under a close reefed foresail, it blowing a gale with snow, hail and rain; on the third night after they had hove to, the sixth day out, then in the gulf stream, shipped two tremendous seas, which capsized the schooner; at the time all on board were in the cabin. About an hour after, both masts broke off by the deck, when she righted, and Capt. Turner, Mr. Snow and himself succeeded in lashing themselves on the quarter deck. The cook was drowned in the cabin; Mr. Snow was washed off fifteen minutes after and was drowned; half an hour more, the Captain was also washed off and drowned. The gale continued twenty-four hours after they were capsized, and Mr. Henderson expected every minute to be washed off. The sea ran mountains high; and he could only catch his breath between the waves as they rolled over him. There was but ten feet of the

quarter deck out of water. He had nothing to eat or drink the seven days he was on the wreck but a handful of hay.

"On the first morning after the accident he saw a brig pass about eight miles from the wreck. On the second day, saw a foretopsail schooner four miles off. On the third day nothing. On the fourth, saw two fore and aft schooners, four miles distant. On the fifth, about 2 o'clock, P. M. saw a barque, which run down upon the wreck before the wind; the sea smooth with a four knot breeze; unlashd himself, and expected she intended to run so near that he could get on board; but when she came within three or four yards, she hauled up on the wind and left him. There were ten men, aft, looking at him. He had a handkerchief, tied to a board, which he waved to them; he also hailed her, for they were within hearing, but to no purpose. She was so near that he could see the hoops on the buckets a man was painting on the round house. He took her to be a British barque, with but little or no cargo in. Saw nothing on the sixth; that day he found a little hay which he ate, it being the first food since he was on the wreck. On the seventh day at 2 o'clock, P. M., he was taken off by Capt. Davis, of the schooner Forrest, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and gave him his own bed to sleep on.

"The conduct of the officers of the vessel which passed the wreck sufficiently near to know that succor was needed, and human life at stake, cannot be too severely execrated; and were their names but known and published, we doubt not the indignant scorn of all classes, of whatever nation, would teach them the humanity of which their own hearts would seem to have been entirely bereft."

WRECK OF THE BRIG TRIO,
on Deer Island, in Boston harbor, February
20, 1837.

The brig TRIO, Capt. John Humphrey, sixty-three days from Havana for Boston, went ashore on Deer Island on Friday morning, Feb. 20. She had on board a large cargo of molasses, which was totally lost, as, shortly after stranding, the vessel went to pieces. The captain and second mate were drowned; the rest got safe ashore.

We give the following additional particulars:—The brig Trio made Boston Light on Thursday evening, when soon after there came a thick snow storm, and the crew being exhausted, Capt. Humphrey felt obliged to stand in; at 10 o'clock she struck on Fawn Bar, knocked off her rudder, and beat over. Both anchors were then let go; but she dragged them, and about 12 o'clock she struck on Deer Island; the sea breaking over her, the crew lashed themselves to the wreck. She went entirely to pieces about 7 or 8 o'clock on Friday morning. The mate states that he was thrown ashore on a piece of the wreck, how, he knows not; he saw the second mate throw himself into the water with the intention of swimming ashore, but the current took him under the wreck, and he disappeared. The last he saw of the captain, who was his father, he was hanging in the rudder-hole, where he had undoubtedly fallen, and being unable to extricate himself, was supposed to have perished in that situation.

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER MARY,
of Richmond, Va., near New York, September 14,
1837.

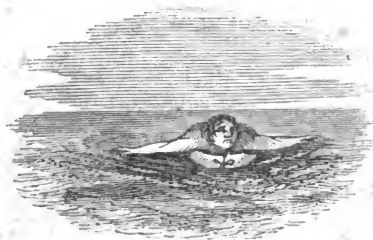
The following account of the loss of the schooner MARY, was communicated by James Dow, one of the crew, and the only survivor of those who were on board the ill-fated vessel.—

“The schooner belonged to Richmond, Virginia, whence she sailed on Saturday, Sept. 1. She was a large vessel, of about one hundred and fifty tons burden. On Friday afternoon, Sept. 4, she struck on the Romer, a light wind blowing at the time. At 4 or half past 4 o'clock, the steamboat Isis, Capt. Alaire, went alongside, and endeavored to prevail upon the captain and crew to leave the vessel and come on board, but Capt. Marshall, of the Mary, refused, stating that he thought they would be able to get her off. About half-past 5 o'clock the wind commenced blowing a gale, and the sea broke over the vessel. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, she stove, and both masts went by the board. Before dark, finding the gale increase, the captain, mate, a passenger, and all the hands, six in number, lashed themselves to the main rigging, and when the mast went, it threw all hands with it into the sea.

“The wind was then blowing a heavy gale from the eastward, and the breakers running, what is properly termed, mountains high. The survivor, Mr. James Dow had presence of mind, while in the water, to cut himself clear of the rigging and make back for the wreck, which he fortunately reached. He gained the quarter deck, and lashed himself to the taffrail. He imagined he heard a voice from one of his perishing shipmates, and answered, but all was silent.

Almost immediately afterward, the vessel went to pieces, but Mr. Dow maintained his position on part of the quarter-deck, the waves continually breaking over him. He remembers very little more till Sunday morning, when he was taken from his perilous situation by Mr. John Smith, of Granville, Middletown, N. J., about twelve miles from the place where the vessel was wrecked, he having floated that distance. Immediately previous to being taken off, he had recovered sufficiently to make signals with a small piece of canvass, which, fortunately, had the desired effect.

"This is the second time, within two months, that Mr. Dow has suffered shipwreck,—the first time in the brig Cicero, of Baltimore,—and the other, in the vessel which forms the subject of the above account, in which his life was so providentially preserved while all his shipmates had perished. He speaks in the highest terms of the generous conduct of Mr. Smith, who, after taking him from the frail support which had saved his life, carried him to his own house, and used every exertion to render his situation comfortable."



WRECK OF THE BRIG ELLSWORTH,
on Hull Beach, near Boston-light house, February
20, 1837.

The brig ELLSWORTH, Capt. Adams, sixty-one days from Rio Janeiro for Boston, with a cargo of coffee, went ashore about two miles south of the light-house, on Hull Beach, Friday afternoon, Feb. 20. Her foremast and maintopmast were carried away. She had not bilged; but the sea breaking over her, partly filled her. Capt. Adams, in endeavoring to reach the shore in the chain box, was drowned. The rest of the crew, with the exception of the steward, who was also drowned, gained the shore, though much frost-bitten and exhausted, and were saved.

SHIPWRECK OF THE BRISTOL,
on Far Rockaway Beach, near New York, November
21, 1836,—*in which upwards of sixty*
lives were lost.

The ship BRISTOL sailed from Liverpool Oct. 15, having on board a crew of sixteen men, including officers, and about one hundred passengers, chiefly emigrants. She had a fair passage across the Atlantic, and was off Sandy Hook at 9 o'clock on Saturday night, Nov. 20, with her lanterns out as a signal for a pilot; at which time the gale had just commenced. No pilots, however, were out, and the ship was obliged to stand off. About 4 o'clock on Sunday morning,

she struck on Far Rockaway, and at daylight, though within half a mile of the shore, owing to the heavy sea, no relief could be afforded to the distressed passengers and crew, who were clinging to the shrouds and other parts of the rigging ; in this situation they remained through the day. About 11 o'clock at night, the sea somewhat abating, some boats went to her relief, and succeeded in taking off the captain, a portion of the crew, and some of the passengers. All were rescued who remained on the wreck when the boats reached it, but during the day the ship went to pieces, and the next morning her stern-post was all that remained.

There were two of the seamen, the cook and the steward ; Mr. Donnelly, two gentlemen by the name of Carleton, cabin passengers, and about sixty steerage passengers, who were lost. In connection with this loss of life and property, the journals of the day called public attention to the fact, that it was occasioned by the negligence of the pilots in the performance of their duties. Here was a ship *within five miles* of her port, and making every exertion to procure a pilot, and yet no pilot was to be had ; and the gale subsequently coming on, caught her so much in shore that it was impossible to *claw off*,—and the fatal result was the destruction of the vessel, and the sacrifice of many human beings.

The following additional particulars were published shortly after the occurrence of this disaster :

“ We are at length enabled to state, with some degree of certainty, the number of lives lost and saved on board the Bristol. So far as we can learn, forty persons only are saved, and more than sixty lost. The bodies of several have drifted ashore, and have since been consigned to the earth.

“ Among the passengers lost was Mr. Donnelly, of New York, who died a victim to his own philanthropy ; and Mrs. Hogan and two daughters. Mrs. Don-

nelly, her nurse and children were saved, and, with other women and children, landed by the first boat. Twice the boats returned to the wreck, and twice Mr. Donnelly yielded his place to others. In the third attempt to go off, the boats were swamped, and the crew became discouraged, and would not go back. In the meantime the storm increased, and Mr. Donnelly, with the two Mr. Carletons, took to the foremast, where the crew and many steerage passengers had sought temporary safety. Unhappily, this mast soon went by the board, and of about twenty persons on it, the only one saved was Mr. Briscoe, a cabin passenger, which was effected by his catching at the bowsprit rigging, whence he was taken by the boats. The captain, and a number of the cabin and steerage passengers, were on the mizenmast; and when that fell, they lashed themselves to the taffrail, where for four hours the sea broke over them.

"Some twenty of the steerage passengers, principally women and children, perished almost immediately after the ship struck. Even before they could leave their berths the ship bilged, filled, and all below were drowned. Not a groan was heard to denote the catastrophe—so awfully sudden was it.

"And to those whom the waves and the mercy of God had spared, what was the conduct of their brother man? Their persons, their trunks, were searched and robbed by the fiends that gathered around the wreck. One hapless being, thrown senseless but yet alive, on the shore, and having about him his all—ten sovereigns—was plundered of them!"

WRECK OF THE SCH'R PENNSYLVANIA,
which was struck by a squall at sea, and foundered,
September 16, 1837.

From the papers of the day we have gathered the following particulars respecting this disaster :

"The officers of the ship *Amelia* reported, that on the 20th of Sept., in lat. 32,23, lon. 73, she fell in with the schooner *PENNSYLVANIA*, Capt. Williams, bottom up, with two men in a very exhausted state clinging to her. The survivors stated that she sailed from New York, on the 10th of September, with twenty-one passengers, and a crew of six persons, including the officers; and that she was capsized on the night of the 16th, after the passengers had retired for the night. The captain and crew were on deck at the time of the accident, and are supposed to have been lost at the moment it occurred,—seven passengers below were immediately drowned, and the remainder continued to survive, struggling in the hold amongst the cargo, until the next Monday, when two of them, Mr. J. P. Williams, and Lansing Dougherty escaped from the cabin, and, by great exertions, gained the bottom of the vessel. The cries of their comrades were distinctly heard throughout the day; but gradually sunk into a dismal moan, and became extinct during the following night.

"The officers of the *Amelia*, indulging the faint hope that some of the unfortunate passengers in the hold of the schooner might yet be alive, despatched her jolly boat with tools to scuttle her, which was done, and they providentially discovered one young man yet breathing, but quite senseless, and bruised in a shocking manner; the remains of the other persons were floating about in the hold of the vessel. The

youth was conveyed to the ship, and every medical aid within the reach of her company was administered to him, but all without success—he survived only two days.

“The names of the passengers as given by the survivors, are as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. Gibson; Mr. and Mrs. Miller; Mr. and Mrs. Barry; Messrs. Lyons, Kess, Burrell, Whitney, Thompson, McGill, Wilson, Holler, Liebe, Ramps, Tiech; a youth named William, under the care of Mr. Whitney; and the two survivors, Mr. J. P. Williams and Mr. Lansing Dougherty.”

WRECK OF THE BARQUE LLOYD,
of Portland, on Nantasket Beach, Hull, December
23, 1839, with the loss of the whole crew, except-
ing one person.

“The barque LLOYD, Capt. Daniel Mountfort, of Portland; from Havana for Boston, with a valuable cargo, was driven ashore on Nantasket Beach, Dec. 23, and became a total wreck; all her crew perished, with the exception of one seaman, named George Scott, of Baltimore. It was about noon, the weather very thick, and a heavy sea on, her fore and mainmasts were gone, and only part of the mizenmast was standing. Five of the crew got out the long boat and attempted to land, but she quickly filled, and they all perished. Another of the crew, George Scott, succeeded in reaching the shore, and was dragged out of the surf by several of the inhabitants assembled on the beach. Capt. Mountfort and two others lashed themselves in the mizen rigging. The men were

washed off by the sea, which made a fair breach over the vessel, and buffeting the billows a few moments, then sunk to rise no more.

"Capt. Mountfort was still lashed in the rigging, the only survivor on board, when the boat belonging to the Charlotte, manned by the crew who had themselves just suffered the horrors of shipwreck, seized a favorable opportunity, and, by the greatest exertion, they succeeded in boarding the barque, and bringing Capt. Mountfort ashore. He had been washed from his lashings several times, and badly bruised by coming in contact with the shattered vessel, and was insensible when he was taken off. He was carried to one of the huts of the Humane Society, and every effort made to restore life, but all in vain. He was the oldest ship-master out of Portland, being 60 years of age, and has left a wife and three daughters to mourn the melancholy Providence which has so suddenly deprived them of a husband and father. He was a man much respected in the town where he lived.

"The noble conduct of the boat's crew who risked their own lives to rescue a fellow creature from a watery grave, is deserving of the highest praise.

"The names of the officers and crew of the ill-fated vessel were, Capt. Daniel Mountfort, of Portland; Frederic C. Huntress, mate, Parsonville, Me.; Henry Dodd, Boston; William Guilford, Limmington, Me.; George Scott, Baltimore, *saved*; William Birch, Baltimore; William Leslie, New York; Henry Peck, and John Stewart."

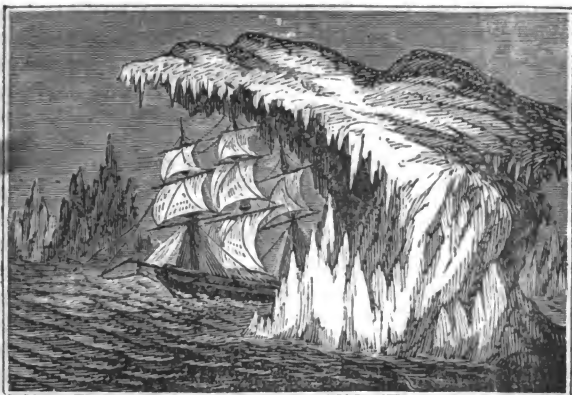
ENCOUNTER OF THE SHIP BYRON,

• and narrow escape from an Iceburg, August 3, 1836.

From a person who was passenger on board the ship BYRON, the following particulars are gathered :—

“ On the 30th of June, the ship Byron left Liverpool for New York, laden with a heavy cargo, and having on board, in passengers and crew, about one hundred and twenty persons. On the morning of the 3d of Aug., 34 days out, in lat. 44, 22, lon. 48, 50, near the banks of Newfoundland, a scene occurred which can never be effaced from memory. It was the watch of the first mate, a man of great fidelity, but, being indisposed, his place was taken by another. An unusual degree of levity and thoughtless security among the passengers had just given place to sleep. And now all was still, save the tread of the watch on deck, or the occasional toll of the bell to warn fishing crafts, if near, of our approach ; but we had more need to be warned ourselves, than to give warning to others of approaching danger.

“ About 2 o'clock in the morning, a hurried step awoke the writer of this sketch, and the rapid whisper of some created the suspicion that all was not right. Springing from his berth, he asked one of the men near the cabin door, what was the matter. ‘ We are in the midst of ice,’ said he ; ‘ will you inform the captain and mate ? ’ The captain was instantly on deck ; he ran forward to look out. In a moment the vessel, going at the rate of five knots, struck, as if against a rock. It was an island of ice ! It lifted its head above the water more than one hundred feet, and leaned over as if ready to fall down upon us. The word was given to put up helm and back the sails. As the sailors were hastening to obey



The ship Byron encountering an iceberg.

the latter order—and the terrified passengers were rushing on deck, and looking up at the immense, overhanging, freezing mass, the ship struck again with increased force. O what a shock! crash! crash! it seemed as if the masts were falling, one after another, on the deck.

“The second mate entered the cabin, and clapping his hands violently together, exclaimed, ‘My God! our bows are stove in—we’re all gone.’ An awful death appeared now inevitable. In this moment of of general panic, the commanding officer gave orders to clear away the boat. Then, while the knife was being applied to the cordage fastening her alongside the ship, a rush was made to her by men and women. That small boat was in a moment filled with thirty or forty persons. It seems utterly marvellous, that she did not break down, precipitating every soul in the deep. Had this taken place, our commanding officer must have shared the same fate; for, from a desire to gain possession of her for himself and crew, or to save the miserable crowd, who had taken pos-

session of her, from destruction—it may be from both motives—he entered the boat and stood in her until he had drove out every one at the point of the sword.

“Then was a scene of terror! In front of the cabin the passengers were collected, half naked, some on their knees, calling for mercy—some clapping their hands, and uttering the most appalling shrieks. Nothing could be distinctly heard. All was confusion and horror. It was enough to penetrate a heart of stone. Some, more collected, were dressing themselves, preparing to resist the cold, if, perchance, they should survive on the wreck. Others were looking for something to which they could lash themselves for support for a time in the water. Here you might see one with a safety-belt slung over his shirt, endeavoring to fill it with air: there, another, pale and agitated, inquiring, ‘Is there any hope?’ And there, one standing, as if in sullen despair, saying, ‘It is no use to do any thing. We must die.’ ‘Are we sinking, uncle?’ cries a dear boy. A child running to a brave sailor, says, ‘Won’t you save me?’ And the loud wailing and lamentation from the crowd rose higher and higher. Then, as if to close the painful scene, the ship struck again on her quarter. The shock reverberated like thunder, making every joint of the vessel shake as if coming apart. Hope had now nearly fled: all hearts were dismayed; the despairing cry was renewed, and the most calm braced themselves in preparation for immediate death. Even the dogs cowered down on the deck in silence.

“It appeared that at the first shock against the mountain, the jib-boom was broken and thrown over the bows into the vessel. The second shock carried away our bowsprit, head, and cutwater, lodging the timbers across the bows. Had it struck us on either side, or had it struck the hull, we must have perished; but, by the mercy of God, the hull was uninjured. After the bowsprit was carried away, the stem of the ship must have been held down for an instant by the

overhanging column ; and her not immediately rising in front, gave the idea to the most experienced, that she was stove in, and was filling with water. This created the panic. But the sails being backed, the helm put hard up, she turned off from her enemy, and swinging clear, received the last shock on her larboard quarter, which, though its sound was terrible, did no injury. That moment she was free. And now was the contest between despair and hope. The carpenter reported that the hull was sound and that the bowsprit could be repaired, but then she might have sprung a leak, and the foremast was in danger of falling. The word was to pump. The pump was rigged and worked. It was a moment of painful suspense, until the pump sucked, showing all was tight. Then hope gilded the countenance of our captain, and all hearts began to live in its radiance. Still we waited to hear the crash of the foremast as the vessel was rolling in the sea, but it stood firm. Daylight, ever delightful to those on the deep, and peculiarly grateful to us, soon appeared. We found ourselves going on our way, alive, and with every reasonable confidence of future life.

"We stood amazed at our deliverance. The most careless among us were constrained to attribute our preservation to a kind and merciful Providence, while the multitude cried out unhesitatingly, 'It is the Lord who hath saved us; thanks and praises to his holy name.' Then every countenance was lighted up with joy; every heart was full of gratitude to God, and love to one another, and many purposes were formed of reformation in future. The next day we saw three mountains of ice. We gazed with the deepest interest on the fellow of that which had so greatly endangered our lives. Before the close of the second day, a new bowsprit was fitted up, which stood the trial of the wind and waves the remainder of the voyage. In all this business the officers and crew showed great skill and energy."

CONFLAGRATION OF THE BURLINGTON,
on her passage from New Orleans to Havre, March
17, 1840.

The barque BURLINGTON, Capt. Hallet, of Boston, left New Orleans on Saturday, Feb. 15, 1840, for Havre, with cotton, and a crew of 1 hands, including two officers, cook and steward, and had proceeded 24 days on her voyage, when in lat. 37 N. and lon. 54,40 W., at about half past 9 o'clock at night, on Tuesday, March 10, she was struck by lightning, which came down the larboard main-topsail sheet, knocked down the second officer and all the starboard watch, with the exception of a man at the wheel.

All hands were turned up to examine the vessel, but no apparent injury seemed to have been done, Capt. Hallet had, but a moment before, left the deck to examine the barometer; he heard the noise and the cry of the watch, and came immediately on deck; found that there was no loss of life, but the men faint and weak in their limbs. At quarter past 12 it was discovered that the ship was on fire by the smoke coming up the booby-hatch and forecastle. The captain ordered the forecastle and hatches to be closed, and sails put over them.

The wind was now blowing a gale, with heavy sea, and lightning to the S. W. Capt. Hallet hauled up courses and wore ship to the westward, and got the long-boat and jolly-boat all ready with provisions, water, &c., in case they should be wanted. At 6 o'clock, A. M., found the larboard side and the mast coat of the mainmast quite warm. A hole was then made in the coat of the mainmast with an auger, large enough to admit a funnel, through which a quantity of water was poured down to protect the mainmast, but the deck was burnt underneath.

At 8 o'clock, A. M., the boats were got out, but the jolly-boat filled on lowering—the long-boat was safely lowered with a part of the crew and the second officer, and was held by a hawser under the lee of the ship. At half past 10, A. M., expecting the flames every moment to burst out, all the crew entered the long-boat; having first implored the blessing of Heaven, they committed themselves to the care of that God who ruleth the winds and waves, and who alone can save. At 8 o'clock, P. M., the weather having moderated, and wanting some articles they had left behind, they boarded the ship, and found less smoke emerging from the hatches than when they had left.

Capt. Hallet ordered holes to be bored wherever the deck was the hottest, and water poured down, and by means of puttying up and pasting over every hole and crack, he was in hopes of smothering the fire, or, at all events, of keeping it down so as to enable him to make some port. Accordingly, he ordered the boat to be taken in, and all things secured about the deck; he kept the ship to a north-west by west course. In this manner were employed the six following days, pouring down many buckets of water wherever the deck was the hottest, and in pumping the ship. And here let it not be forgotten that this gallant and seemingly devoted crew were without change of clothes, although frequently saturated with salt water—and with no covering except the wide canopy of heaven; but, fortunately, their provisions were on deck.

On Monday, the 16th, a strong gale came on from the westward at 1 o'clock, P. M. The foresail and foretop main-staysail were taken in. At half past 2, P. M., it blew a complete hurricane from the north-west. A new close reefed main top-sail was blown away, and the mainmast worked considerably; probably the wedges were burnt out and had dropped down. The beams and butts of the deck were all

open on the larboard side. In the afternoon the weather moderated. On Tuesday, the 17th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., they perceived a sail,—the St. James, Captain Sebor,—and hoisted a signal of distress.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., the St. James spoke the Burlington, and by 5 o'clock, the same afternoon, all hands, with some provisions, were safe on board the former vessel. Captain Sebor displayed a most praise-worthy anxiety for the comfort and accommodation of all who were on board. When Captain Hallet left the Burlington, (which he did last of all,) the flames were about ten or twelve feet above the deck. At about 6 o'clock, P. M., the ship was one mass of fire, and about the same time the main and mizen masts fell overboard. At 10 o'clock, she suddenly disappeared, having probably sunk.

The following card was published by Capt. Hallet, in behalf of himself and crew :—

“Capt. Bangs Hallet, late of the barque Burlington, of Boston, in behalf of himself, his officers and crew, begs to return his most sincere thanks to Captain William S. Sebor, of the packet ship St. James, for his humane and timely assistance, rendered to them on Wednesday, 17th March, when he took them off the burning wreck of the Burlington, within a few hours of her utter destruction—and also for his great kindness and gentlemanly treatment while on board his vessel during the passage to New York.”

CONFLAGRATION OF THE POLAND,
on her passage from New York for Havre, May
18, 1840.

We have gathered the following particulars from a New York journal :—

The packet ship POLAND, Capt. Anthony, from New York for Havre, was fallen in with by the ship Clifton on the 18th of May, in latitude 41 12, longitude 56, on fire. The passengers and crew, and a portion of the cargo were saved. The Poland had on board twenty-four cabin, and eleven steerage passengers.—The names of the passengers were—B. G. Wainwright, lady, two children and servant ; Miss M. Hughes ; Messrs. E. Boyer ; A. L. Gouruez ; A. Pizarro ; C. Bermer ; J. Prom ; J. B. Valee ; J. C. Parr, of Philadelphia ; J. B. Nichols, of Providence ; J. R. Mahler, and Mrs. Campbell, of Canada ; E. D. Harbour, and J. H. Buckingham, of Boston, and Louis Reynard ; James Knott, shoemaker, of Boston ; Louis Marchand, of Lyons, France ; Catherina Hui-ther, of Rechtenbach, who had spent her last cent in paying for her outfit to get back to her husband who was to meet her in Havre ; Joseph Schimmel, of Kuelsheim ; George Claus, of Hofen ; Nicholas Becker, of Wolfstein ; Michael Knaub, of Maden ; John Sander, of Alzei ; Henry Usinger of Ilberschauen ; John Kramer, of Metz ; and John Schneider, a German, residence unknown.

The ship Poland was struck by lightning on Saturday, the 16th of May, five days out, in lat. 41 35, long. 58 30. A passenger states that with Capt. Anthony and others, during a heavy squall, at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day, he saw the lightning descend like a single ball of fire, and strike the lar-

board fore royal yard arm—that it thence dropped to the fore yard, and there running into the mast, seemed to vanish and separate. During the whole storm there was but one clap of thunder, and but one stroke of lightning. The concentrated fury of the clouds seemed spent in that one bolt, which struck as above described. The sublimity of the spectacle will forever be a theme of conversation to those who witnessed it; and while, in the Providence of a good God, *all* the souls on board have escaped to tell of it, they cannot regret the dangers and privations which they have endured, which have enabled them to speak of a sublime and terrific spectacle, such as few have witnessed, and survived to describe. He who holds the waters in the hollow of his hands, knows only to how many gallant ships and gallant men, a signal like that of the descent of the lightning upon the Poland has been the precursor of a terrible death,—leaving no testimony to surviving friends of its manner or its time.

It was at first thought, by the deeply interested spectators, that on the fore yard the fluid had spent itself and separated; but examination destroyed this hope, and it was discovered that the tight-ring had passed down the mast into the forward hold, and fired the cotton stowed there. Immediately after the lightning had struck the ship, Capt. Anthony went between deck, and commenced throwing over cotton and flour to get at the lower hold. On taking up the lower hatch, the smoke burst out to such a degree that they were compelled to shut down all the hatches. The cabin was immediately filled with smoke, so much so that the hands could not remain long enough to get out a trunk. The men were, however, driven from their work by the smoke, and the strong sulphurous smell. At 8 o'clock the hatches were closed, and the boats were cleared and got out about 10 in the evening. The females and children,

with as many men as was thought proper, making thirty-five in all, were put into the long boat and dropped astern, where they remained all that night, and the next day and night, until Monday morning—the ship being hove to, in order to be easy, and in hopes of being discovered by some passing vessel. Fears were entertained that if sail were made, the masts burnt off below the deck would go by the board, and the flames rush up, leaving all hope out of the question.

On Monday morning, the wind having increased, the passengers were taken on board, and sail was made for the N. E. The fire at one time seemed rather to have abated than increased, and the glass bull's eyes, and the deck planks did not seem so hot as on the day previous.

In this condition they remained until 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when they were all taken off by the Clifton. When we state that the wind blew a gale at the time of this trans-shipment, we cannot too much admire the skill and care of Capt. J. B. Ingersoll of the Clifton, and Capt. Anthony of the Poland, and their officers; nor can we too highly praise the coolness and presence of mind of the crew and some of the passengers, and the obedience of all to direction; exposed as they were, to an untried and terrible danger.

During the time they had remained on board the burning vessel, they were in a most horrid state of suspense, the fire below constantly increasing, so much so, that the decks were momentarily becoming hotter. Her sides were so hot, that when the ship rolled, the planks out of water would instantly become dry and smoke. The weather, from Saturday, the time she was struck, till Monday afternoon, was fortunately fine. During these two days the boats, one long and two small ones, were along side, and ready at a moment's notice. Capt. Anthony behaved

with a courage and coolness which entitle him to the highest praise ; and after it was found impossible to reach and quench the fire, the passengers and crew were employed, under his direction, in stopping all vents possible, through which the smoke might escape. To this coolness, under God, is the present safety of the passengers to be attributed.

The persons on board the Poland could not have survived till 12 at night, without assistance. The long boat would accommodate thirty-five persons, the other boats ten to twelve only, leaving a large number of the sixty-four wholly unprovided for. That under these circumstances, and with this view before them, they behaved so rationally, is matter of special wonder. This occurrence should operate as a caution to packet owners, to make more effectual provision for the safety of passengers. Two of Francis' life boats would have accommodated the whole on board, and as many more, and have likewise secured them against all danger in going from one vessel to the other in the storm.

When the passengers and crew left the Poland, the deck had become too hot to stand upon, the fire having been increased by the motion of the ship. It was the opinion that, in an hour after, the flames burst forth. The Clifton could not stay by to watch the event on account of the storm ; but we can imagine the feelings of those who escaped, reverting back in their minds, though they could not look with their eyes, to the burning grave which they had just escaped. We imagine their greetings of each other, and their thanks, first to their Heavenly Preserver, and then to the men, his instruments, when the company were told, and all found safe.

The following cards, expressive of the grateful feelings of the passengers, were published in their behalf and signed by them :—

"Ship Clifton, at sea, May 23, 1840.

"The undersigned, passengers per ship Poland, bound from New York for Havre, take this public opportunity to express their thanks to Capt. Anthony for his prompt and unremitting exertions to preserve them from the horrid death to which they were for two days exposed. After his ship was struck by lightning, being well assured that their preservation is to be, under Divine Providence, attributed solely to his courage, coolness, and constant vigilance under the most trying circumstances."

"Ship Clifton, at sea, May 23, 1840.

"The undersigned beg leave thus publicly to express to Capt. J. B. Ingersoll, and to the officers and crew of the ship Clifton, from Liverpool, bound to New York, their sincere and heartfelt thanks for their cordial and ready compliance with their request, to be taken on board. They would also express their gratitude for his total forgetfulness of self, and his deprivation of all personal convenience, in order to render their distressed situation as comfortable as possible."

The following letter from J. H. Buckingham, Esq., who was a passenger on board the ship Poland, will be found of intense interest. It was addressed to his father, the editor of the Boston Courier, from which paper we have copied it:—

"Boston, May 29, 1840.

"Dear Sir—As the loss of the unfortunate ship Poland excites considerable interest in this community, I take an early opportunity to give as complete a detail of the occurrences connected with it as my memory will allow. We sailed from New York, or rather we were taken in tow by the steamboat Wave, about 11, A. M.; on Monday, the 11th inst., the wind being

quite light, and were towed down to Sandy Hook, where the pilot and the steamboat left us. Our crew consisted of twenty good substantial working men. We also had two cooks, two stewards, and the wife of the principal steward as an assistant in the ladies' cabin. The captain and two mates made up our complement of men to twenty-five. There were twenty-four cabin passengers, three of whom could not speak English, and three others who could not speak French.

"Counting all hands, men, women and children, we had on board sixty-three persons. We had good weather and favorable breezes, passing about twenty-five miles to the south of Nantucket Shoals, and going on prosperously and fast enough to satisfy those most impatient for a short passage, until Saturday the 16th. At noon of that day, we were in latitude 41 35, longitude 58 30, having accomplished nearly one third of the passage, and with every hope of not being on board more than eighteen days. In the morning we passed a ship bound to the east, which we supposed to be the Cotton Planter, from New York for Havre, which sailed some days before us.

"At 2 o'clock, P. M., it began to rain, and continued, in showers and squalls, until about 3 o'clock, when a severe shower commenced with large drops, like some of our summer showers after a hot and sultry day. As most of the male passengers were in the house on deck, looking out at the rain and sea, Capt. Anthony standing at the door, a large ball of fire, apparently about twice the size of a man's hat, suddenly descended in a horizontal line from the clouds, which appeared to be meeting from two different points of the compass ahead of us, and struck the end of the fore topsail yard, on the left hand side; it descended the ties, or some chains, to the end of the fore-yard, and ran on the yard to the cap of the foremast, where it exploded with a report similar to that of a cannon;

and giving the appearance of the explosion of a bomb, or, similar, although on a much larger scale, to the explosions of some of the fire-work circles which we have sometimes seen on public galas, throwing out rays in every direction, like the rays of the sun. The whole was instantaneous, and was witnessed by two or three of us ; it came and passed off in a flash, and was followed almost at the same instant by a peal of thunder, sharp and loud, but not long nor rumbling. It was the only flash of lightning or peal of thunder that we saw or heard.

"Almost immediately, Capt. Anthony went forward with one or two of the passengers, being aware that we had been struck with lightning, to ascertain if the ship was damaged. It was ascertained that when the ball exploded, the electric fluid ran down the foremast to the lower deck, where the chain cable was stowed, and one of the steerage passengers pointing to a small piece of cotton on the deck, said there was no fire, as that cotton was set on fire, and he put it out by putting his foot on it. We ascertained that the fluid did run down the chain, but could not see where it escaped. On going into the fore-castle, we discovered some signs of the lightning, and were led to suppose, on a very close examination, that after entering the steerage it passed through into the fore-castle and out up the companion way. A piece of the *fid*, about eight inches long and two or three thick, was knocked off the foretop, and two or three of the halyards were found to be cut off, which the captain immediately set his men to repairing.

"Although the cabin and steerage were filled with a sort of smoke, which had a sulphurous smell, no one really supposed the ship to be on fire, or that the appearances indicated any thing more than the gas usually following a stroke of lightning. Some alarm and anxiety was very naturally felt, particularly by the ladies and those who were connected with them ;

but still, as there was no increase of smoke, and no appearance of fire, the crew went about their regular business, and at 4 o'clock dinner was served as usual; the cabin, at that time, being clear of every thing indicative of danger. Some of us could not eat,—while there was uncertainty, we had no appetite, and the meal which had heretofore been one of pleasure, accompanied by the reciprocation of good feelings, and sallies of wit, passed off with dullness, and almost in silence. Capt. Anthony looked in upon us as we sat at table, but he was too anxious to sit down, and did not cease in his endeavors to ascertain with certainty our position. The first mate, Mr. Delano, and the steward, opened the run and went into it, to ascertain if there was fire or smoke in that part of the ship, but came out without being satisfied either that there was or was not—the smell was the same as that we had noticed at first, mostly of gas, like sulphur.

“Our dinner was a short and silent one; and when we went on deck, the captain said that he had little doubt that the ship was on fire, and that we must endeavor to get at it. On a suggestion that we might be obliged to take to the boats, it was immediately remarked by one of our French passengers, and responded to by others—‘Let us take care of the women and children first.’ I mention this as honorable to those who made it, and as showing that there was, even at that first moment of danger, a praise-worthy abandonment of self to the protection of others who are naturally more helpless. Not a moment was lost in clearing the main hatch, the captain himself leading the way, and commencing by throwing over the empty water casks and useless lumber which was stored round the long-boat. The mate, with another gang of hands, was at the fore hatch, and in a few minutes all hands, including many of the cabin and steerage passengers, were at work, hoisting out and throwing overboard flour and cotton.

"The work of discharging the cargo between decks went on cheerfully, amid a severe rain, until about 8 o'clock, the fire not appearing to increase, and at times appearing to be altogether extinguished, even if there had ever been any except in the imagination ; but at that time, and when the forward lower hatch was reached, we were at once convinced of the awful fact, that the cotton in the lower hold was on fire. The hatch was immediately closed as tight as possible ; the upper hatches were also closed and partially caulked, and preparations were made to get out the boats.

"In answer to many inquiries why we had not, in the mean time, got our baggage on deck, I will remark that, until now, there was a hope that we were still safe, or that, if there *were* fire on board, we should be able to get at and extinguish it. So great was our confidence that the children were undressed and put to bed for the night,—not, however, without many anxious forebodings on the part of their parents. When the dreadful certainty was forced upon us, our first object was to get the women and children on deck ; and, in fact, this was rendered the more necessary from the circumstance that the hatches being closed, the gas must escape somewhere, and it immediately got vent through the run and the steward's pantry, into the cabin, rendering it impossible for any to remain below long at a time. Capt. Anthony coolly, calmly, and quietly gave his orders, and they were obeyed in the same spirit by his men. He remarked that it was useless to bring up any thing but such light articles as we could easiest find, as the boats would not be able to carry any baggage. One caught a carpet bag, and another a cloak ; some opened their trunks and took out their money, leaving every thing else behind ; and some caught blankets from the berths. The steward got up a barrel of bread, and others assisted him in putting whatever of eatables

there was in his pantry into bags, &c. A barrel and two or three jugs of water were put into the long-boat, with such coats, cloaks, &c., as could be got at in a few minutes, and then she was launched overboard. The women and children were first handed over the side of the ship, and then the cabin passengers, all except three; a few of the steerage passengers; the second mate, Mr. Keeler, and four sailors. The other boats were also got out, and two men placed in each. All this was done with order and regularity, without any pushing or crowding, and in tacit obedience to the captain's orders, in a very short time. It was 10 o'clock before the long-boat was pushed off, and a line attached to her and the ship—having on board thirty-five persons. Nothing was said at the time about the other two boats, and those of us who remained on board the *Poland* were waiting for the first break of morning to learn the fate to which we were doomed,—knowing that it would be madness to put more into the long-boat, and that not more than half of those of us who remained could ever get into the other two. The ship, at the time we first supposed ourselves in danger, was put upon a south-easterly course, in the hope of falling in with, or cutting off, the ship we had passed in the morning; and signal lanterns were hoisted in the rigging, but when we commenced getting out the boats she was hove to, and she rode very easy all night, the sea not being very boisterous, and there being very little wind. It rained at intervals all night, and although it was day-light and clear about 4 o'clock in the morning, the time seemed almost an eternity. After the long-boat was hoisted out, an attempt was made to save some articles from the cabin, and the steward succeeded in saving the captain's watch, and chronometer, and trunk, with a small box containing about three hundred dollars in specie, but the gas and the smoke soon obliged us to abandon all further attempts, and

to close all the doors to the cabin and to the house over them.

"We walked over the deck all that night, and said but little. Capt. Anthony was watchful, and going silently about in every part of the deck, stopping up a crack here and adjusting a rope there, or giving some order for the safety of those whom at that moment he must have felt were dependent almost entirely upon his discretion for their lives. Morning broke, and the sun rose, but no sail was in sight. There we lay on the broad ocean, a fine ship smoking at every crack, with three frail boats attached to her by a single rope, and no hope of rescue except through the goodness of the Almighty. Whatever may have been the religious feelings, or the want thereof, among those sixty-three persons so awfully situated, there was no cowardice exhibited, no sudden out-break of prayer and repentance, no murmuring. But there did appear to be a confidence in the breast of every one that the God who had thus suddenly afflicted us would not leave us to perish in that desert sea.

"We remained in this state of suspense all day Sunday, making ourselves as comfortable as possible. Every crack where we could find the smoke coming out was stuffed with cotton, or plastered over with pipe clay, of which the captain found a small lot on board attached to the gallery erected for the steerage passengers. The ice-house on deck contained fresh meat, such as beef, chickens, ducks, &c., and the cooks were employed all day in cooking. We sent some warm coffee and fresh milk, with some boiled fowls, to our friends in the long-boat, and made every exertion to lighten their misfortunes. But still no ship came in sight, and evening found us in the same perilous situation that we were in the night before.

"During all this day the deck was quite warm, on the right hand side forward of the mainmast, indicat-

ing, as we supposed, that the fire was under that part of the vessel; the thick glass dead-lights, set into the deck at intervals of about two feet from stem to stern, were also quite hot; but, towards night, the deck and glasses began to cool off, and there was less smoke apparent,—the forward hatches, too, were not quite so hot at night as they were in the morning,—and we began to have more hope. We had got a man over the stern in the forenoon, on a spar, to fasten down the shutters to the cabin windows, and nail them down, but this did not prevent the smoke from coming through. The wooden shutters to the sky-lights on deck were put on to prevent the glass being broke by accident, and towards night we thought that the glass under those shutters had cooled off.

“About 10 o'clock on Sunday night, most of the unfortunate people on board the ship sunk to sleep on the deck from mere exhaustion, leaving only three people awake to watch for help, or to warn us of what we most dreaded, a bursting out of the flames. No language can tell the sufferings of that night, which were more dreadful than the last. We were like people confined on the top of a burning mine, with no power to escape,—death almost certain to be our portion within a few short hours, and our minds tortured with suspense.

“During the night, Capt. Anthony laid down and caught a little sleep. The weather was tolerably fair, but silence reigned throughout, except so far as it was broken by the occasional rumbling and dashing of the sea. Just before 2 o'clock I laid down beside him to wait my fate, leaving only one man walking the deck, and in doing so, I disturbed him. He waked, and turning over, he took my hand and remarked, ‘I feel that we shall be saved—I have had a pleasant dream.’ This circumstance, slight as it was, had its effect, and did impart some little consolation to both of us.—So true is it that drowning men will catch at straws.

"About this time the weather was changing, and the sea had risen, and the people in the long-boat became alarmed. Mr. Wainwright hailed the ship, to know if it would be best to take the boat in; Capt. Anthony answered that they had better wait patiently until daylight, and then walked forward to examine into the state of the ship. We now found that the fire had evidently increased: the deck and hatches were still quite warm, and the pitch was beginning to boil or melt in the seams between the planks. A short conference convinced us that but little time could elapse before the fire would burst through the deck, and then there would be no further hope. What we said, and what we felt, between that time and daylight, is not to be told here; it is sufficient that we thought we knew the worst. The two small boats could not hold more than fifteen persons, and there were nearly thirty on board the ship; under the best of circumstances some of us must be lost, and it is needless to say that Capt. Anthony determined that he should stick to his vessel, and run the risk, rather than crowd the boats with too many people, or exclude any one else.

"At daylight, Mr. Wainwright came on board in one of the small boats, and we explained our situation to him. There was but a chance for any of us. If he and his party remained in the boat, they *might* be saved; but if they were taken on board the ship, and the fire should break out, it would then be impossible to put the people into the boats again, and launch them over the side,—and death, by fire or drowning, would be the certain fate of all. The case was too strong, and the horrid conviction too apparent to be disputed, and, as was his duty, he prepared to return to his family and meet his fate. It is not for me to say what were then our feelings. Three of us, in the fulness of our strength and the ripeness of years, were then parting, as we all supposed, forever; and nearly

every one else was asleep. Words were useless, and we could not utter what we wanted to express. We commended our families to each other, in case either should be saved; and with a silent shake of the hand he returned to the boat, to make such preparations as prudence suggested, to protect his almost helpless companions, in case we should find it necessary to cut his boat adrift.

"From this time the sea became more boisterous, and, at last, after some hours of anxious watching we sent for Mr. Wainwright to come on board again, and he was told that there were fears that his boat would swamp. Capt Anthony was afraid to make sail on the ship, as the working of the masts might create a current of air below, which would either increase the fire, or, operating upon the gas in the hold, blow off the hatches and thus seal our fate at once. After some consideration, it was concluded to run the risk and take in the boats, and put the ship before the wind, in the hope of falling in with some other vessel, before we were entirely consumed,—and no time was lost in putting the plan into execution.

"When the poor sufferers, in the boat came on board, their situation was found to be much worse than ours had been. We had at least had the power of locomotion, and could shift our position at will; but they, particularly the females, had suffered, for two long nights and a day, the tortures of a cramped-up situation, unable to sit, except in a certain position, with their feet continually in the water, and their bodies every few minutes covered with the dashing spray of the sea. Mrs. Wainwright had held one of her children in her arms the whole time, and not being by any means a robust woman, it is astonishing that she held out so long. Nothing but a mother's love, and a firm trust in an over-ruling Providence preserved her in those hours of trial. Mrs. Arfwedson was almost exhausted, and her infant having suf-

ferred for want of the natural nourishment its mother could not afford, seemed almost ready to die. Some of the passengers in the boat were sea-sick the whole time, and, taken altogether, their situation had been more trying than ours.

"Once more together, and stowed in the most comfortable way possible on the quarter deck, some little cheerfulness was shown, although all felt that our situation was not in the least alleviated, and many feared we but joined together to struggle and to die. Sail was made on the ship, and we stood off to the north-east, and at noon we found by observation that we were in latitude 40 08, and longitude 56, having drifted to the south-east with the sea. We were now in the track of vessels bound to and from Europe and the United States, and the hope that we might yet be saved, inspired some confidence. The men were now put to work at the pumps, and the ship was found to have leaked a great deal, a part of which was undoubtedly owing to the pitch where she was calked, having boiled out of the seams; the water which was pumped up was quite hot at first, and as long as the men pumped, it continued to be warmer than the temperature of the sea, or of common bilgewater.

"About 2, P. M., Monday, a sail was discovered from the mast-head, and soon after it was seen from the deck. The joy which this discovery gave can be imagined, but cannot be described; it seemed as if some would almost, if not quite, go crazy. The stranger saw our signals of distress, and being to the leeward, hove to for us to come up. It proved to be a Boston built ship, called the Clifton, Captain J. B. Ingersoll, bound from Liverpool to New York, with two hundred and fifty steerage passengers, mostly Irish. To Captain Anthony's statement that his ship was on fire in the hold, and that we wanted to be

taken off, the prompt answer was, 'Come all on board of me, and bring all the provisions you can.'

"Before our own boat could be got out and manned, the boat of the Clifton, with the chief mate and four oarsmen was alongside of us, and the process of transferring all hands from ship to ship commenced. The sea was very high, and the gale was increasing, which made our task a long and dangerous one; from 3 until 9 o'clock the two boats were passing and re-passing, with people, and such articles as could be saved from the deck.

"The gale was now blowing from the north-west, and both captains remarked that they did not recollect ever to have seen a worse sea for many years. We were all safely on board by 9 o'clock; and Capt. Ingersoll, not thinking it safe to risk his own ship any longer by laying to, in the vain hope of saving property, made sail on his ship, and we left the unfortunate Poland to burn up and sink, a fate which she undoubtedly met within two or three hours.

"At the time the last boat's load left the Poland, the deck had become too hot to stand upon, and her sides were so warm, that as she rolled in the sea, the water would run off as from hot iron, and she would instantly become dry, and too hot to bear the hand upon. An effort was made to get out some articles from the house over the cabin stairs, but on opening the doors, the smoke, heat and deleterious gas drove the people away instantly, and a second attempt proved alike fruitless. A like attempt near the main hatch met with the like success, and the ship was abandoned with tears and regret; for sailors imbibe an affection for the craft in which they have sailed, and they feel the loss more keenly than many people feel the loss of their friends and relatives.

"On board the Clifton we met with a most cordial reception from Captain Ingersoll and his whole crew. We had been saved in life, but we had lost all our

clothing ; and the chests of the sailors, and the trunks of their commander, were freely opened, and their contents were as freely offered for our use. What inconveniences were suffered from the crowded state of the Clifton, and our own destitute condition, were of no moment. We were safe, and all things else were forgotten in a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to Almighty God for saving us from the death we had so long seen almost certain to us.

“ There were many incidents connected with this eventful period, the recollection of which is interesting to those concerned ; but I have already taken up more room than I at first intended. I cannot conclude, however, without remarking, that to Captain Anthony belongs all the credit that belongs to any one for preserving us so long. The card published by the passengers under their signatures, awards him no more than justice ; and might, with equal justice, have been made much stronger.—He has acquired a hold upon our hearts that cannot be loosened but with life itself, and if ever man could retire with a confidence that he had done his duty faithfully in the hour of danger, unflinching at the last moment, that satisfactory consolation must be his.

“ It has been remarked by some, that the ship might have been scuttled, and that water might have been poured into her ; but those who make such observations little know the danger to which such attempts would have exposed us,—and to those who cavil at the fact that she was abandoned without further attempt to save the vessel and cargo, we can only reply that we hope they may never personally know how much more difficult it is to act in the hour of danger at sea, than it is to talk and find fault in safety on shore.

“ As for the passengers and crew, they deserve all praise. It appears now almost impossible that so much could have been done,—so much have been

suffered, without confusion and without a murmur. From the first moment to the last there was order and regularity observed, and each one appeared to strive to make the burdens of the others as easy to bear as possible ; the calm confidence of our female companions, and their firm reliance upon the goodness of the Power which was afflicting them, served in a great measure to encourage their friends in the hard task of sustaining them until assistance came to hand.

J. H. B."

WRECK OF THE BRIG TARIFF,
*on Cohasset Rocks, March 26, 1840,—in which four
lives were lost.*

The brig TARIFF, Capt Walker, of Portland, from Matanzas for Boston, with a cargo of molasses, was wrecked on Cohasset Rocks before daylight on the morning of March 26, where she immediately went to pieces. Her upper works drifted ashore,—and the captain and three of the crew were saved. The remaining four were lost. Scituate light was mistaken for Boston light, and the brig was so far in before the error was discovered, that she could not work off.

The names of those lost were, Amos T. Chase, of Portland ; Joshua Howard, of Boothbay ; John Scott, and George Estes, of St. John, N. B.

WRECK OF THE BRIG ESCAMBIA,
on her passage from Charleston to New York,
March 25, 1840,—with the loss of all on
board, excepting one.

The brig ESCAMBIA, Capt. Dunham, sailed from Charleston, March 24. On the next day, while under bare poles, and being between Fryngpan Shoals and Cape Look-out, the wind commenced blowing from the north-east, and increased during the day, until about 7 o'clock in the evening, when the vessel was thrown on her beam ends.

In this situation the brig continued until 9 o'clock, when she began to go down. The wind continuing to blow violently, and the sea running very high, and making a complete breach over her.

Every one was washed from the wreck. The mate, William Bulkley, clung to the taffrail; and after the vessel had entirely disappeared, he succeeded in reaching a part of the poop-deck, which had been disengaged from the rest of the vessel by the violence of the sea. Upon this he remained until 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 28th, when he was discovered and taken off by Capt. Whilden, of the schooner Marietta Ryan, bound for New York.

The names of those on board were, Capt. Rufus Dunham; William Bulkley, first mate, *saved*; Edwin Hull, second mate; J. Chamberlain, cook; Isaac Tradle, steward; Henry Johnston, John Williams, John Peters, James Lucas, and Allen Jackson, seamen. Mr. Wilber, of Newport, R. I., and two others, names unknown, were passengers.

ENCOUNTER OF THE GOV. CARVER,
and remarkable escape from an Iceberg, May 29,
1818.

The preservation of the brig GOV. CARVER, Capt. S. Doten, of Plymouth, Mass., was thus described in a letter from the captain to the owners of the brig:—

“Havre, June 23, 1818.

“On the 29th of May, near the easterly end of the Grand Banks, it being very foggy, I discovered an object apparently twice as high as our mast heads, and appearing like a *water spout*. I did not think it possible that an island of ice should be so high. I immediately ordered the helm a-weather, hoping to get the vessel before the wind, and clear of the danger, whatever it might be,—but before this could be done, we found ourselves completely surrounded and covered by this immense mountain of ice, which so projected over our heads, that the water which ran from it in streams and rivulets, fell over the vessel on the opposite side; and although our sail-booms were rigged out on the side next the ice, making a distance of twenty-seven feet from the centre of the brig, they did not touch it.

“Fortunately, we succeeded in getting clear; and, in less than five minutes, and while so near that the rebounding of the water reached the vessel, this immense body of ice fell over, directly towards us, with a crashing noise resembling the heaviest thunder, which continued for the space of a minute and a half.”

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER PROSPECT,
*in Ipswich Bay, March 11, 1840,—with the loss of
all on board, excepting the captain.*

The schooner PROSPECT, Capt. Murdock, laden with sand, from Newburyport, bound to Boston, in crossing Ipswich bay, March 11, sprung a leak, and bore up for Squam; when on the bar, the vessel being partly filled with water, and it being nearly low tide, she struck and went down immediately. The crew, five in number, got into the rigging, with the exception of one man, who was drowned on deck. The sea running very high, it appeared like madness to attempt to save the lives of the four remaining on board,—but there were two individuals, Mr. Aaron L. Sargent and Mr. Kilby P. Sargent, with great honor to themselves, and at the imminent peril of their lives, boarded the vessel in a wherry, and succeeded in rescuing the captain, who was the only one saved. Several others went to the vessel, but the rest of the crew, being past helping themselves, after being on the wreck about three hours, fell lifeless into the sea, in the presence of hundreds who were but a short distance from them, but without the means of affording relief. Had there been a life boat stationed there, all hands might have been saved with ease, and without endangering the lives of those who boarded the vessel.

SHIPWRECK OF THE GLASGOW,
*on the Irish coast, February 15, 1837,—by which
disaster a number of lives were lost.*

The ship GLASGOW, Capt. Robinson, of New York, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 8th of February, with about ninety passengers, chiefly English and Irish, of whom twenty were females; there were five cabin passengers; and the number of the crew, including the officers, was seventeen.

From the time of her departure to the day previous to the unfortunate occurrence we are about to relate, she encountered a continuance of thick, hazy weather, and contrary winds, which detained her, beating about the channel. On the 14th, the weather cleared up, and during the day, which was very fine, they were in sight of Tuskar Light, when they very reasonably anticipated a prosperous voyage, being nearly clear of the channel; that night, however, the weather changed for the worse, becoming quite as thick and hazy as it had been on the preceding days of the voyage. At about 5 o'clock the next morning, the chief mate being in charge, while on the larboard tack and going at the rate of seven or eight knots, the ship struck her larboard bow upon one of those dangerous half-tide rocks, called the Barrels, about eleven miles N. W. of Tuskar, making a large breach in her bow, through which the water rushed with tremendous violence. The sea running high at the time, she was carried over, and her stern striking on the rocks with great violence, unshipped the rudder. From the great way which was on the vessel, every sail being set, she went completely over the rocks into deep water.

Just previous to her striking, and not till then, the dangerous proximity to the shore was perceived ; and the captain came on deck barely in time to see her strike, without being able to prevent it. From witnessing the shock with which she was driven on the rocks, the captain expected she would certainly go down in a few minutes ; the water was rushing in fore and aft as if through two sluices ; the first shock apprized the passengers of their danger, and all rushed on deck, creating the scene of confusion usual in such frightful situations.

Comparative order being restored, as far as possible, by the captain and his officers, they immediately commenced getting out the long-boat, in doing which, they were obliged to cut away the gribes, when their axe, the only one that could be found, broke ; and they were obliged to turn their attention to the pin-nace, a very small boat, and not capable of affording security to one sixth the number in the vessel. But no oars could be found, and all hope being thus shut out, they looked upon their fate as being fixed, for the ship was fast sinking.

During this awful period they kept ringing the bells, the only signal of distress which could be available in such hazy weather. The scene on board was now dreadful, the passengers were agonized with their fears, and nearly frantic with the sudden prospect of so fearful a death ; whilst the captain, who, with the most determined of the crew, having done every thing which human exertions could effect, now stood still, calmly awaiting the worst.

At this period, a sail hove in sight ; the schooner Alicia, of Wexford, Capt. Walsh, on their voyage from Dublin to Newport, had heard the signal, and immediately bore up in the direction from which the sounds proceeded. Providentially, they were heard by one of the most dauntless seamen that ever trod a

deck ; and his schooner, one of the best vessels in the port, being in ballast, was the more easily managed. Capt. Walsh came up under the lee quarter of the ship and hailed her, desiring them to send their boats with passengers, and that he would stand by them to the last at all hazards. To this Capt. Robinson answered that he had no oars, upon which Capt. Walsh advised them to let a boat adrift with a crew, and he would furnish them with oars. The pinnace was immediately turned off with four men in her, who were picked up and furnished with oars. As soon as they returned, the women and children were, with the most perfect regularity, sent on board the *Alicia* ; in this manner the pinnace made three trips. The wind all the while increasing, the *Alicia* was unable to remain as near the vessel as her noble hearted commander wished, and fearing the wreck would sink before all the people could be got out, he resolved to pass a hawser to her, by which he might hang the *Alicia* under the ship's lee, and thus get them on board more speedily.

The ship was now like a log on the water, and from the sea, which was running very high, and the press of canvass upon the schooner, it was fully as dangerous to approach her as a rock ; still Capt. Walsh was not to be deterred,—and, in endeavoring to put his purpose into execution, he very nearly lost his own life, as well as the vessel of which he was commander and part owner. Being obliged to run to windward of the ship, he came in contact with such violence that the schooner's bulwarks were stove in, her channel bends upset, and her mainsail torn to pieces. Capt. Robinson of the *Glasgow*, who described it to us, expressed his surprise that Capt. Walsh should run so daring a risk to save them, and said it was to him astonishing how the schooner escaped being lost. After getting free with great difficulty,

Capt. Walsh continued sailing round the vessel, and succeeded in saving eighty-two of his fellow creatures from destruction ; the water at length becoming level with the rail of the vessel, Capt. Robinson got into the launch, and had scarcely left the ship when she went down with the velocity of lightning, carrying with her about a dozen persons who were still on her deck, amongst whom were the chief mate and one seaman ; of these, six were picked up,—three by the launch, and three by the pinnace.

And now a new danger arose, for the boats, from the frequent striking against the ship, were so shattered, that they were barely kept afloat by men incessantly bailing them, and they had to row a considerable distance to the schooner. In this, the hand of Providence was again discernible, for the instant the men were out, the boats both sank along side. The Glasgow sunk in twenty-five fathoms water. A few seconds after the vessel sunk, the air burst upon her poop and blew it up, together with spars, rigging, &c., as if she had been blown up with powder—two or three persons were found clinging to the poop after it had been thus blown up.

From comparing the number of passengers and crew with those who have been saved, it would appear that there were twenty-five lost, yet the captain and second mate have asserted that there were at the utmost but ten or twelve persons on the deck when she went down, at which time it was not probable that any person was below, of these, six were saved, as before stated.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE HAROLD,
on her passage from Calcutta to Boston, October
26, 1839.

The following account of the loss of the HAROLD, was communicated by Captain Levi Howes, in a letter to the owner, under date of Pernambuco, Nov. 7, in substance as follows :—

“The ship sailed from Calcutta July 16, and Sand Heads 30th, all well, with a heavy cargo and two passengers, Messrs. Henry Erving of Boston, and James J. Bell of Chester, N. H. Had a pleasant passage of seventeen days to the line.—In latitude 50 min. N. lon. 93 20 E. Abraham Bangs, seaman, of Brewster, fell from the foremast head into the sea and was lost. It is supposed that he was stunned by striking against something, as he sunk immediately, and although the ship was hove to, and the boat got out, he could not be found. Touched at St. Helena Oct. 14, and sailed again 15th.

“At 8, P. M., Oct. 26, lat. 4 30 S., lon. 26 25 W., smoke was discovered issuing from the after hatch. On going into the hold with a lantern, it was ascertained that the smoke came from amidships, and that the ship was evidently on fire. Capt. Howes then went immediately on deck, closed all the hatches, and made preparations to leave the ship, by hoisting out the boats, and placing in them provisions, light sails and spars. The long-boat was then dropped astern, and the jolly-boat kept along-side to leeward. It being then half past 9 o'clock, P. M., heavy volumes of smoke were seen issuing from the house and hatch; the captain gave immediate orders for all hands to embark in the boats as soon as possible. Messrs. Austin, Erving, Parkman, Bell, Mr. Nash, first officer,



The Harold on fire.

and three seamen, (Henry Knox, John Crome, and Michael, an Italian) embarked in the jolly-boat alongside. Capt. Howes, the second mate, seven seamen, and the cook and steward got into the long-boat, astern, and had just time to shove off from the ship. Those who were in the jolly-boat were not so fortunate, for, before they could get clear of the ship, the fire burst her whole decks out, and she was one complete mass of fire and flame. Bales, cases and other goods were seen thrown to the mast heads. The heat was so intense that those in the jolly-boat could not sustain it, and were obliged to throw themselves into the sea, where they all perished, except Mr. Austin, and the two seamen, Knox and Crome, who were picked up at the imminent risk of swamping the long-boat. It was then 10 o'clock P. M., and although only thirty minutes had elapsed since leaving the ship, she and the jolly-boat had burnt down to the water's edge, and sunk.

They remained in that dangerous position a few minutes, but could learn nothing of the rest of those

who had jumped from the jolly-boat, and were obliged to put the boat before the wind for safety. During the night she was kept before the wind, and those on board employed themselves in bailing the boat, and stopping the leaks. Next morning masts were rigged and sails set, and the boat headed for the coast of Brazil, it being the nearest land, 600 miles distant W. by S., and arrived Nov. 2, thirty-six miles north of Pernambuco, for which place they immediately started, and reached it on the evening of the 4th. They proceeded immediately to the house of Mr. Ray, the United States consul, who received them with all possible kindness and hospitality, providing them lodgings in his own house, in which Capt. H. and Mr. Austin continued afterwards to reside.

Capt. Howes states that he has every reason to believe that the fire originated in the lower hold, because if it had originated in the between-decks it could not possibly have communicated so soon to the salt-petre, which was all stowed in the lower hold, at the bottom of the ship. There was a large quantity of linseed on board, which was stowed in the lower hold forward upon the saltpetre, and that has been known to ignite of itself when damaged by water. The ship leaked considerably forward in heavy weather, and the captain was of opinion that the water must have reached the linseed, and caused it to ferment to such a degree as to ignite the surrounding cargo. He could assign no other cause, as no one had been into the hold for thirty days with a light: besides, the smoke came from amidships, where no person had ever been after the ship left Calcutta.

Five persons perished in the small boat, viz:—Henry Parkman; Henry Erving, Boston; Mr. James T. Bell, son of the late ex-governor Bell of New Hampshire; Samuel P. Nash, the mate, and a seaman, named Michael, an Italian.

A friend, in a letter, alluding to the death of James Thorn Bell, son of the late ex-governor of New Hampshire, by the destruction of the ship *Harold*, states the following facts :—

“Six years ago, Gov. John Bell was surrounded by a happy family of four beautiful and highly cultivated daughters, and three fine boys, who were all acquiring a classical education that they might be prepared to fill worthily those high stations, which they seemed destined by birth and circumstance to occupy.

“Now, the father is laid in his grave ; and his four daughters, two of whom have left husbands and and children to mourn for them, have been laid by his side. His two oldest sons were members of Dartmouth College. Within two years, the eldest travelled into the Southern States for his health, and died, and was buried among strangers. A little more than a year ago, James sailed for Calcutta on the same errand. His health was partially restored, and he was returning to the embraces of his excellent mother and only surviving brother, and has found his grave in the depths of the ocean.”

The following is an extract from Rev. Mr. Lothrop's sermon in the Brattle Street Church, Boston, January 19, 1840.

After speaking of many recent destructive gales and shipwrecks, he says :—“But scarcely have we ceased to think and to speak of this calamity, ere another is brought to our knowledge, unexpected and unlooked for, not so general, in its nature, yet appealing to and touching the deep sympathies of all. The sky is fair, the atmosphere serene, the wind, though cold and wintry, is light and gentle, and an unclouded sun sheds over nature all the beauty and gladness that can ever dwell in a winter's landscape. A mother's heart is beginning to beat with joy. Her countenance, which had worn the anxiety of ‘hope de-

ferred,' is lighted up with a smile, for she feels that under such a sky, even a wintry approach to our coast is safe, and that the ship, richly freighted with her maternal affections, will soon arrive. It may come tomorrow;—alas! tomorrow dawns only to bring death to her hopes and her dwelling,—to bring us all a sad and mournful tale, how that, in the wildest track of the wild sea, the fire-spirit overtook that ship, and the majestic bark, 'that had bounded over the waters like a conqueror, became a mighty pillar of fire in the vast desert of the ocean,' and how, while some escaped, her son and others of our fellow citizens, around whom have gathered the affections of fond hearts, were lost. There is, there must be, it seems to me, for I cannot speak from experience, there must be 'a fearfulness in the solitude of the ocean, which every one must feel, under whatever circumstances he traverses its mighty depths. Night, with its storms and tempests, may add to the sensation; but there is in the very vastness of the waters, in the awful uniformity of their murmurs, and in their unchanging aspect, a loneliness so deep and perfect that the human heart has no passion of hope or fear, which it does not deepen or overcome. The moonlight of a desert solitude, the gloom of evening or midnight in a ruined city may carry the traveller's thoughts through years of bygone happiness; but it is in his passage across the deep, in the hush and loneliness of the ocean that the visions and bodings of his own spirit become palpable and real.' This it is, that causes the misfortunes, that happen in the heart of the seas, to awaken in our breasts the deepest sympathy with the sufferers. Their complete, absolute separation from the rest of mankind, makes us feel for them, as if they had been the inmates of our own dwellings. And if they have actually been known to us, if they have lived in our neighborhood, if our hands have ever exchanged with them the

warm grasp of friendship and affection, if they have mingled in our social or domestic joys, our hearts yearn in pity and tenderness, as we think of their fate. No tomb shall plead to their remembrance. No human power can redeem their forms. The white foam of the waves was their winding sheet, the winds of the ocean shall be their eternal dirge.

"The news of the burning of the *Harold* therefore, touched the sympathies of all of us, even of those who did not personally know the sufferers. Men talked of it at the corners of the streets, and expressed to each other their sorrow and regret. In every circle, gathered around the fire-side of every dwelling in the city, it was spoken of, and trembling prayers went up from all those, who had a son, a husband, a brother, traversing the vast deep."

ESCAPE OF AN AMERICAN BRIG

from destruction by a water spout, off the coast of Brazil, July, 1837.

An American brig, (name not mentioned,) and her crew, had a very narrow escape from destruction by a water spout, in the month of July, off the coast of Brazil. The particulars are related in a letter from an officer of the United States ship *Erie* :

"The brig was bound to Monte Video ; and when within a few days sail of her port, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a water spout was observed at a short distance to leeward. Every thing was taken in, to the topsails, and they were lowered on the caps. In a few moments the water spout was close aboard, and passed at the distance of about twenty feet astern, with a rushing sound louder than the roaring of the

winds. As it passed, the brig's masts were slowly and gradually inclined to the water, until she was completely capsized. Fortunately, every body was on deck at the time, and got upon the side of the vessel which was above water. They cut away her masts, and she righted, full of water. The wind blew fresh the four succeeding days, during which time she lay with the sea washing over her; while in this situation, one or two vessels had passed without noticing them. As soon as it became more calm, they pumped out the water, rigged jury-masts, and made the best of their way to Rio.

"This was a narrow escape, truly, and leads to the presumption, that the variation of a few feet in the course of the water spout, as it passed the vessel, would have caused her immediate destruction. If this supposition be correct, may we not find in the foregoing account an explanation of the, as yet, unknown cause of the loss on the same coast, and in about the same latitude, of several Baltimore vessels, with all on board,—the fine new brig Mary, some few years since; the brig Cervantes, which had on board, as passengers, three experienced Baltimore captains, and three or four mates; and, at a still earlier period, the loss of the brig Maryland."

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION

of the crew of the Scotch ship Scotia, by the New York packet ship Roscius, December 5, 1839.

The ship Roscius, Capt. Collins, one of the New York packets on her passage to Liverpool, Dec. 5, 1839, fell in with the ship Scotia, bound from Quebec for Glasgow, water-logged. Dr. Madden, who was

one of the passengers in the *Roscius*, has furnished the following interesting narrative of the rescue of the crew from a watery grave :

"In the afternoon of the 5th of December, we fell in with the wreck of the *Scotia*, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, burthen 600 tons, loaded with timber, water-logged, in lat. 46, lon. 32 30. On seeing signals of distress flying, we altered our course and bore down on her ; on our vessel approaching, Capt. Collins hailed her. The answer was, ' We are water-logged—seventeen feet water in her hold ! ' The prompt reply of Capt. Collins was, ' If you want to come on board, put out your boats.' A cheer from the people of the sinking vessel followed ; such a cry as men in desperate circumstances alone could utter ; and that thrilling cry went up as the simultaneous shout of men in the most extreme peril suddenly restored to life and hope ;—and instantly every hat and cap was seen waving on the crowded poop.

"An effort was now made to approach us, but the water-logged vessel was utterly unmanageable ; she pitched heavily, as if she would have gone down headlong, the seas swept over her, and, as she rose, poured through her broken ports. Her top-masts had been cut away to ease her ; and the poop-deck, where the crew were congregated, seemed the only place of safety left them.

"In attempting to near, she came staggering down on us, and we were compelled to make sail to get out of her way. The sea was very heavy ; we again laid to, and were then about a mile from the *Scotia*. Night came on, and no boats were seen—the unfortunate *Scotia* was then lost sight of altogether. About 6 o'clock, Capt. Collins hoisted a lantern, and the light was immediately answered by the *Scotia*. It was the opinion of the captain that one of their boats had put off and had been swamped in attempting to reach us, and that the survivors had determined to wait till morning before another attempt was

made. It seemed, indeed, doubtful in the extreme if any small boats could live in such a sea. It is impossible to sufficiently commend the conduct of Captain Collins, as his anxiety to reach Liverpool before the steamer, which was to have sailed six days after us, made every moment of importance; we had, moreover, seventy steerage passengers, and twenty-one in the cabin; and to forego taking advantage of a fair wind, and to lay to for a night in a heavy sea, with every appearance of an approaching gale, was a determination which, I greatly fear, many a master of a ship would have found great difficulty in forming and acting on. Capt. Collins, however, made this resolution prompt, and without any expression of impatience at the detention it occasioned. His only observation was, 'We must stay by them at all events, till morning; we cannot leave them to perish there.'

"At 6 o'clock in the evening, cheering was heard in the direction of the Scotia; the people, we supposed, had taken to the boats, and had then left the sinking vessel. In the course of an hour, or rather less, the long-boat of the Scotia, filled with men, was on our lee quarter. By the admirable arrangements which were then made by Capt. Collins for rescuing them, the men were taken on board without the least accident. This boat brought eighteen; the captain and five men still remained on board the wreck, and were preparing to put off in the jolly-boat. No little anxiety was felt for the safety of this small boat. In the course of half an hour, however, she was seen; and, with two oars only, she gained the Roscius, and the captain and his five men were soon taken on board. To the credit of Capt. Jeans of the Scotia, be it observed, that he was the last man to leave the sinking ship; the anxiety expressed by the men who came in the first boat for the safety of their captain, and, indeed, the terms in which the whole of his people, then and subsequently, spoke of him, showed how highly he was respected and esteemed by his crew;

and, if he had not been so, he would, probably, not have kept his ship afloat so long as he had done. Nor was the anxiety of Capt. Jeans for the safety of his crew less manifest: the first question he asked, on coming on board the *Roscius*, was, 'Are all my people safe?' The captain and crew were all Scotch; and their conduct throughout reflected no discredit on their country.

"When they came on board, they were worn out with continual exertion,—the men had been night and day at the pumps since the previous Tuesday,—but, exhausted as they were, they immediately turned to, and, with one accord, went on deck and did duty with our crew; and no sooner were the boats cast adrift than there was ample occasion for their services,—a violent gale from the north-east set in, which must have rendered it utterly impossible for the people to have taken to their boats; and the violence of which, on the following day, must have been inevitably fatal, for it would have been impossible to have kept the pumps going,—and the sea already, even before the gale from the north-east set in, was making a clear breach over her, and threatening to carry away her poop-cabin, the last place of refuge left for the poor people of the *Scotia*, except the top, where they had already stowed water and provisions, in the momentary expectation of being compelled to abandon the deck. Thus, providentially was it that twenty-four human beings were preserved from a watery grave.

"Captain Jeans addressed a letter to Captain Collins, expressive of the gratitude of himself and crew to him for his noble and humane conduct in rescuing them from 'certain death.' 'For all the kindness and generous treatment we have subsequently received from you,' adds Captain Jeans, 'we thank you from our hearts, and in the prayers of ourselves and families you never can be forgotten.'"

SHIPWRECKS AND OTHER DISASTERS,
*in the vicinity of Boston and Cape Ann; which oc-
curred during the tremendous gale and snow
storm of December 15 and 16, 1839.*

It has, probably, never before fallen to the lot of the inhabitants of New England to have witnessed so many terrible disasters, by tempest and sea, and in so brief a period, as the furious and destructive gales which swept along our coast within the last two weeks of December, 1839,—carrying desolation and death in their destructive pathway, and overwhelming numerous families in the deepest gloom of heart-felt mourning.

Often as we have been called to mourn with those who have mourned over the sad wreck of human hopes, we have never met with any more calculated to excite the sympathy and commiseration of the friends of humanity, than the melancholy events which it is our duty to record.

In giving an account of the distressing shipwrecks, the loss of life, and loss of property, which have been the terrific results of this tempest along the New England shore, we have taken much pains to collect our materials from the most authentic sources.

DISASTERS IN BOSTON HARBOR.

In Boston, the snow storm commenced about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, December 15, with a strong north-east wind, which continued throughout the day, occasionally relapsing into rain. In the

course of the day the wind increased, and blew with great fury from the eastward; and in the evening, for several hours, it amounted to a perfect hurricane, blowing with more violence than had been known for years. The gale continued through the night, but abated somewhat after midnight.

Most of the vessels in the stream dragged their anchors; and much damage was done to the shipping lying at the wharves,—some few of the particulars of which we give the reader :

Sch. Harwich, lying at anchor in the stream, was forced against the ship *Columbiana*, one of the New Orleans packets moored at a wharf,—and carried away her mainmast, stove her staunches, bulwarks, &c. The *Columbiana* had her cutwater knocked off, was badly chafed, and had her anchor torn away.

Sch. *Clarinda*, of Boston, and a lighter sloop, lying at the same wharf, sunk alongside.

Ship *Propontis* of Boston, from Cadiz, broke adrift, tore out her timber heads; and drove up the dock.

Ship *Forum*, of Boston, parted her moorings, and drove up the dock,—she stove in her stern, had her foretopmast carried away, and sustained other injury.

Ship *Sterling*, of Boston, broke adrift, and was very much chafed by falling across the dock.

Brig *Banian*, of Boston, from Matanzas, dragged from the stream, and received considerable damage from contact with the vessels at the wharves.

At one of the wharves much damage was caused by the barque *Creole*, which drove from the stream, and came in contact with the brig *Adelaide*, which lost her bowsprit and was severely chafed. The *Adelaide* dragged against the Hamburg brig *Erdwina*, and damaged her sides, chain plates, &c.

A lighter schooner was sunk by another vessel's bowsprit driving into her stern.

Sch *Herperus* of Gardiner, from Pittston, at anchor in the stream, parted her chain, drove against ship

Wm. Badger, parted her fasts, and both drove up, across the dock, lowest side to the sea; the schooner carried away bowsprit, and stove her bow in port. The ship had her side badly chafed, and the end of her jib-boom stove in the upper window of a four story brick store on the wharf.

Brig Adelaide, for Trinidad, carried away her bowsprit, &c.

The Hamburg brig Erdwina, for Baltimore, chafed all her sheathing off fore and aft, split several planks, and stove a hole in her side, carried away chains fore and aft, jib-boom and main-boom.

Brig Gertrude, from Mansanilla, stove part of her stern, and carried away bowsprit.

Sloop Star filled and sunk.

Brig Cyprus was considerably chafed.

Schooner Clorinda lost her foremost and bowsprit, filled and sunk.

Sloop Hepzibah filled and sunk.

Schooner Thomas, from Portland, dragged her anchors in the stream, drove against a wharf, and started several planks in her larboard quarter.

Brig Bañian, from Matauzas, dragged her anchors in the stream, drove in to the Eastern Packet Pier wharf, both anchors ahead, stove boat, storehouses, &c.

The schooner Catherine Nichols, from Philadelphia for Boston, went ashore on Sunday at 4 o'clock, P. M., on the S. W. side of Nahant, and three of the crew were drowned, the captain and one man saved.

DISASTERS IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR,
in the gale of December 15, 1839.

We are indebted to a friend in Gloucester, who has kindly furnished us with the materials for the following account of the destruction of life and property in that harbor, on Sunday, December 15.



Gloucester harbor during the storm.

Never have we witnessed so severe a storm, or one so disastrous and melancholy in its results, as that which set in on Sunday morning. Snow and rain came together, accompanied with a high wind from the south-east which soon increased to a gale almost unprecedented for violence, and which continued without abatement the whole of that day and most of Monday. Property and life have been swept away to an almost unparalleled extent, and the scenes of suffering and desolation that have been brought before

their eyes, have involved a whole community in sorrow.

On Sunday morning there was in our harbor about *sixty* sail of vessels, which had put in, in anticipation of a storm. Of this large fleet, all that could be seen at anchor on Monday morning was about *twenty*, and they having every mast and spar cut away,—a solitary pole in each only standing to bear aloft a signal of distress, and for assistance. These, tossing as they were like egg shells upon a violent sea, and exposed to the yet raging gale, liable every moment to part their cables and be driven to sea with all on board, presented a scene melancholy in the extreme. But when the eye rested upon the long line of wrecks that were strewn along the shore, and the innumerable fragments of others, together with their scattered cargoes,—with here and there the cold and stiffened corse of a fellow creature, and the straggling groupings of the suffering survivors,—the feeling heart was subdued, and the strongest sympathy awakened in the breasts of all.

Below we give an abstract of the particulars connected with this calamitous loss of life and property, and a list of the names of the vessels wrecked or otherwise damaged, prepared with much care, and which we believe to be mainly correct.

Sloop Eagle, of Bath,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Eliza & Betsey, of Mount Desert,—sunk at her anchors, crew lost, their names were Joseph Gott, Alpheus Gott, Peter Gott, and Joseph Gott.

Sch. Boston, of Belfast,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Mary Jane, of Portland,—cut away masts, stove deck load, and afterwards brought into harbor,—crew taken off.

Sch. Columbia, of Bremen, Me.,—total wreck,—two men drowned whose names were Wm. Wallace and William Hofses.

Sch. Neutrality, of Portland,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. St. Cloud, from New York for Prospect,—total wreck,—crew saved.

Sch. Favorite, of Wiscasset,—vessel and cargo lost,—two were drowned, Mr. William Mann and Mrs. Sally Hilton.

Sch. Sally, of Wiscasset,—vessel and cargo lost,—Capt. Drake and his brother were drowned.

Sch. Fame, of Ellsworth,—vessel bilged,—crew saved.

Sch. Delta, of Augusta,—vessel stranded above high water mark, no lives lost.

Sch. Sarah, of Portsmouth,—no lives lost, cargo partly saved.

Sloop Portland, of Brunswick,—driven ashore, no lives lost.

Sch. Prudence, of Prospect,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Sally & Mary, of Bristol,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Industry, of Prospect,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Mary Frances, of Belfast,—just as the custom house boat boarded her, her last cable parted, and she went to sea; the boat took off the crew and two passengers, Mr. B. F. Blackstone, and Dr. Boyden, of Belfast.

Sch. Volant,—wrecked, crew supposed to be saved.

Sch. Mary Gould,—wrecked, crew saved.

Sch. Charlotte,—wrecked, crew saved.

Sch. Walrus, of Bucksport,—wrecked at Pigeon Cove, crew all perished; four of the bodies found.

Sch. Brilliant, of Mount Desert,—vessel and cargo lost, and the captain, (Amos Eaton,) and two of the crew drowned.

Sch. Milo, of Bristol,—vessel and cargo lost, and one man (Samuel Sprawl) drowned.

Sch. *Splendid*, of New Castle,—vessel and cargo lost, crew saved.

Sch. *North Carolina*, of Calais, from Calais bound to Newport, with lumber,—cut away mast and rode out the gale, but sustained other injury by vessels drifting afloat of her.

Sch. *Antioch*, of Ellsworth,—broke away from her anchors, cut away her masts, and brought her to; rode at her anchors some time, and then parted one chain, and held on with one anchor. The crew left her about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 3 she drifted out to sea; she was afterwards discovered at Cohasset Rocks, gone to pieces.

The following schooners were dismantled:—*Superior*, of Ellsworth; *John*, of Thomaston; *Wm. Penn*, of Machias; *Gen. Jackson*, of St. George; *Mercator*, of Danvers; *Fame*, of Augusta; *Favorite*, of Gloucester; *Martha Ann*, of Eden; *Patriot*, of Thomaston; *Orlen*, of Waldoboro'; *Harriet*, of Westport; *Edward*, of Mount Desert; *Mary Ann*, of Ellsworth; *Fawn*, of Long Island; *Fair Play*, of Weymouth; *Increase*, of Bristol; *Julia Ann*, of Sedgwick; *Resolution*, of Harpswell; *Congress*, of Mount Desert; *Marine*, of Portland; *Economy*, of Islesboro'; *Henrietta*, of Westport; *Ariel*, of Boston; *Alert*, of Woolwich; *Fair Play*, of Boston; *Norman*, of Thomaston.

Sch. *Cassius*, of Prospect,—stern damaged and boat lost.

Sch. *Cooper's Fancy*, of Mount Desert,—vessel sunk, crew saved.

The sch. *St. Thomas*, of Haverhill, from Baltimore, rode out the gale in safety; she left off Cape Cod, on Saturday night, one ship, two barques, and six brigs,—thick snow storm and blowing a gale.

We have thus given a long list of the disasters which occurred in Gloucester harbor during the gale and storm of Dec. 15 and 16,—making *twenty-two*

total wrecks,—thirty-three vessels dismasted and otherwise injured,—with the loss, as actually ascertained, of more than TWENTY human beings.

The bodies of twelve of those who perished, having been thrown ashore, were recovered. These, (with the exception of the remains of Mrs. Hilton, which had been removed to Boston by her friends,) were, on the following Sabbath, interred from the First Parish Church of Gloucester, where, in the presence of an immense audience, an appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Josiah K. Waite, and the obsequies performed. A procession was formed, consisting, it is computed, of between two and three thousand people, who followed the dead to the place of burial.

The following are the names of the deceased, as marked upon their coffins :

Amos Eaton, master of schooner Brilliant.

Peter Gott, }
Alpheus Gott, } of schooner Betsey & Eliza.

William Hofses, }
William Wallace, } of schooner Columbia.

Joshua Nickerson, master of schooner Walrus.

Isaac Dacker.

Reuben Rider.

Philip Galley,—and two bodies, names unknown.

The two following letters from a gentleman in Gloucester, will be found to possess much interest.

“Gloucester, Sunday night, Dec. 15.

“We have experienced a most disastrous gale of wind here to-day from E. S. E. A fleet of fifty vessels which came out of Portland yesterday put in here this morning in a thick snow storm,—from seventeen to twenty of which, as near as can be ascertained, have gone ashore in our harbor, and are total wrecks.

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"Our oldest sea captains say they have not experienced a gale like this since that of 1815. Truly we have been called upon to-day to witness the most heart-rending scenes; aye, to stand on shore and see the poor sailors clinging to the last fragment of their frail bark, and staring grim death in the face, fully determined upon their fate.

"Hundreds of our energetic and praiseworthy citizens, with undaunted courage, immediately repaired to the scene of disaster, and they have done all in their power to save the dying and drowning—and many, at the peril of their lives, like heroes, rushed into the surf and dragged men and women by means of ropes on shore, in an exhausted state; but, alas! many were doomed to the fate of a watery grave.

"Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the unbounded hospitality of our townsmen, in administering to the wants and comforts of these shipwrecked hardy sons of Neptune. To-morrow will be a sad day in gathering up the mangled bodies of the dead.

"I will close this mournful epistle, by adding, that the rain continues to pour in torrents, and the gale has not as yet abated any. The roar of the sea, resembling distant thunder, can be heard for miles along our rock bound shore. Most melancholy music. I doubt if the gale has been even worse on our whole coast, than we have experienced it in Cape Ann."

"Gloucester, Tuesday night, Dec. 17.

"Since I last addressed you, I have gathered the following additional particulars relative to the late disastrous gale experienced on our shores.

"A schooner, name unknown, drove ashore about 3 o'clock on Monday morning, near the Cove,—part of the crew were saved. She belonged to Bucksport, and was loaded with corn, flour and furniture—vessel a total wreck; cargo partly saved in a damaged state. Two other vessels came ashore and went to pieces,—

not a soul saved, yet heard of. The schooner *Prudence*, of *Prospect* ; *Splendid*, of *Newcastle*, and *Mary & Eliza*, of *Belfast*, have bilged, all lumber loaded. During the height of the gale on Sunday night, about twenty-three vessels were forced to cut away their masts to save them from a perilous fate.

"Yesterday morning, I paid a visit to the awful scene of destruction, and what a melancholy sight did I behold. The whole shore, as far as the eye could extend, was literally strewn with dead bodies in a horribly disfigured and mutilated state, so much so that many of their fellow sailors were unable to recognize them. Truly, this scene was enough to chill the blood of any eye witness, or melt a heart of adamant. Scattered here and there were ten thousand broken fragments of vessels, trunks, chests, boxes, balès, wood and lumber, the whole presenting a most frightful spectacle ; and yet all this immense loss of life and property seemed but the work of a moment, directed by the hand of Almighty Providence. But, enough, my heart already sickens at the recital of this horrid tragedy.

"Some of our citizens, with a deep felt sympathy which they have nobly manifested from the outset, yesterday afternoon resolutely determined, at the imminent risk of their own lives, to volunteer their assistance to the remainder of these almost perishing and distressed mariners. Wind still blowing, snow flying, and the sea breaking so as to render the attempt extremely hazardous, and fraught with danger, yet they gallantly manned their boats, and ere the sun had set, they safely landed in comfortable quarters ninety human beings, all from dismasted vessels, two of which with valuable property, immediately parted their cables and went to sea. The escape proved almost miraculous. This generous deed, on the part of our fishermen, needs no comment of mine.

"About one hundred wreckers have been constantly employed, night and day, in saving all the property within reach.

"At Sandy Bay, two vessels drove on a ledge of rocks with cargoes of flour and grain, and went to pieces,—all hands lost. The pier or breakwater, (that gigantic structure of stone,) at this place, also yielded to the fury of the elements, it being torn up about ninety feet. The stone fillers, weighing seven and eight tons, all started out. This fact seems almost incredible. I have also heard of a wreck at Coffin's beach. At all events, I am credibly informed that the Austrian barque, which stranded a short time since, is now no more.

"I feel it a duty I owe to myself, and in justice to the noble liberality of our fellow citizens, to state, that a public meeting was called last evening, to come to the aid of our shipwrecked mariners. The call was warmly responded to, and the meeting duly organized. Motions were moved and seconded, resolutions unanimously adopted, committees chosen, papers drawn up, and the sum of \$500 subscribed on the spot. This act of generosity will ever redound to the honor of the inhabitants of the town of Gloucester.

"The total number of wrecked and dismasted vessels, is about forty. From twenty-five to thirty lives were lost, perhaps more; twelve of the bodies have been found and taken care of."

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. C. M. Nickels, of Gloucester, is a description of the human suffering which he was called to witness during the late gale of December 15.

"There were about sixty vessels in the harbor when the gale commenced. They began to break away from their moorings about 4 o'clock, P. M. At an early hour I repaired to the beach. There,

amid the roar of waves, the crash of falling masts, and the fragments of broken vessels and their cargoes, dashing furiously together, the scene was awful beyond description. Probably twenty or thirty sailors perished! I heard their piteous cries for help, but could not help them. Hundreds of us were within twenty yards, and, in some cases within ten, and yet were unable to afford relief.

"I will select a single instance, which will give you some idea of the whole scene. It is the fate of the schooner *Brilliant*, of Mount Desert. I saw her when she first struck adrift. She was a large schooner, loaded with stone. The situation of the crew was perilous in the extreme; and when they found that they must go ashore, they slipped their cables and ran her, bows on. The sea broke over her so high, that the men were obliged to go up into the fore rigging. After lying for a while in this position,—not more than once and a half her length from the bank,—she was, by a very heavy wave, brought side to the shore. Soon she began to break up, commencing about midships. The eyes of all were now fixed with intense anxiety upon this vessel; she was the last one that went to pieces. We saw that the situation of the crew, who were in the starboard fore rigging off shore, was utterly hopeless. I felt, and could not help expressing my feelings to some who stood near me, 'were I in their situation, I should want a very clear hope of heaven, and a very strong faith.' If ever I offered an earnest prayer, it was then, and in their behalf. We stood, every moment expecting to see the masts fall. The wave at length came which determined their fate; both masts fell off shore, and we knew the men were under them! All was still as death,—the very winds and waves, for a moment, seemed hushed in solemn pause. Nothing more did we expect to hear from the ill-fated seamen. But in a few moments the piercing

cry came, '*a rope, a rope!*' It produced great excitement among those on the shore, but all attempts to send them the desired aid were vain. We heard that cry again,—but nothing could be done. We waited fifteen or twenty minutes, and supposed that all was over. A number of us had left the beach, when one man, after being in the water for half or three quarters of an hour, was seen in the surf, and drawn out alive; the bodies of two others were found under the broken fragments after the tide had fallen; the rest have not been found.

"From one vessel a rope was sent to the shore, and two men on board made themselves fast to it; but, unhappily, it caught foul, and with the strength of all who could reach it, we could not get it clear. The men perished while one end of the rope to which they were attached, was in our hands! On board another vessel, lying within twenty or thirty feet of those who stood on the bank, a lady and gentleman were seen till the last fragments were broken up, and then sunk before our eyes into a watery grave. In other cases, the struggling sufferers were washed away by the retreating wave, just as they were about to grasp the hand that could almost reach them from the shore.

"The next morning, the whole beach was covered with the spars, and timbers, and broken cargoes of nearly twenty vessels; while here and there might be seen a mangled human form, in some instances so wedged between the crevices of the rocks that they could not be moved till the tide had left them. Such a scene I never witnessed before, and hope I may never be called to witness the like again.

"Several of the seamen from these wrecks tarried at my house while they remained in town. One of them, the captain of a brig, the evening before he left me, said, '*I really thought, when my vessel struck, we were all gone.*' I asked him whether he thought about what would be his condition in the future

world? 'Yes,' said he, 'I felt that my case was a doubtful one at best.' 'Did you pray?' 'Yes; and I doubt whether any man, in such a situation, could help praying, mentally, if not audibly. I feel that I *ought* to be a Christian.' "

Extracts from the discourse of the Rev. Josiah K. Waite, delivered in Gloucester on the interment of eleven mariners, wrecked on Cape Ann, in the storm of Dec. 15, 1839:

"Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters."—Exodus xv. 10.

"The power of God displayed in the extraordinarily excited action of the elements, inspires awe; and, when productive of destruction of life and property, strikes the beholder with consternation and dismay. Hope and fear, thrilling sensations of horror, stimulate or paralyze the energies of the mind which endures or pauses to contemplate the resistless course of Almighty power, and the baffled efforts of human impotency. If calm and self-possessed, it views the sublime grandeur of an aroused mighty element, and the scene of its fury and devastation, with the most deep and strong, yet tender and compassionate, emotions of its godlike nature.

"We have looked forth and seen the sea, 'the dark blue sea,' calm and beautiful as the lake on a summer's eve; and again we have looked, and behold, the Lord blew his wind, and it arose in all its terrible majesty and strength, bearing down the hopes of man, and, in its sublime convolutions and far-resounding roar, we have seen the upturning arm, and heard the voice of Jehovah, the invincible, discoursing of power and might, of human nothingness, with that deep eloquence and solemn pathos, which caused the face of the boldest to blanch, and brought the heart of the most stubborn to the knee, in subdued and profound adoration and awe.

"They too, who now lie powerless, silent, dead, before us, on this day week, not only saw and heard, but wrestled manfully, though vainly, with the conflicting, irresistible power of God's agents, the wind and the wave. 'They sank as lead in the mighty waters, and the sea covered them.'

"This allusion and scriptural application you will understand as made to the dreadful catastrophe and solemn events of the past week,—to the human havoc of the late storm upon our coast and in our harbor, which has thrown the pall of sadness over this whole community.

"The wrecks?—the wrecks?—what more of them? How many and what lives have been lost? How many bodies have been found? Such have been the subjects of inquiry, and engrossing topics of conversation during the past week, at our firesides and by the way.

"To these inquiries no definite or satisfactory information can yet be given, but we know, alas! we see the melancholy evidence before us, that many hearts which throbbed quick and beat high with hopes so lately, now lie cold and stiff in death; and more there doubtless are over whom the sea-weed waves, and the 'illimitable waters chant their funeral dirge.'

"These hapless beings, our brethren and countrymen, strangers all to us, 'sank as lead in these mighty waters, and the sea covered them.' Their remains, here before us, were thrown by the violence of the waves upon this most inhospitable coast,—but not among inhospitable hearts, which do not sympathize, or which, over the grave of the seaman and stranger, will refuse humanity's last tribute,—a tear.

'Ours are the tears, tho' few, sincerely shed,
When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.'

"Let us now, my friends, sketch to ourselves a hasty, and, necessarily, very imperfect picture of the

closing scene in the lives of these our unfortunate fellow beings.

“In imagination, we see them leaving their homes under the cheering smiles and benedictions of wife, children, friends.—They embark with buoyant hopes and prayers for a prosperous voyage, and for a speedy and safe return. We see them in their freighted barks pursuing their course o’er the billowy main, but anon,—the sky darkens, the wind roars around them, preluding a storm: they make our harbor, cast anchor, and hope here to lie in safety. Alas, delusive hope! They see the mighty waves roll on the ‘increasing fury of the gale:’ anxiety, fear and anguish fill their hearts as their vessels yield to the heavy sea, as they slip their cables, or drag their anchors, and are borne in fearful proximity to this rock-bound shore.—We see them in imagination, but some who now hear me, saw them in reality, and with inexpressible commiseration, when, despairing of relief, they ran their vessels amidst the angry surf or death-threatening breakers, to take chance among the fragments of their riven hulls. But who can depict the awful scene, or imagine the horrors that ensued, when, having struck the shore, vessel after vessel was shattered and broken up by the battering strokes of the heavy sea,—when one human being after another was swept by the swelling wave into the raging, foaming deep; and when others, in attempting to gain the strand in boats, were immediately submerged in the eddying waters, or borne back by the reflux of the shore-lashing surf.

“Night now closes in upon that heart-rending scene,—and what a night! in which our rocky promontory was shaken by the Storm King to its very centre, was that, to the horror-stricken victims, among whom the angel of death continued his work of destruction and slaughter amidst the roaring of winds,—the rush of waters,—the falling of spars,—

the crash of timber, and the shrieks of eternity-expecting men and women.

‘O, I have suffer’d
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash’d all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished.’

“Fancy may essay to paint the scene, but it far transcends the power of the pen to describe, or the agitated minds of those who escaped or witnessed the imminent perils and havoc of that night, fully to imagine its appalling terror.

“At length the prayed-for day dawns upon the remaining but unrelieved survivors of the storm. Upon the billows, agitated by the yet unspent fury of the wind, were presented to view the work of destructive power and darkness—strained, leaking and sparless vessels, with signals of distress flying above their hulls, appealing, and not in vain, to the humanity of our citizens, to whose noble, most praise-worthy and hazardous exertions, many are indebted for their relief from soul-rending anxiety, and some, for their rescue from a watery grave.

“And now again, along our iron-bound coast, what a scene of destruction of chattels, merchandize, stoven, dismantled wrecks, and of denuded, dead and mangled human bodies; in view of which the heart sickened in pitying humanity, while the soul bowed in awe as it traced the footsteps of Him, who had so lately passed there in terrible majesty and power.—They, who witnessed the scene, will never forget, when the winds of heaven howl about their dwellings, to think of the perils of the mariner, and the omnipotence of God.

“As in shrinking horror I gazed upon the robust form, the sinewed arm, the manly countenance which had faced the tempest and battled with the elements, now stretched upon the sand, stiffened in death, unre-

cognized by friend to tell their history, I was forced in imagination to think of the home, the wife, children and friends, to whose lips the bitter cup of affliction was so soon to pass, and I felt that the time had indeed come, when, in the language of the poet,

‘No more for him the blazing hearth will burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care—
No children run to lisp their sire’s return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.’

“And what are the moral uses we are to make of the startling and melancholy events, in consequence of which we have now assembled? The hand-writing inscribed by the finger of God upon this sad catastrophe, if I have rightly interpreted it, teaches no new, but enforces the well-known great, yet unrealized and too often forgotten solemn truths—the Omnipotence of God,—the impotency of man—the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of immediate preparation for eternity.

“‘Man in the midst of life is in death.’ The most serene sky and beautiful undulating wave, are but precursors of the lowering heavens and raging billow. The home-bound voyage, so replete with buoyant and anticipative bliss, is but ‘a surer and speedier passage to the tomb.’ Death is the crisis and the consummation of our mortal being. But it is uncertain when, how or where it may take place. In vigorous and efficient health, in the midst of useful labors, acquired honors, blissful enjoyments and strong earthly attachments, death may come upon us as a thief in the night, we know not when. In a world where dangers lurk and casualties befall the most cautious and apparently the most inexpressed, how many fall, they know not how. We know not where we shall die—whether at home amidst sympathizing friends, or abroad where no hand is to administer comfort, and no heart to impart consolation in the last conflict of nature. Neither can we know, as we

might desire, whether our remains will repose by the hallowed spot of kindred dust, or fill a space which no eye can ever trace, or rest beneath the turf which no tear of kindred will ever bedew.

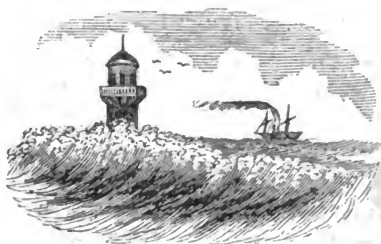
"But why do I remind you of these things? Surely, I need not to tell you, brethren, that life is uncertain, and that we know not how, where or when death will usher us into eternity:—for, a deep, solemn, and awfully emphatic voice comes to us from yonder sea-driven, tempest-tossed, rock-battered dead, proclaiming this truth, and repeating the yet timely warning, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh.'

"They, doubtless, while in the flesh, as little realized the force and solemnity of this truth, and were as unprepared to meet their last summons, as are many who now hear me.

"Did they, think ye, imagine, when entering our harbor, that the evening of that day of 'rest from earth-born cares,' would be to them the morn of a never-ending sabbath? Did they think of the awful waters with which they were to be baptized ere their spirits reached the eternal shore? Did they think that the haven which they here made, might be their last this side of the heavenly, or that its deep caverns might be their sepulchre, and its foaming billows their winding sheets? Ah! no, they counted on many days, and as fondly and reasonably hoped to descend to the grave under the usual premonitions of death, as we do now. But the sun of their human existence went down like lightning, 'they sank in the mighty waters and the sea covered them,'—yet above the thunders of the rushing surge, hoarse blasts and howling winds of that dreadful night, a thrilling, warning voice is heard knocking at the door of our hearts, saying, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

"Rescued survivors of the storm!—May the serious and vivid impressions of that eternity, from the

very portal of which you, in an especial manner, have been brought, be sanctified to you, whom the sword of the angel of death passed over on that tragical night, when you beheld the terrible majesty, and experienced the mysterious salvation of God's power and grace. We fervently join in your songs of thanksgiving, brother strangers, and pray that you will henceforth devote your hearts to the service of the most High God, relying for aid on that same outstretched almighty arm which rescued you from the mighty waters, when they had well nigh gone over you. We deeply sympathize with you in your misfortunes, and especially do we sympathize in the anguish of those afflicted, distressed and lacerated hearts which we most devoutly invoke the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God, to heal and sustain, to console and spiritually bless."



DISASTERS AT OTHER PLACES

*on the shores of New England,—at Newburyport,
Marblehead, Cohasset, and at Provincetown,
in the gale and snow storm of Decem-
ber 15 and 16, 1839.*

Newburyport.—From 10 to 12 o'clock on Sunday night, Dec. 15, the wind, which had shifted a point or two more to the N. E., blew a perfect hurricane. Several of the wharves, which were overflowed by the high tide, were much injured, and large quantities of wood, lumber, &c., were floated into the docks. About fifteen or twenty vessels lying at the wharves, suffered more or less damage,—though none were wrecked, nor, according to the best authority we can find, were there any lives lost.

The keeper of the lights on Plum Island, describes the tide as having flowed quite across the island in a number of places, making many deep ravines, and causing many acres of meadow land to be covered with sand. The hotel and site, with almost all the the buildings, were surrounded with one entire sheet of water, as well as the road leading to the bridge. The violence of the gale was such, as to remove many sand hills, forming at the same time many lakes and ponds. He also remarked that the whole eastern side of the island had washed away to an astonishing degree.

Marblehead.—During the gale at Marblehead, the sch. Minerva, from Pittstown, Kennebec, bound to Plymouth with wood, hay, &c., cut away both masts and bowsprit, and threw over deck load of hay.

Sch. Paul Jones drove high and dry on the rocks and bilged.

Sch. *Sea Flower*, with a cargo of corn and flour, stranded on the beach, making a total loss of vessel and part of the cargo.

Sch. *Brilliant* lost her main boom, and had her stern ripped down.

Sch. *Tasso*, slightly damaged.

On River Head Beach, the schooners *Mary*, *John Q. Adams*, *Plutus*, *Two Brothers*, and the *Burlington*, (the latter lost her rudder,) were all driven up high and dry, but have since been got off.

The stern of a small craft was found on River Head Beach, probably wrecked on one of the islands at the mouth of the harbor.

Cohasset.—The Swedish brig *Preciosa*, which sailed from Boston on Saturday, Dec. 14, anchored inside Cohasset Rocks, Monday forenoon, and cut away both masts.

Sch. *Antioch*, of Ellsworth, laden with lumber, and supposed to have drifted out of Cape Ann harbor, struck on Nichol's Rock about 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and went to pieces; she was dismasted, and had no one on board when she struck.

Sch. *Margaret*, of Bath, was driven high and dry.

British brig *Susannah*, drove up to Quincy.

British schooner *H. Davenport*, for Annapolis, went ashore on Hospital Island.

Provincetown.—The following are extracts from a letter, dated Provincetown, Dec. 17, 1839:

"The brig *Rideout*, from Bath for Matanzas, came into the outer breakers, on the back of the Capes, about 2 o'clock this afternoon, immediately capsized, and all on board perished. She was a new brig, on her first voyage.

"A Portland brig, from Havana for Boston, with sugar and molasses, went ashore about one mile north

of Highland Light,—vessel and cargo a total loss,—two of the crew drowned.

“Sloop Independence, of Charlestown, loaded with sand, sunk the same day,—the crew took to the rigging, where they remained two hours, and, after two attempts, they were rescued by a whale-boat, doubly manned.

“Since writing the above, I learn there is another brig in the outer breakers on the back of the Capes, with the crew in the tops. Also, a large schooner resembling a New York packet, with both masts cut away. Likewise, a large lumber-loaded brig in the surf,—masts cut away, deck load gone; the crew are on board, but no assistance can yet be rendered them, though many people will remain on the beach, during the night, to render assistance if possible.”

WRECK OF THE CATHERINE NICHOLS, *on Nahant Rocks, in the gale and snow storm of December 15, 1839.*

The schooner Catherine Nichols, Capt. Woodward, of Charlestown, bound home from Philadelphia, loaded with coal, was wrecked on Nahant, Sunday, Dec. 15, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Capt. Woodward states that he first made Egg Rock, and then ran round into a cove on the southwest side of Nahant, and anchored. The wind was then favorable, and they were sheltered by the high hills from the violence of the tempest; and the crew might easily have reached the shore in the boat.

In about half an hour, the schooner broke adrift, and passed by Baylies Point, struck once heavily,

and was thrown round on the shelving rocky shore, where she immediately went to pieces. With great difficulty, and by the assistance of the hospitable inhabitants of Nahant, the captain and three of the crew got on shore alive; but one of them, Mr. John Whiton of New Bedford, died before he could be carried to a place of shelter.

The mate clung to the vessel, which was entirely broken to pieces, to the last. He died amidst the roaring surf; and when found, he was destitute of every particle of clothing, except his stock and stockings, and was washed in among the rocks of that rugged shore. Mr. Levi Hatch was drowned, or died from bruises received before he could reach the shore; he left a wife and two children at North Yarmouth. The bodies of these two unfortunate men were taken to Lynn, where they were buried. An appropriate funeral discourse was preached by Rev. Mr. Cook, and a large number of citizens followed the bodies to the burying ground. Another of the crew, John Lindsay, of Philadelphia, was also lost; but his body was not recovered; when last seen he was clinging to the fore-rigging, which, with the foremast, drifted off to sea.

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER DEPOSIT,
on Lakeman's Beach, Ipswich, in the gale of December 15, 1839.

The schooner DEPOSIT, Capt. Cotterell, from Belfast, Me., went ashore on Lakeman's Beach, in Ipswich Bay, at 12 o'clock, on Sunday night,—and four of the seven on board perished from cold and ex-

posure. Great credit is due to Mr. Greenwood, keeper of the light-houses, to Mr. Marshall, and to others, for their noble exertions to rescue the survivors from a watery grave, and also to Capt. Lakeman and his family for their kindness. The particulars of this melancholy loss we believe are substantially these : Mr Marshall first discovered the wreck on Monday morning, and after giving the alarm, himself and Mr. Greenwood repaired to the scene. Although the vessel was close on shore, a boat could not live for a moment in the surf, but Mr. Greenwood dashed into the water and succeeded in reaching the vessel, and with a rope hauled in Mr. Marshall and the boat. They found the people on board, among whom was the wife of the captain, almost exhausted, the sea making almost a continual breach over the vessel. The boy was already dead, lying in the scuppers, and a negro on board, also, soon after laid down and died. The storm was still raging with unabated fury, threatening every moment to dash them to pieces ; and the piteous cries of those who yet survived induced the noble hearted fellows to make an attempt for their rescue, desperate as it seemed without further assistance, as they could not live many minutes on board. The captain, almost senseless, and completely exhausted, was first lowered into the boat with Mr. Marshall ; but a wave instantly upset it, dashing Marshall under the vessel. He, however, rose to the surface, and saved himself by catching hold of a rope ; but the captain was drowned of course, as he was incapable of helping himself.

Mr Greenwood stated, that the horrors of the storm, the sight of the dead around him, and the cries of the dying for succor, were as nothing to the terrific shrieks of the captain's wife, as she saw her husband buried beneath the waters. Two of the crew were got ashore, one of them by floating on the boom ; the bereaved woman was then lowered from the stern by

ropes, and Messrs. Greenwood and Marshall, standing each side of her in the water, took advantage of an inward wave, and run her ashore in their arms. The three were conveyed to the house of Mr Lakeman, and medical assistance procured. The names of the three survivors are Mrs. Cotterell, George Emery and Chandler Mahoney.

The dead bodies were taken to town and decently interred on Wednesday. The services were performed before a large concourse of people, and were such as the solemnity of the occasion demanded. There was a general expression of sympathy for the bereaved friends. The bodies were followed to the grave by sixteen sea captains as bearers, and a long procession of citizens. Never has an event transpired in this town which called forth such an expression of feeling as was manifested on this occasion. The comparative youth of the crew added to the grief which hung over every one present. The expression upon the dead bodies was striking. The face of a young man named Durham was peculiarly sweet. He seemed to be in a calm slumber, rather than a breathless corpse.

Every attention was bestowed upon the survivors, and every thing done to make them comfortable ;— and although a frowning Providence cast them in distress among strangers, they found in them sympathizing friends.



ESCAPE OF THE SHIP UNITED STATES,
off Cape Cod and Nantucket Shoals, in the gale of
December 15, 1839.

The following interesting account was written by a gentleman, who was a passenger in the ship :

"The ship United States, Capt. Swanton, of Bath, Me., passed Seguin on Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1 o'clock, P. M. The sea was very smooth, with a pleasant breeze from N. W., which continued till evening, when it hauled to the north, and in the course of the night veered to the east and blew very fresh,—at 6 o'clock, Sunday morning, the ship was put under close-reefed fore and mizen-topsails, double reefed main-topsails, and fore-top-mast stay-sail. The wind continued veering and increased to a gale, when, at 10, A. M., estimating Chatham light to bear west fifteen miles distant, and the ship head off to south, and making two or three points leeway, it was judged impossible to weather Nantucket shoals, and accordingly wore ship, and laid her on the other tack, when she headed up N. N. E. On account of the rigging being new, and having been fitted in cold weather, it stretched exceedingly in this tremendous gale and heavy sea ; and we were very apprehensive that our masts would go by the board.

"Our only chance of escape, with Cape Cod so near under our lee, was in carrying sail ; for had the ship been hove to, she would inevitably have drifted ashore in a few hours. No canvass but the strongest could withstand the force of this furious gale. Indeed, our fore-top mast stay sail blew out of the bolt rope, and several of the points in the main-top sail cut through the reef-band. The gale continuing unabated, the ship was kept close hauled on the star-

board tack until 6 o'clock, Monday morning, at which time the wind having veered to N. E., and judging Cape Ann to bear west twenty miles distant, wore ship and stood E. S. E. From the commencement of the gale the rain had poured down incessantly, with snow and hail occasionally, and on Monday morning we experienced a severe snow storm and squall.

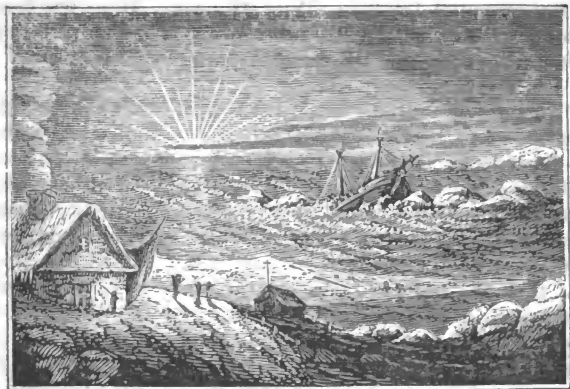
"The sea, during Sunday night, was running so heavy as to lay the whole length of the jib-boom in the water; and a sea struck the lee fore-yard-arm, and carried away studding-sail-boom in the iron. Before wearing ship on Sunday, the slack of the back-stays was taken in, and after wearing, all hands were employed in setting up the lee rigging, and on Monday, after again wearing ship, which brought the starboard rigging to leeward, they were enabled to make the masts and topmasts quite secure; but the top-gallant back-stays kept continually stretching, particularly the main, the royal-yard being athwart. At 6 o'clock, P. M., being in the trough of the sea, the main-top-gallant-mast rolled away just above the cap. Notwithstanding the very heavy sea, and severe gale, the wreck was cleared, and the spars, sails and rigging safely stowed away on deck.

"On Tuesday, the wind veering to N. N. W., we ran out of the south channel under double reefed top-sails, the wind still blowing a heavy gale, although it was quite moderate in comparison with what we had so recently experienced. The ship proved first rate in every respect, and all praise is due her excellent commander for his unremitted and successful exertions in saving the ship from the fury of this dreadful storm."

WRECK OF THE BRIG POCAHONTAS,
*on Plum Island, December 23, 1839,—with the loss
of the whole crew.*

On Monday morning, Dec. 23, soon after daylight, Capt. Brown, at the hotel on Plum Island, discovered the wreck of a vessel, dismasted, on a reef which lies one hundred and fifty yards from the beach, and nearly half a mile east of the hotel. From the papers, trunks and fragments of the vessel strewed on the beach, she was known to be the brig Pocahontas, of Newburyport, Capt. James G. Cook, which sailed from Cadiz the latter part of October, for that port. When first discovered, we learn that three men only were seen, one lashed to the taffrail, nearly, or quite naked, and apparently dead, and two clinging to the bowsprit. In a short time, and before the intelligence had reached town, the weather being so thick that no signals from the island could be seen, only one man, and he clinging to the bowsprit, remained. The tremendous sea running, rendered it impossible to render any assistance to the only survivor of this ill-fated crew, who maintained his position for some hours, having lost it once and regained it, in sight of many people on the beach, who had no power to relieve him, until he was swept into the surf a second time, and was seen no more.

The place where the brig struck is the most dangerous spot on the island, as between it and the shore is a wide space of water deep enough to float the largest vessels. Had she been a quarter of a mile on either side, she would have run on a dry and smooth beach. It appears that she must have anchored some time in the course of the night, and being too near the shore for good holding ground, dragged from her



Wreck of the Pocahontas.

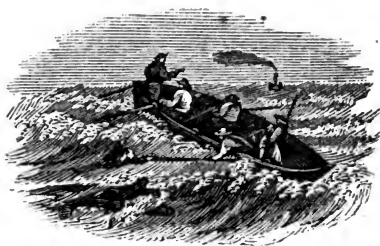
anchors and went stern foremost on the reef, where she thumped until her stern was stove in, and the fearful breach which the sea made continued to tear her in pieces until nothing but the skeleton of what was once a noble vessel remained.

When she came into the bay, and whether those on board knew her position during the gale; whether the majority of them were swept off together, or one by one, being overpowered by the intensity of the cold and the violence of the sea, will never be known, as not one of the twelve or thirteen souls on board is left to tell the sad tale. It is heart-rending, indeed, that the toil-worn mariner, after beating about on a stormy coast for many days, should be wrecked and perish within sight of the smoke ascending from his own hearth.

Among Capt. Cook's papers, washed ashore from the brig Pocahontas, the following list, with accounts annexed, was found, the two first being the names of the captain and mate, and the others probably those of the crew: James G. Cook, Albert Cook, Simon

Day, Samuel Johnson, Wm. Merriam, Wm. Floyed, John Peterson, John Smith, Moses Woodman, Peter Johnson, Henry Ellis, John Wilson, Wm. Wails.

The funeral of Mr. Cook, the first officer of the Pocahontas, and seven of the crew, whose bodies had been found, took place from the Federal street church, in Newburyport. The house was filled with an immense concourse of people, not less, probably, than 2,500 in number. The services were of a deeply impressive character, and the silence and solemnity of the crowded audience spoke quite as seriously to the spectator, as did the voices of the officiating clergyman, or the clear and mournful tone of the requiem. The coffins were placed in the broad aisle, and an American ensign thrown over each. After the close of the exercises at the church, a procession of several hundred citizens formed, notwithstanding the severity of one of the coldest days of winter, and proceeded with the bodies to the grave, while all the bells in town were tolled, and the flags were displayed at half mast.



ANOTHER DISASTROUS GALE,
in the vicinity of Boston and Cape Ann, December
27, 1839.

A letter from Boston, states the following particulars of the gale in that place :—

“ On the night of Friday, Dec. 27, we were visited with another very severe storm, from E. S. E. It commenced raining early in the evening, and in a short time after it began to blow very violently, and continued until midnight, when it increased to a furious hurricane, not abating until about 7 o'clock next morning. The destruction of property is very great. The tide rose higher than it did in the gale of the 15th of this month, and overflowed the wharves, doing great damage to them, and injuring considerable property in the cellars. A great quantity of lumber was washed from the wharves. The Front street dyke was broken down, owing to which the water overflowed nearly all the low land between Front and Washington streets.”

The damage done to the shipping in the harbor was very great.

The ship Geneva, of New York, had her bowsprit and head rigging carried away, her starboard anchor torn from the bow, which hanging by the chain badly chafed her cut-water. Her head and stem, to the water's edge, were completely smashed level with the bow.

Four water boats were sunk at the wharves.

Sloop Helen, from New Bedford, drove from her anchors in the stream into one of the docks, and carried away her mast and bowsprit.

Ship Argo, lost head, carried away bobstays, and was otherwise damaged about the bows.

Sch. Allen, from Jacmel, lost topmasts—was cut down amidships, and broke from her fastenings.

Brig Lincoln, from Havana, struck on the Spit, knocked off her rudder, lost fifty hhds molasses from off the deck, cut away main-mast, beat over, anchored, and rode out the gale.

Ship Concordia parted her stern fasts, drove against the stern of brig Magnet, injuring the stem of the ship and the stern of the brig. The latter also tore away her chain plates, which had just been renewed in consequence of injuries in the previous gale.

A letter from Charlestown dated Dec. 28, says,

“One of the most singular and remarkable wrecks occurred during the gale of last night, and this morning, which we have ever had to record.

“The ship *Columbiana*, of over 600 tons burthen, was lying last night at Swett’s wharf, in this town, and broke from her fastenings this morning, about 5 o’clock, at near high tide. She was partly loaded with ice. Driven by the wind and tide together, she came bows on against the old Charlestown bridge, and made a clean breach through it. She next brought up against the wharf at the draw of Warren bridge, and here the scene was most remarkable. A story-and-a-half house stood upon the wharf, occupied by Mr. Dix, who is engaged in attending the draw of the bridge, lighting lamps, &c. Himself and family, consisting of nine persons, were in bed at the time, and all escaped without any injury, notwithstanding the building was entirely demolished. No two parts of it are left together, but all presents a scene of chaos which cannot be imagined. One large fragment of the chimney stands poised many feet from its original position, and directly beneath it is the family bureau, bedding and chairs. Part of the roof was thrown overboard, and another part projected on the bridge. The piers on which it stood,

forming a part of the wharf, are broke or bent over, and the flooring carried away. The bridge was much injured—the fencing broke down and the sidewalk thrown up for some distance.

“It is remarkable in what manner the inmates succeeded in escaping with their lives and limbs. One man, we are told, was thrown overboard, but succeeded in regaining the wharf, without receiving injury. The children were also saved from their beds without harm and found shelter in a fruit shop at the hither end of the bridge.

“The ship probably slipped her fastenings, on account of the very high tide, which flowed over many of the wharves. She does not appear to be at all injured, unless her bottom be chafed. We are told that Capt. Barker was on board the ship until midnight, and finding all safe, left the mate in charge; who, when he found the vessel adrift, took the helm and steered her. She passed directly through the old bridge, as though there had been no obstacle in her way. She would also have passed through the Warren bridge had not the mate luffed her so as to strike the wharf, and bring her broadside to the bridge. By this movement the bridge was saved.”

NEWBURYPORT.

In a letter from Newburyport, the following particulars are given:—

“On Friday night we were visited with another destructive gale, being the third which has occurred during the present month. The wind which had blown a fresh breeze during the evening, strengthened to a strong gale soon after 10 o'clock, and at midnight greatly increased in violence, and did not abate until towards daylight. The tide is stated to

have risen higher than it has at any time before for 30 years, completely overflowing all the wharves, and setting adrift and destroying a large amount of property. The damage to the shipping at the wharves has also been much greater than has ever been experienced before.

"The Panama, of Wells, a large top-sail schooner, lying at Bayley's wharf, with part of a cargo of flour and corn on board, sunk at the wharf.

"Sch. Actor, partly loaded with salt, onions, &c. for the south, filled and sunk at the wharf.

"The schooners Harmony, Van, and Union, also sunk at the wharves.

"The schooners Tyro and Grampus, had their sterns completely stove in, and sustained other damage.

"The schooner Vulture, had her maintopmast broken off, parted her fasts, stove in her stem, and sustained considerable other damage.

"A new brig lying at the head of Cushing's wharf, was so badly chafed, that many of her planks will have to be taken out.

"Sch. Nun, which came in from Boston, just before the commencement of the gale, with a valuable cargo, parted her fasts and drove to the upper side of a mast yard, where, after breaking off her bowsprit, davits, and tearing out one side of a shed, she lay in a snug berth.

"Schrs. Traveller, of Wells, and Herald of this port, had their sterns stove in.

"Schrs. Tom Bowling, and Orison, of Wells, lost their bowsprits.

"Sch. Nancy, which was badly damaged in the gale of the 15th, and had just been repaired, was again considerably damaged.

"Schrs. Hope, Atlas, Ellen, Retrieve, Mercy & Hope, Aurora, Mechanic, Harriet, Alphion, and Baltic, were also badly chafed or otherwise damaged.

"The ice driven in from the flats by the heavy swell, has swept off nearly or quite all the out-buildings, belonging to the houses on the lower side of Water street, from Hale's wharf down. The two story building at Mr. Woodwell's carpenter's yard, was entirely demolished; a two story building, belonging to Mr. Brooklings, was also destroyed; and several one story buildings were swept off; the cellars of the houses were filled with water, and had the storm continued, it would have endangered the safety of the houses themselves.

"The wharves are many of them considerably injured; and the docks filled with wood and lumber, of which, much no doubt will be lost, as there is a heavy freshet in the river.

"The tide flowed into a store on Bailey's wharf, where a large quantity of sugar was stored, and damaged that on the lower part of the store to some extent. We learn also that some oil was lost from Haskell's wharf, and a large number of small boats were stove to pieces at the lower end of the town.

"The ice from the flats is piled up on the lower part of Water street, so that large quantities of it will have to be removed before the road will be passable.

"It is altogether unprecedented, that three severe gales,—two of them heavier than any we have had for many years past,—should occur within a period of fourteen days."

GLOUCESTER.

An account from Gloucester, states, that "the wind on Friday night, Dec. 27, blew a perfect hurricane, and threatened to sweep every thing before it, as with the besom of destruction. Houses were almost made to totter from their very foundations, and it was

a fearful as well as sleepless night to thousands of our inhabitants. From 4 to 6 o'clock in the morning the tempest was at its acme, and the roar of sea and wind was truly frightful.—Fortunately, but few vessels were at anchor in our harbor—had there been as many as there were in the gale of the 15th, the destruction of life and property must have far exceeded any thing in the annals of storms.

“Out of the six or eight vessels that were at anchor in the outer harbor, four of them went ashore, of which we give the following particulars :

“Brig Richmond Packet, of Deer Isle, from Richmond for Newburyport, with corn and flour, went ashore on the point of rock near the Steep Bank, and went entirely to pieces. The crew were all saved. Never was a more complete wreck than this. The next day there was not a piece as big as your hand to be seen of her. But the most melancholy part of the story remains to be told : on the vessel's striking, the captain jumped overboard with a rope, and succeeded in getting safely upon the rocks. Having made fast the rope, and when about ready to get his wife, who was on board, ashore by its means, the brig took a sudden lurch and snapped it ; the lady was then let down upon a spar into the water, but hardly had she reached the element when a heavy sea swept her off, and she was heard and seen no more ! Her body was discovered, on the succeeding Monday, lying upon the coal in the hold of the sch. Thetis, ashore near the same place, where it had been washed by the sea, the hatches of the Thetis, as well as her companion-way, having been forced open.

“Brig Aladdin, of North Yarmouth, from Baltimore for Portsmouth, with flour and corn, went ashore on Half Moon Beach, near the above. Her stern was stove in so that the water ran fore and aft in her hold. No lives lost.

“Sch. Thetis, of and for Portland, from Philadelphia,

with coal, went ashore close to the Aladdin, and bilged. The vessel is a total loss, but the cargo was saved. No lives were lost.

"Sch. *Bride*, of Eastport, from Georgetown for Salem, was run ashore, by the master, on the beach near the Cut Road, to save himself from a worse fate. She stove her bottom, but was got off, and saved her cargo, (corn and flour,) in a damaged state.

"Sch. *St. Cloud*, of Blue Hill, Me., from New York for Sullivan, Me., cut away her masts and held on."

PROVINCETOWN.

A letter, dated Provincetown, Dec. 28, says,—

"Last night and this morning we were visited with another violent gale of wind, which has done much more damage here than any former gale within the recollection of our oldest people. The loss of property cannot be estimated at less than \$50,000, which principally falls upon the inhabitants of this town. The wind blew with great violence, causing the tide to rise much higher than usual; and nearly every vessel that was fastened at the wharves, broke loose and drifted among the stores and dwellings along shore, demolishing every thing in their way.

"Mr. Jesse Small lost his store and about one half of his stock of English and West India goods. Eight or ten other stores, containing fish, were thrown down by the vessels, and the fish much damaged. About twenty salt mills were blown down, and a vast quantity of salt works blown away. Many cellars of dwelling houses were overflowed, and, in some instances, the inmates were compelled to leave their houses and seek shelter with their more fortunate neighbors. Some of the wharves were entirely

swept away ; and, in fact, our shores are piled up with fragments of wrecks, buildings, barrels of mackerel, lumber and spars.

"The loss to our shipping is immense : Brig Imogene, (whaler,) it is thought will be a total loss ; brig Fanny, (whaler,) suffered much in her hull ; schooners Caroline, Brenda, Amazon, and Alice & Nancy, lost their sterns, and received much other damage ; schooner Delphi lost most of her sails, and had her hull badly damaged ; schooner Joseph Helen, loaded for New Orleans, lost windlass, bowsprit, foremast sprung, and badly damaged in her hull ; all the above are very high up on the beach, and the brigs must be screwed up and launched before they get off.

"Sch. Elizabeth Ann, of and for Halifax, from Boston, with flour, grapes, raisins, &c., drove ashore and sunk,—her decks were under water at high tide,—the cargo has been landed in a damaged state.

"Sch. Clio, from Norfolk for Boston, drove high up on the beach, lost main-boom, bowsprit, and received other damage.

"Sch. Planet, from Bath for Baltimore, with lumber and pickled fish, is also high up on the beach.

"Sch. Fleet, loaded for Baltimore, went ashore with both anchors ahead—she drifted afoul of schooner Clio in the stream, and both vessels came ashore together.

"Sch. Pandora, from New York for Boston, with flour, &c., went ashore, but did not receive much damage.

"Sch. Altorp, from Richmond, with corn and bread,—ashore high and dry.

"The new schooner Wm. W. Wyers, for Norfolk, high up on the beach. About twenty other vessels, principally fishermen, suffered greatly in spars, rigging, and hulls badly damaged.

"Brig Wave, from Bath for Matanzas, having late-

ly got off shore at Truro, up high on the beach in this harbor.

"I have heard of no lives lost as yet. Mr. Richard Atkins had his leg broken while endeavoring to save his property. Mr. Henry Lawrence, of Barnstable, of the crew of schooner Rowena, had his leg broken and shockingly mangled between two vessels.

"Mr. Franklin Atkins lost his shop and whole stock of leather, shoes, &c., which were swept away by the tide."

SALEM.

At Salem, the gale was very severe. A letter from that place says:

"Great damage was done at our wharves last night. Several vessels have sunk, and many more driven ashore and dismasted. We have heard of no lives being lost as yet. The storm was the worst we have had this season."

AN AGGREGATE

*of the loss of life and property at sea, on the eastern coast
of New England, during a part of the months
of December, 1839, and January, 1840.*

The following is a brief summary of the loss of property and life in the gales of December and the first part of January:

"The loss of property and life by sea within the brief period of a few weeks, has been altogether unparalleled in the history of past years. Look at the events which occurred on our coast in the month of December, 1839, and in the beginning of January.

"In the first two weeks of December, eight vessels were lost, mostly on our eastern coast. On Sabbath, the 15th of December, it will long be recollected that there was a severe snow storm, accompanied, on the eastern shore of Massachusetts, with a violent gale of wind. In that single storm no less than eighty-nine vessels were totally lost, together with about ninety lives. Of these shipwrecks, sixty-one were at or near Cape Ann; twenty-one around Boston harbor and Cape Cod; and the remainder at other places not far distant. From that time until the close of the month, the total losses which have already been reported, amount to eighty-four vessels, and eighty-nine lives.

"Some of these losses will long be remembered, such as, the wreck of the Pocahontas on Plum Island, with the loss of her whole crew; and the loss of the Lloyd on Nantasket Beach, where but one man escaped to tell the melancholy tale. From the 1st to the 15th of January, the loss of eleven vessels had already been reported, with the loss of about 255 men, allowing 150 to be the number lost in the Lexington. Putting these numbers together, we have a total of 192 vessels entirely lost, in the short space of six weeks, and about 340 lives."

CAPE ANN HARBOR.

Importance of having one or more Breakwaters and Piers.

The disastrous consequences of the late tremendous and destructive gale on our coast, and especially in Gloucester harbor, render it of the highest importance that measures should be immediately adopted for rendering that capacious and valuable roadstead secure against the effect of storms, from all points of the compass. Being situated near the extremity of the

great northern Cape which forms one side of Massachusetts Bay, there is not a haven on the coast of New England, which is so often sought, for the purpose of escaping from immediate or threatened danger, by the numerous coasting and fishing vessels employed between the eastern and southern ports of the Union, as well as those engaged in foreign commerce. It is not uncommon for two or three hundred to be assembled there at one time, in adverse weather. Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine, are directly interested in the facilities which that harbor affords to their navigation; and so valuable was it considered by the officers of the navy who had ever visited it, that Commodore Bainbridge caused a survey to be made, immediately after the last war with Great Britain, from which it was ascertained that the advantages which were there presented, from the extent of area, depth of water, freedom of access, excellence of anchoring-ground, and the peculiarly favorable topographical features of the surrounding shores, were far greater than had been anticipated, even by those who had been the longest and most thoroughly acquainted with the hydrography of that portion of the coast.

But to give the desirable, and, as is confidently believed, attainable security against the influence of the winds, it is indispensable that one or more Breakwaters and Piers should be erected at the entrance of the harbor. It is now hand-locked in all directions except the south; and so abundant are the means of accomplishing such a work, from the numerous excellent granite quarries in the immediate vicinity, and the character of the shores and the bottom, which are formed of continued ledges of primitive rock, that it is only requisite to show the importance and practicability of its being executed, to obtain from the National Government the efficient means.

We have engineers equal to those of any of the

European nations, and there cannot be a doubt that Breakwaters and Piers can be constructed, in such a manner as will render the harbor perfectly safe against the terrific force of even such a gale as has strewed its shores with the wrecks of nearly sixty sail of vessels, and in whose destruction numerous lives were lost.

Let there be meetings held in all the principal seaports on the coast of this State, for taking this subject into consideration, and such examinations and reports made, as will best promote the great object which it is very desirable should be accomplished.

The advantage to be derived by the immense number of fishermen which navigate Massachusetts Bay, is alone sufficient to warrant the erection of such works as have been suggested; but when all the other great commercial interests are considered, involving the enormous amount of property which is constantly at risk, and the value such a place of refuge would be to our ships of war, there is no longer a question as to the expediency of such inquiries being made, as shall test the practicability of such improvements being made as will fully subserve the purposes desired, and justify the appropriation of whatever sum may be found necessary to effect them.

WRECK OF THE BRIG PALMER,
*near Newport, R. I., December 27, 1839, with the
loss of all on board.*

The following account is from a gentleman of Newport :—

“ It is our painful duty to announce the loss of a vessel on our shores, and almost certainly, of all on

board of her, during the short but tremendous gale which occurred here on Friday night, Dec. 27. Pieces of a wreck, parts of boxes, flour-barrels, etc., were picked up, on Sunday morning, on the shore at the north part of the town, and pieces continued to drift ashore throughout the day. Other fragments were picked up on Rose Island; and on the eastern shore of Conanicut, among parts of the wreck, was a quarter deck, almost entire, and part of a head, on which was the name 'J. Palmer.'

"There can be no doubt* that it must have been the brig Palmer, from Philadelphia, bound to Boston, which was spoken on the previous Thursday off Block Island, by the pilot boat Superior, and reported to have lost her foresail in the late gales. On Friday evening, at dusk, a brig was seen standing towards the south end of this island, then about three miles off, and without any foremast—since that time nothing has been seen or heard of her, saving the melancholy proofs of her destruction that have been thrown on our shores. It is uncertain whether she struck on Brenton's Reef, towards which she was standing when last seen, or was driven ashore on the east side of Beavertail Point; in either case her destruction in such a gale was inevitable. We add with regret that there is no other ground for hope that one of her crew escaped,—all must have perished.

"Since writing the above we have heard that a quantity of corn has been washed ashore on the north-eastern part of Beavertail Point; and about fifty bushels have been taken up; this with the numerous pieces of the wreck strewn along the shore, makes it most probable that she struck in that vicinity,—a terrible place in an easterly gale. We are also informed that the body of a man was seen in the surf, in the same vicinity, but the sea was so violent that it could not be recovered."

BURNING OF THE PACKET SHIP BOSTON,
on her passage from Charleston, S. C., to Liverpool, on the 25th of May, 1830.

The packet ship Boston, Capt. H. C. Mackay, sailed from Charleston on the 19th of May. On the sixth day out, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy rain commenced, and at 11 o'clock the same evening, there was sharp lightning with heavy thunder. The second flash struck the ship, burst the main royal from the gaskets and burnt it,—knocked down the steward, and a sailor by the name of Hopkins,—and filled the vessel with electric fluid. The ship was soon after discovered to be on fire, and the hatchways were immediately cleared in order to get at and subdue it. Holes were cut in the deck, and water plied freely in every direction,—but all was useless: the cotton in the main hold was on fire on both sides, fore and aft, and burning like tinder. The only alternative was the boats, which were got out as speedily as possible; the fire had progressed so rapidly, that there was barely time for the passengers and crew to get clear of the ship before the flames burst out. They had, however, succeeded in obtaining water and provisions sufficient to sustain them, on short allowance, for about three weeks.

Capt. Mackay thus remarked: "The passengers had exerted themselves to the utmost to assist us. The officers had, with unwearied exertion, coolness and activity, done all that men could do. The ship's crew worked like horses and behaved like men,—but all would not do. About three hours had changed one of the best ships that ever floated to a complete volcano, and cast twenty-three persons adrift on the open ocean."

The cabin passengers were, Sir Isaac Coffin, and servant ; Dr. William Bogue, and his sister, Miss Ansell Bogue ; Mr. Neil McNeil, and Mr. Samuel Os-good.

Owing to the heavy rain and exposure, while in the boat, the shattered constitution of Miss Bogue, who was an invalid, soon gave way. To the divine will she submitted without a murmur, and, at 11 o'clock the next day, she died in the arms of her brother. On the following day she was committed to the deep, their situation not admitting of the corpse being kept longer in the boat.

They remained near the fire of the wreck for two days. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, they were fortunately discovered and taken on board the brig *Idas*, of Liverpool, bound for Halifax, and commanded by Capt. Joseph Barnaby, who, with his officers and crew, treated them with kindness and attention. They had remained on board the brig but two days, when, on the succeeding Sunday, May 30, they fell in with the brig *Camilla*, Capt. Robert B. Edes, who generously offered them a passage to Boston, and received them on board his vessel.

We give the following highly interesting and graphic account of this event, written by a gentleman who was a passenger on board ; and though he has not summoned up all the horrors of the scene, which have been retailed in conversation, he has been sufficiently minute, and imparted a degree of interest not often found in narratives of this kind :

"We left the shore with joy in our hearts, for the sun shone brightly, and the wind was fair. Joy, did I say ? Yet there was a slight shade of sadness so blended with it, that I am not certain it would have been so welcome without. As our vessel glided along, we watched the dancing waves as they rose, broke, foamed, and then died away : and the sporting

porpoises, too, as they gambled in the foam beneath our bows. The wind grew fainter, and the dolphins swam close to the vessel. Occasionally, a whale was seen to spout up water, and to raise its broad tail to the surface of the now tranquil ocean. At length the breeze wholly ceased, and all was still, save the flapping of the sails, that enemy of the sailor's speed. The scene was indeed changed, from the animation of the spray-crested wave to the grave undulation of the unexcited ocean.

"There was on board our ship a gallant admiral, confined to his berth with the gout. Great was the desire of all his shipmates that he should witness the beauty of the scene, and enjoy the coolness of the closing day. But our entreaties were unavailing. He was too lame to ascend to the deck, where all but himself had assembled to listen to the songs of one, young and beautiful, whose tones were subdued by a lingering disease, which it was hoped this voyage would, if not entirely remove, at least allay for a time, until she could return to her anxious parents, from whom she had been separated for nearly three years. The intense interest with which all listened while she sang, appeared sufficient proof that her voice was in perfect unison with the gray twilight, which was fast falling around. After the music, conversation divided our party into groups; these, one after another, broke up and went below, until but one solitary being, besides the man at the helm, remained on the quarter-deck. This being was the captain. His weather-beaten face and silvered hair were enough to convince you at a glance of his experience in navigation. To him we naturally looked, as to a barometer, to ascertain the state of the atmosphere, which, it must be acknowledged, at least the suspicions of one among us, indicated nothing favorable.

"I had, but a few years before, been a common sailor, and from the manner of the several captains

with whom I had sailed, had observed enough to know that danger was at hand, by the silence and restlessness of our own, as he paced the deck, now glancing at the heavens, now heading the ship in another direction,—again looking at some dark clouds rising above the western horizon, and next, in a voice of thunder, ordering the royals to be furled, and the top-gallant studding-sails to be taken in. This order quickly confirmed my suspicion, and brought two of our unsleeping passengers to the deck, who, perceiving in the calm, clear sky over head, no cause for the order, retreated again to the cabin. But the practised eye of the captain saw not only the storm, but its rapid approach towards the vessel; and before his commands could be obeyed, the gale struck, and carried away both starboard and larboard booms. All hands were called up, and, almost as soon as said, the main and top-gallant sails were clewed up, and every thing put in trim to stand the gale; for, from the way in which it had set in, we had every reason to anticipate its rapid increase. We were not disappointed. Ere 12 o'clock the next day, the noble ship, on which but yesterday was crowded all sail to catch the lagging wind, was barely able to scud before the blast under bare poles. But we weathered the gale, which lulled towards night; and the sky so lately overcast by dark clouds, became clearer and clearer, till not a shade was visible in the face of the broad heavens.

“We had been watching the sun, as it appeared to descend directly into the sea, until it could no longer be seen. When we turned away, our attention was arrested by a small, dense, black cloud, which had arisen above the south-eastern horizon. After passing our comments on so singular a phenomenon, most of us went below to while away the hours in reading, playing at whist, or some other amusement, until tea time, when one of our number, who had been on deck, returned, and half-seriously observed, ‘that dark cloud

forebodes no good!" At ten o'clock a sharp flash of lightning blazed on our bark, followed quickly by a loud peal of thunder. Soon after, a tremendous crash was heard, like the falling of ten thousand grape shot on the deck, directly over our heads. At the same time every thing seemed enveloped in one bright flame. The passengers looked at one another in wild amazement. A few shrieks followed the fatal shock, and a silence, as of death, succeeded.

"When we had recovered our faculties sufficiently to look about, we found the captain and the mate bringing from the deck one of the seamen in a state of insensibility. He had been knocked down, with several others, by the electric fluid, but soon revived by the application of a dose from the medicine chest. It was ascertained that none of the men had sustained material injury. The deck was carefully examined, but no incision could be found, nor could any traces of the lightning be perceived on the masts or rigging, except by the main-royal gaskets being severed, and the sail loosed without so much as being even singed.

"The captain came below, assured us that all was safe, and proposed a game at whist, to remove the too painful impression of the shock. Every one retired to his state-room, from which we were soon attracted by the smell of fire. We rushed to the deck. From the after hold the smoke was rising fast. The hatchways were removed, and the ship was found to be on fire. Holes were cut in the deck, the scuppers stopped, and the water-casks stove in. Water was passed in buckets from the side, and plied into the hatchways. The passengers and crew were all busily engaged. A few of the closely-stowed bales of cotton were broken out, and it was discovered that the lightning had passed into the hold, torn open the bales from one end of the ship to the other, and left them in a blaze. The fire gained upon us rapidly,

and the boats were now our only hope of safety. One of the passengers went to the pantry with a pillow-case, in which he collected all the bread he could find.

“Meantime, feeling a presentiment that we should never see the shore again, I went to the captain, asked his advice, and, descending to the cabin, emptied the wine out of a couple of bottles upon the rich Brussels carpet, and after writing on two pieces of paper, that the ship *Boston*, H. C. Mackay, commander, had been struck by lightning in the southern edge of the gulf stream, and that all hopes of saving her were given up, I bade all farewell, and, signing my name, placed a paper in each bottle; then corking them tightly, and covering the corks with spermaceti, I threw them into the sea. The next thing was to save the admiral. As several were about to go below for that purpose, they encountered the gallant veteran at the cabin stairs. He, having heard of the danger, had ascended thus far by the assistance of his servant, and with great and painful exertion. A mattress was laid in the whale-boat, which was on the quarter. On this he was placed, with his servant by his side, while a man was stationed at each tackle. He at the bows seemed well aware of the critical situation in which they were placed; but the man at the stern took out his knife, and when the wave rose to the boat, cut the tackle, so that when the latter rose again, the other end being fast, the boat was half filled with water, and the sailor at the stern thrown into the deep. By this time the bow tackle was unhooked, the boat cleared from the side, and the old tar taken, half drowned, from the sea, to receive a pretty severe reprimand from the fearless man whom he had so unintentionally immersed in a cold bath.

“Whilst we were engaged aft, a part of the crew were busy in getting the long boat over the side. They had barely cleared it from the rail, when the

half-consumed tackle gave way. It was with no little difficulty, that it was saved. The passengers and crew, with the exception of Captain M. and myself, took possession of the boat, and were soon at some distance astern of the ship. We were left on the quarter-deck, standing, as it were, over a volcano, expecting, every moment, that the planks would be rent from their fastenings, so great was the roar and crackling of the flames in consuming the elegantly finished cabin, on the couches of which we had revelled in luxury, when feasting our minds from entertaining books, chosen from an extensive library belonging to the packet. But even this precarious footing was not long allowed us. The ship, no longer obedient to her helm, swung round, in consequence of which the flames turned upon us, and we were compelled to fly to the deep, as the least of the two evils; but fortunately the whale-boat tackle arrested not only the eye but the hands of the captain, as he was in the act of leaping into the sea, from which he was taken, almost immediately. My fate was not so agreeable. I had caught at some loose rigging hanging over the stern, by which I was suspended, being immersed alternately in fire and water, by the descending flame from the cabin windows, as the stern of the vessel rose on the wave that had just drenched me. Although I was discovered as soon as I had left the deck, it was some time before the long-boat could come to my relief; and when she did, it was not without great danger to those in her, from the roughness of the sea and the heat of the fire.

“The captain was taken from the jolly into the long-boat, which he ordered round under the weather bow, and with two or three men ascended to the fore-castle, to get some water from the fore-run. While the men were passing it from the vessel, the captain was sitting on the rail, near the anchor, holding the boat by the painter. At this time the lady, mention-

ed in the early part of this narrative, was in the stern of the boat, which was in great danger of being swamped by every sea. Of this she seemed not aware; but when she raised her eyes to the main and mizen masts, which were tottering in the air, she uttered the most fearful shrieks, fearing that they would fall upon the boat. Fortunately, they yielded beneath their own weight, as the vessel rolled to windward, and fell in the opposite direction; and the fore-braces being fast, the fore-yard was snapped short off in the slings. The weather arm of this immense spar fell within an inch of the captain's head; but he, with that self-possession which characterized him throughout the whole of this fearful catastrophe, secured the boat, took the fore-top bow-line, went out to the bowsprit, and, by tying it to the fore-stay, prevented the yard-arm from swinging. This done, he resumed his seat, till the men were driven from their task by the devouring element.

"The captain was the last to leave the ship. At three o'clock in the morning, there were twenty-three of us, including the crew and passengers, on the bosom of the ocean, in open boats, three hundred and sixty miles from land. Yet even this did not prevent some admiring the sublime scene; and one, I know, wished his colors and pencils to sketch it, as the ship was tossed on the restless wave, high up against the gloomy sky.

"In ten minutes after we left, the fore-mast, like a pillar of flame, fell hissing into the deep. The admiral was now transferred to the long-boat, in safety, although the undertaking was fearfully hazardous. Once more among his fellow-passengers, in whose countenances he discovered strong symptoms of despair, this courageous sailor, unmindful of the continual danger of being overwhelmed in the angry sea, endeavored to banish the general gloom; and with

cheerful songs and anecdotes actually inspired most of us with livelier emotions.

"But, alas! there was an occurrence which appalled the stoutest heart of our little band. The fair being whose fatal shrieks that morning rose above the howling wind, now lay in her brother's arms. During those heart-rending cries she had severed an artery connected with the lungs. We saw by the red current fast flowing from her mouth, that death was busy at her heart. She seemed conscious that her hour was nigh, and made several useless efforts to speak to her brother, who bent over her in speechless agony, with his eyes fixed on that pale face. Not a tear bespoke the emotion of his soul; they were too strong to be dissolved in tears. Before noon she had breathed her last; it became my painful duty to close her eyes, and taking the white handkerchief from my pocket, I passed it under her chin, and tied above her brow. Even the rough sailors wept at the scene of sorrow. All that day the sea ran mountains high. A third of a biscuit, and a gill of water, which was to be our daily allowance, was eagerly devoured: but it appeased our appetites, sharpened by hard labor, and suffering from the intensely-piercing north wind, which incessantly swept over our unsheltered heads. But a colder comfort was in anticipation. In a few short days, one, but which?—the lot would decide—must be sacrificed to satisfy the hunger of the others. It was not difficult to imagine the cold steel penetrating the heart of the unfortunate victim, to sever the thread of dear existence. It was evident that Sir Isaac Coffin—for the admiral was none other—had thought of the impending doom, when he looked on the seamen, who were regarding him with eyes of pity, experiencing, as he was, the twofold suffering of shipwreck and gout.

"'Ah, my brave fellows!' said he, in a tone sadly at variance with his words, 'don't anticipate a meal

of me. You had better look to that young painter. You will find him a tenderer morsel than I am !”

The wind went down with the sun, the clouds faded from the heavens, and the moon smiled on us, as we lay upon the heaving swell, that always follows a storm. Not far off, the ill-fated ship, still unconsumed, threw her lurid light upon the pale faces of my companions. Dejection had humbled the heads of some, till, their chins resting upon their bosoms, they were buried in melancholy reflections. No hope of ever seeing home could they reasonably entertain. We were far out of the usual track of vessels going to and from Europe ; and unless some ship that had been blown off her course should be attracted by the light of the ship that night, our intention was to steer for Halifax, Nova Scotia, that being the nearest land. We endeavored to sleep, but being crowded into so small a space, it was impossible. When daylight dawned, every one was on the alert. The horizon was scanned in every direction, but no sail appeared to gladden our hearts ; and those in the whale-boats were *requested*—for misfortune had made all equal in authority—to go and get some light sails from the wreck. They soon returned with a supply of royals, studding-sail, boom-irons, and other useful matters.

“ The superstitious sailors now began to murmur, and it was deemed advisable to consign the corpse to the deep. Accordingly, after the church service for the dead had been read from a prayer-book, which a pious sailor had pocketed before leaving the vessel,—in a canvass winding-sheet, to which a few spikes and a boom-iron were attached, the last solemn office was performed for one, whose unaffected and refined simplicity of character had won the hearts of all. The brother knelt in silence, and with affectionate tenderness kissed the forehead of the departed. When the blue waves closed over her, and the calm, smooth, glassy surface of the sea bore no traces to

mark the spot, no outward signs betrayed his emotion; but the volcano raged within, and he was watched lest he should seek relief in the grave of his sister.

"The seamen had been engaged in rigging sails to masts made of the boat's oars. The bread and water was divided between the three boats, in case they should be separated; and the prows were scarcely headed for Nova Scotia, when the first mate roused us by the joyful cry of 'Sail, ho!' on the starboard quarter. Even the noble but almost disabled admiral raised his head to see the distant hope. The whale-boat being the lightest was selected to run down to the distant sail, which the captain perceived, with the aid of his glass, to be a brig, apparently close hauled to the wind. Fears were entertained that she was beating against the wind, and might go about on the other tack ere we were discovered. We followed leisurely, and with inconceivable alarm, beheld, when the advance boat was near the brig, the smoke, and presently heard the report of a gun. Dismay took possession of our souls, which somewhat abated when we perceived that the whale-boat steadily pursued her way toward the imagined enemy. The interest with which we watched grew more intense every moment, until we saw our comrades ascend the side, and the light thing that bore them drawn to the deck by the hands of a stranger vessel. Our turn came next; and never was a more friendly reception given to the unfortunate, than was extended to us by the generous-hearted Englishman who commanded the brig. Long before the second boat reached the side, the captain had ordered his cook to provide us a dinner of the best the pantry afforded. The long-boat was dropped astern, and made fast to the taffrail, and the jolly-boat followed the first.

"When all were safe, with prospects of again setting our feet on shore, the full extent of our misfor-

tunes burst upon us. Mr. Bogue, whose loss no earthly power could restore, was arranging the sorrowful mementos of his once-worshipped sister in the sun to dry, whilst the big tears fell fast to relieve his bursting heart. The captain, who thus far had quelled each emotion of regret, stood with upraised hand clenching the main-swifter by the weather rigging of the brig. Tears trickled down his sun-burnt cheek, as he beheld the remains of his ship still burning in the distance. She had been his idol, as well she might have been ; for like a fair child, she was too beautiful to live. It seemed as if the consuming element, jealous of her repose on the fair bosom of the ocean, had resolved on her destruction. All sympathized with, and revered the tears of the 'smitten rock.' The faithful sailors saw, and wept with their captain. On the larboard quarter of the deck lay the brave admiral, still unable to raise his hand. Before the veteran sailor's admiring gaze, his servant supported a large gold medal, presented to him by his gracious majesty, William IV. A smile of joy played round Sir Isaac's lip, when he perceived that the only valuable saved from among the many he possessed had passed the ordeal uninjured. The last time that I was in the cabin of the ship Boston, I had taken from my trunk and placed in my pocket a small tin box, filled with keepsakes rendered valuable by associations. A larger one, in which the savings of years were deposited, I carried to the deck, and placed it where I could easily find it, when we should be obliged to leave ; but the hurried manner in which I had been driven from the deck by the flames, rendered it impossible, even if I had thought of it, to save the treasure ; and now once more I was destitute of even a change of linen. By this time the dinner ordered by our new friend was announced ; and, whilst we were doing it justice, in the simplicity of his heart, he acknowledged himself to be one of those numer-

ous coasters on the American shore, who, never having studied navigation, take a bundle of shingles when about to leave port, to distribute on the trip out, that they may be enabled to find their way back. He told us that he discovered the smoke rising from what he supposed to be the low land of the West Indies, about 12 o'clock, and calling for his spy-glass, ascended to the top. Perceiving a vessel burning, and at the same time three boats making towards him, he concluded at once that we were pirates, who, after robbing the ship, had set fire to her. With this supposition, he had ordered his mate to load the gun and fire it, to apprise us that he was not without ammunition to defend the brig.

"The third day after our deliverance we fell in with a vessel bound to Boston. Bidding Captain Barnaby farewell, and thanking him for his hospitality, we took our own long-boat, which had been towing astern, and went on board the other brig. In two days the *Camilla* bore us into Boston, where the packet belonged, to inform the owners of their loss. The news spread like wildfire; and before we reached the wharf, thousands had collected to see the unhappy sufferers. The young painter was once more in his native place, but without a home. — No one came forward to offer the rites of hospitality; and had it not been for the noble admiral, who liberally employed him to paint his portrait, for which he paid double its value, he would have needed the wherewithal to keep soul and body together. Nor did Sir Isaac's generosity stop here. As a testimony of his approbation of Captain Mackay's conduct, he presented him with a splendid gold watch and a hundred pounds."

INTERESTING NARRATIVE

*of the miraculous escape of the United States ship
Peacock from shipwreck, after striking and
grounding on a coral reef, September 21,
1835.*

The following account is extracted from the journal of an officer of the United States ship Peacock, and cannot fail to be perused with much interest, as giving the only minute and accurate details, ever yet published, of the disaster which befell that vessel :—

“About twenty minutes past 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 21st of September, all hands, except the watch on deck, were roused from unsuspecting sleep by a horrid noise, caused by the ship's bottom grinding and tearing over a bed of coral rocks. The ship was running at the rate of seven and a half miles the hour when she struck, and her progression was not suddenly and fully arrested, but she ran on for some minutes after the helm was put up,—the wind being on the larboard quarter, and consequently off shore.

“When I reached the deck, it was starlight ; the breeze was fresh, and no land could be seen. By shifting the helm, the wind had been brought on the starboard side, the studding-sails were flapping, and the ship's motion resembled the uncertain, wavering gait of a sick man,—grinding the coral as her sides were alternately rolled against it. No one knew where the ship was ; and it was not easy to explain by what means she had got on shore. The chronometers, hitherto unsuspected, were doubted ; and some suggested that the charts were inaccurate. This was in the first moments of excitement. When every

body was hurrying on deck, an amusing instance of the effects of habit occurred. A young gentleman, who has been rather a valetudinarian, was seen coming up on deck amongst the last, completely dressed, with a cloak hanging over his arm,—on being asked what he was about to do with it, (the thermometer standing at 80° Fahrenheit,) he replied, ‘I shall catch cold going ashore in the boat in the night air.’

“As the ship no longer moved forward, but lay floundering, as it were, from side to side, all sail was taken in, and an officer sent out to ascertain in what direction was the deepest water. In the meantime, the boats were hoisted out and an anchor got into one of them; and on the return of the officer who had been sent to sound, it was carried about three hundred yards to the westward, where there was sufficient depth to float us, and there dropped with the view of heaving off the ship.

“As the most speedy and ready means of lightening the ship, about five thousand gallons of water were pumped overboard,—but it was in vain. The first gleams of day discovered a low sand desert about three miles east of us, trending north and south; the water was in spots of a bright green from its shallowness, but dark where it was deeper. The work of lightening was continued; a raft was constructed of spare spars, and laden with provisions, and several tons of shot were thrown overboard. We found the tide falling, and, to prevent the ship from rolling entirely over, a large spar was placed one end resting against the bottom, and the other secured to the ship’s side, so as to give effectual support.

“About 10 o’clock, a large canoe, the stern and bows rising high, propelled by a thin square sail, approached the ship. There were on board of her four men. We sent an unarmed boat towards her with an indifferent interpreter, a distressed Pole named Michael, (a passenger from Zanzibar to Muscat,) who,

having traveled over land from Poland to Bombay, spoke passable Arabic, Italian and Dutch, but little English. When near enough, he hailed the Arab, who manifested strong repugnance to communication. While our boat pulled rapidly towards him, he carried forward the tack of his sail, and hauled close aft his sheet; then the four savages stood up, and we could see their broad swords flashing in the sun, as they flourished them over their heads in a manner not to be misunderstood; so our boat returned without opening any amicable intercourse, and the canoe anchored close to the shore.

"Later, an officer was sent towards the beach to ascertain the state of the tide. An Arab, immediately on seeing our boat near the shore, sprang from the canoe and ran along the sand, brandishing his sword, showing that he would offer opposition to the landing.

"At meridian, we found our latitude to be about twenty degrees north, and were all of opinion that the ship was on the island of Mazeira, which, according to the charts, lies about ten miles from the main; it is about thirty-five miles long, and ten or twelve broad, trending south-west and north-east. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon, we descried four large canoes approaching from the northward. They joined company with the one we first saw, and anchored close to the ship, now very much careened over from the falling of the tide. Three of the canoes were large, bearing two masts, and might be termed dows. In this fleet we counted twenty-nine men, each one wearing a crooked dagger in his girdle; and there were spears and broad-swords enough in sight to fill all their hands, besides some match-locks. A spear or two was stuck up in the after part of each canoe, where there was a sort of poop, affording a place of shelter from the sun, and there were some negroes on board whose business seemed to be to pull the oars—they were evidently slaves.

"After anchoring, several persons left the canoes in which they came and assembled on board another, which was paddled nearer to the ship. A tall old man with a white beard stood up, and, throwing up his naked arms and nodding his head, hailed us; from his gesture we gathered that he inquired whether we would cut his throat if he came on board, and showed no great confidence in us. After a few moments they came along side and climbed on deck.

"From the lawless and wandering character of the Arabs of this part of the coast, as well as from the behavior of the canoes, we suspected they meditated an attack with the object of plunder; and, so soon as they began to anchor, the crew armed themselves with cutlasses and pikes, and lay concealed for the most part behind the bulwarks. Some few, however, might have been seen grinding their cutlasses or pikes, and, as they mechanically ran their fingers over the edge to ascertain its keenness, casting their eyes ever and anon upon the canoes.

"When the two Arabs entered the gangway, the decks were filled with armed men, whose eyes naturally followed the strangers as they moved aft, bowing and shaking hands with every individual they met, but in a manner that illy concealed their trepidation, arising from the scene into which they had been so suddenly and so unexpectedly introduced; nor were the glances of our men calculated to allay any fears they may have entertained. On reaching the after part of the quarter-deck, where the commodore and captain awaited them, they squatted themselves upon an arm chest, and the old man talked away at a rapid rate, apparently unconcerned whether understood or not.

"Their costume consisted of a large turban, a waist-cloth reaching nearly to the knees, and a girdle in which was stuck a *khunger*, or crooked dagger. The elder of the two was very talkative, and had

rather a cunning expression of face, while the younger was more silent. His figure was slight, but every one expressed, in strong terms, admiration for his beauty. A thick fell of curling black hair reaching to the shoulders—keen, dark hazel eyes—regular features—smooth, dark skin—and, above all, the intelligence of his countenance, gave his face the character of that of a beautiful female; but the jetty mustachio and curling black beard, gave him the appearance of a young warrior. They partook of some sea-biscuit and sugar offered to them, but we were unable obtain any satisfactory information from them. Our interpreter, Michael, appeared not to be well skilled in Arabic. According to his version, they stated that Mazeira was under a sultan who would forward a letter for us to Muscat, if we would send on shore and request him to do so; or, that they would carry a letter for one thousand dollars. They said forty more canoes were coming, and enquired how much money there was on board.

“In a few minutes they left us; the younger, removing the *khunger* from his girdle, and securing it, by the folds of his turban, to one side of his head, and then lowering himself by a rope down the ship’s side, dropped into the sea, and swam gracefully to his canoe, followed by his elder companion. Soon after, they weighed anchor and stood away to the southward.

“When the tide rose, efforts were again made to heave the ship off, but were unsuccessful. Deeming our case now to be almost hopeless, a boat was got ready and sent early the following morning, under the command of passed-midshipman Taylor, accompanied by Mr. Roberts, who volunteered to embark on this dangerous expedition, bearing the treaty, for Muscat, to obtain means of carrying off the officers and crew, in the event of not being able to get the ship afloat. The sea was so smooth that we did not apprehend

that the ship would soon go to pieces, but there was much to be feared from the Bedouin Arabs who had already visited us.

"On Tuesday morn, the 22d, the work of lightening was continued, and we saw, with feelings of regret, one half of our guns cast into the sea. The ship was lightened aloft by sending down the upper spars, and unbending the sails; and, on renewing our efforts, we had the pleasure to find that the ship moved and got into rather deeper water. The moment she began to move, new life was infused into all hands, and the men broke forth in a song and chorus, to which they kept time as they marched round the capstan, or hauled in the hawser by hand.

" 'Heave and she must go,' sang one as a leader in a high key, and all the men answered in chorus, in deep, manly tones 'Ho! cheerly.'

" 'Heave, and she will go.'

" 'Ho! cheerly.'

"When she moved more easily, those at the capstan, sang to the tune of the 'Highland Laddie,'

" 'I wish I were in New York town,'

Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,' &c.

"At 2, P. M., we anchored in three and a half fathoms water, yet the distance was so great to where the water was deep enough to make sail, that we were by no means sure of getting off; for incessant labor was wearing out the crew, and it was with difficulty the anchors were made to hold.

"About 9 in the morning, two canoes, that had visited us the day before, anchored close to the ship, and their men sat, shaded by the mantles, silently observing our motions. They held up to us a piece of plank; whether it belonged to our own or some other unfortunate vessel, we did not know. In an hour they left us, and anchored close to our raft where they were joined by another. When we anchored, the raft was half a mile astern, and in a little while

we discovered them robbing it of light spars; and they would have probably taken off other things, had they not been alarmed by the discharge of several muskets.

"In an instant the launch was manned by volunteers, and shoved off with Lieut. Godon, the second master, Mr. Caldwell, and Passed-midshipman Darlington. The canoes hauled close upon a wind, and stood to the southward and westward, while the launch pulled rapidly in a direction to head them off. It was some time before the canoes came within range of our guns, and then our own boat was somewhat in the way. A thirty-two pound shot was thrown very near to them, which had the effect to make them take on board the spars they had been towing. The wind being fresh, the launch did not get more than within long musket-shot, but she then fired several volleys. In all four guns were fired from the ship, but the canoes were too far; and we saw the savages bearing off their prize in triumph before our eyes, without our being able to prevent it.

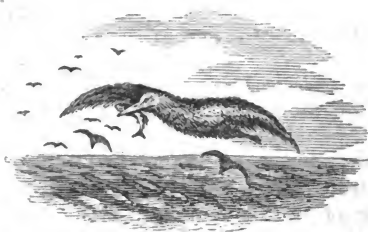
"In the afternoon a kedge was carried out, but being fresh, we had the misfortune to break or 'part' the hawser, and were obliged to let go both bow anchors. Towards day, when the tide, which rose and fell six feet, was low, the ship struck very heavily, and we found her leaking at the rate of a foot an hour.

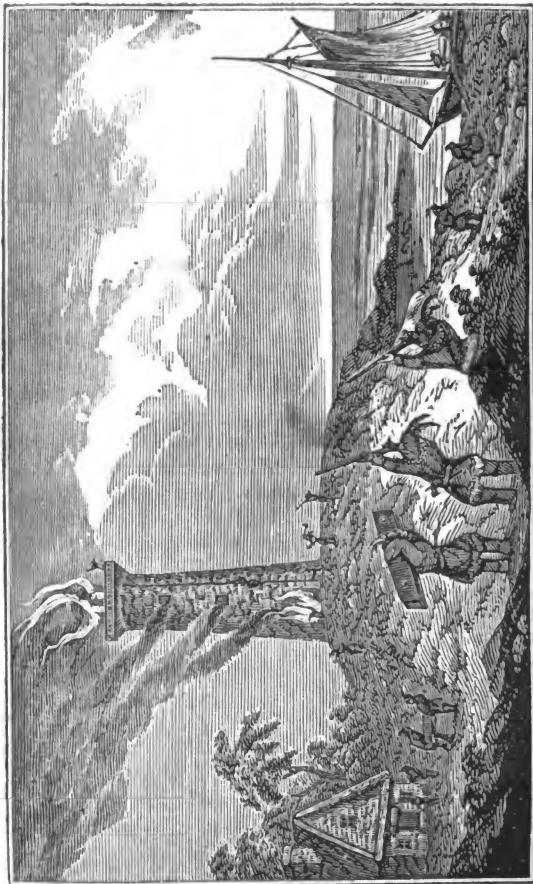
"The next morning, the 23d, while busied in getting our kedge, five large canoes, from the southward, manœuvred in such a manner as to leave no doubt that they intended to attempt cutting off the boats thus employed; and the officer commanding them, at the instance of his men, sent to the ship for arms. Three well-directed shot turned the canoe back, and we saw them pass behind the low land, which proved to be a small island of sand.

"Having laid a kedge well out to windward which

was off shore, and having hoisted the top-sail yards to the mast-heads, we hove up both anchors; and, finding one broken and useless, threw it away. We commenced hauling in the hawser, which we watched with intense anxiety; for had it broken, our hopes would have been almost over. Fortunately it held. The ship was well off the shore, but the water was only three and a quarter fathoms deep. The topsails were let fall and spread with great celerity, and at the same instant the back-rope of the kedge was cut, leaving us once more under the influence of our canvass. At 6 o'clock we had beat off several miles, and anchored in six fathoms of water, with the island of Mazeira in sight, showing us that we were between it and the main.

"In the night we dragged our anchors, but brought up again on giving more cable. Early on the 24th, we got under way, and beat off the Gulf of Mazeira. At sunset the southern extremity of the island was astern, and a last cast of the lead gave us thirty fathoms in an open sea, after having been grinding the coral for fifty-six hours."





Burning of the Light-house at Cape Florida by the Seminoles Indians.

A THRILLING DESCRIPTION
*of the burning of the Light-house on Cape Florida
by the Seminole Indians, and the miraculous
escape of Mr. Thompson, the keeper,
July 23, 1836.*

The following account was written by Mr. Thompson, the keeper of the light-house at the time :—

“ On the 23d of July about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as I was going from the kitchen to the dwelling-house, I discovered a large body of Indians within twenty yards of me, back of the kitchen; I ran for the light-house, and called out to the old negro man that was with me, to run, for the Indians were near. At that moment they discharged a volley of rifle balls, which cut my clothes and hat, and perforated the door in many places. We got in; and, as I was turning the key, the savages had hold of the door. I stationed the negro at the door, with orders to let me know if they attempted to break in; and then took my three muskets, which were loaded with balls and buckshot, and went to the second window. Seeing a large body of them opposite the dwelling-house, I discharged my muskets in succession amongst them, which put them in some confusion; they then, for the second time, began their horrid yells, and in a minute no sash or glass was left at that window, for they vented their rage at that spot. I fired at them from some of the other windows, and from the top of the house; in fact, I fired whenever I could get an Indian for a mark. I kept them from the house until dark.

“ They then poured in a heavy fire at all the windows and lantern; and at the same time set fire to the door and the window even with the ground; the

window was boarded up with plank, and filled up with stones inside : but the flames spread fast by being fed with yellow pine wood. Their balls had perforated the tin tanks of oil, consisting of 225 gallons ; my bedding, clothing, and, in fact, every thing I had, was soaked in oil. I stopped at the door until driven away by the flames, and then took a keg of gunpowder, my balls, and one musket, to the top of the house ; then went below, and began to cut away the stairs about half way up from the bottom. I had difficulty in getting the old negro man up the space I had already cut, but the flames now drove me from my labor, and I retreated to the top of the house. I covered over the scuttle that leads to the lantern, which kept the fire from me for some time ; at last the awful moment arrived, the crackling flames burst around me, the savages at the same time began their hellish yells, my poor old negro looked up to me with tears in his eyes, but could not speak. We went out of the lantern, and laid down on the edge of the platform, which is two feet wide. The lantern was now full of flame, the lamps and glasses bursting and flying in all directions, my clothes on fire, and to move from the place where I was, would be instant death from their rifles. My flesh was roasting, and to put an end to my horrible suffering, I got up, threw the keg of gunpowder down the scuttle. It instantly exploded, and shook the tower from the top to the bottom ; it had not, however, the desired effect of blowing me to eternity, but it threw down the stairs, and all the wooden work near the top of the house, and damped the fire for a moment, but it soon blazed as fierce as ever. The negro man said he was wounded ; it was the last word he spoke.

“ By this time I had received some wounds myself ; and finding no chance for my life, for I was roasting alive, I took the determination to jump off. I got up, went outside the iron railing, recommended my soul to God, and was on the point of going head foremost

on the rocks below, when something dictated to me to return and lay down again ; which I did, and in two minutes the fire fell to the bottom of the house. It is a remarkable circumstance that not one ball struck me when I stood up outside the railing, although they were flying all around me like hail-stones. I found the old negro man dead, being shot in several places, and literally roasted.

"A few minutes after the fire fell, a stiff breeze sprung up from the southward, which was a great blessing to me. I had to lay where I was, for I could not walk, having received six rifle balls, three in each foot.

"The Indians, thinking me dead, left the light-house, and set fire to the dwelling-house, kitchen, and other out houses, and began to carry their plunder to the beach ; they took all the empty barrels, the drawers of the bureaus, and, in fact, every thing that would act as a vessel to hold any thing ; my provisions were in the light-house, except a barrel of flour, which they took off.

"The next morning they hauled out of the light-house, by means of a pole, the tin that composed the oil tanks, no doubt to make grates to manufacture the coonty root into what we call arrow-root. After loading my little sloop; about ten or twelve went into her ; the rest took to the beach, to meet at the other end of the island. This happened, as I judge, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

"My eyes being much affected, prevented me from knowing their actual force, but I judged there were about forty or fifty, perhaps more. I was now almost as bad off as before ; a burning fever on me, my feet shot to pieces, no clothes to cover me, nothing to eat or drink, a hot sun over head, a dead man by my side, no friend near, or any to expect, and placed between seventy and eighty feet from the earth, and no chance of getting down,—my situation was truly horrible. About 12 o'clock, I thought I

could perceive a vessel not far off; I took a piece of the old negro's trowsers, that had escaped the flames by being wet with blood, and made a signal.

"Sometime in the course of the afternoon, I saw two boats, with my sloop in tow, coming to the landing. I had no doubt but they were Indians, having seen my signal, and had returned to finish their murderous design; but it proved to be the boats of the United States schooner *Motto*, Captain Armstrong, with a detachment of seamen and marines, under the command of Lieutenant Lloyd, of the sloop of war *Concord*. They had re-taken my sloop, after the Indians had stripped her of her sails and rigging, and every thing of consequence belonging to her. They informed me they heard my explosion twelve miles off, and ran down to my assistance, but did not expect to find me alive. They did all in their power to relieve me, but, night coming on, they returned on board the *Motto*, after assuring me of their assistance in the morning.

"Next morning, Monday, July 25, three boats landed, amongst them, Capt. Cole, of the schooner *Pee Dee*, from New York. They had made a kite during the night, to get a line to me, but without effect. They then fired twine from their muskets, made fast to a ramrod, which I received, and hauled up to a tail block, and made fast round an iron stanchion, drove the twine through the block, and they below, by that means, rove a two-inch rope, and hoisted up two men, who soon landed me on terra firma.

"I must state here, that the Indians had made a ladder, by lashing pieces of wood across the lightning rod, near forty feet from the ground, as if determined to have my scalp, *nolens volens*. This happened on the 24th. After I got on board the *Motto*, every man, from the captain to the cook, tried to alleviate my sufferings. On the 27th, I was received in the Military Hospital."

GREAT TORNADO AT NATCHEZ,
*which prostrated and ruined nearly the entire city,
and involved the loss of an immense amount
of life and property, May 6, 1840.*

From various sources we have gathered the following account of the terrific tornado at Natchez :

"The devoted city of Natchez was visited on Wednesday, May 6, by one of the most awful and distressing calamities it has ever been our fate to witness. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a dark cloud made its appearance in the south-west, preceded by a continued roaring of the winds. As it came so swiftly, and with the speed of the winds, it was met by another, which was wafted from directly another point of the compass. A description of the sublime spectacle which followed is beyond the power of language to convey. At the moment of the concussion, large masses of seeming white spray were precipitated to the earth, followed by such a tearing of the wind, as if old Eolus was there, guiding and directing the storm. Houses were dismantled of their roofs and almost immediately levelled with the earth. The air was filled with bricks and large pieces of timber—and even heavy ox carts were uplifted and thrown hundreds of yards from their original position.

"Two thirds of the buildings in the city were destroyed ; amongst them were every building under the hill except a small house occupied as a grocery, which was partially injured. Indeed every church and every public building shared in the ruin. Steeples were dashed to the earth, and houses all over the town were unroofed. The beautiful grove of trees around the court house was wholly prostrated, and the court house itself partially destroyed,—all the banks except the Commercial,—every hotel except the Man-

sion House, which was partly blown down. The fine grove of trees, and the handsome building adjoining the Planters' Hotel, were all destroyed. The long row of China trees that lined the brow of the hill, and made so beautiful an appearance from the river, were uprooted, broken, and scattered. The light house, erected by the U. States government some twenty years since, was utterly demolished. The Natchez theatre is a pile of shapeless ruins. The entire square, surrounded by the walls, and partly covered by the pile of the railroad depot, late one of the largest and noblest edifices of the kind in any city in the Union, is covered with the wreck of tower, walls and roofs. From this immense mass of rubbish several wounded persons, and dead bodies, have been dug; and the work for removing the huge pile of timber and brick have been commenced.

"The Planter's Hotel, situated on the brow of the bluff, was blown down the precipice. Many men were known to have been in the house at the time; and many bodies have since been recovered from under the broken timbers and rubbish.

"From the ruins of the Steamboat Hotel, Mr. Alexander, the landlord, his lady, and the bar-keeper, were dug out alive; as also Timothy Flint, the historian and geographer, and his son, from Natchitoches, La.; besides Dr. Taliafero and many others. Mrs. Alexander is considered dangerously injured; two of her children were killed in her arms. As many as nine bodies have also been dug from the same hotel.

"The beautiful and splendid villa of Andrew Brown, Esq. is totally ruined. The mansions of Peter Little, Esq., and Mrs. Linton, on the bluff, fronting each other at about a mile distant, out-rode the storm,—being built of very massive materials,—and escaped with the loss of chimneys and the dismantling of some of the friezes and architectural ornaments.

"Not ten houses in the entire city of Natchez have escaped,—the greater portion entirely demolished,—

some with their roofs blown off, and all more or less injured.

"On the river the scene lost none of its horrors,—the enormous body of water now rolling in the Mississippi, and swelling to the utmost limits of its banks, was lashed by the tornado into foaming billows, and the steamers and flat-boats were torn to pieces, and their scattered planks flew about in the wind like feathers. Here was, by far, the greatest loss of life,—the flat-boats were swamped and destroyed before the unfortunate men could escape to the shore. The steamboat *St. Lawrence* was lifted many feet out of water, and instantly dashed to the bottom of the river with every soul on board. The steamboat *Prairie* was torn to pieces,—blown up by the wind worse than ever boat was blown up by steam,—the hull and machinery is all that is left of her. Of the steamboat *Hinds*, not a vestige has been discovered to tell the tale of who and how many went down to their graves during that awful evening.

"There were at the landing, as has been ascertained, one hundred and four flat boats,—only *seven* of which escaped the fury of the tornado. The other ninety-seven, with all the human beings they contained, (probably from three to five hundred,) have been, as it were, completely annihilated in the general crash.

"The total number of killed and wounded, as far as ascertained, up to May 13, is as follows: killed in the city, 48; on the river, 269, making a total of 317. Wounded, in the city, 74; on board the boats, 85, total, 159. The steamboat *Hinds* has since been discovered, at Baton Rouge, having 51 dead bodies on board,—forty-eight of whom were males, two females, and one child."

The immense amount of property lost has been variously estimated at from two to five millions of dollars.

CITY OF NATCHEZ.

There came a kind of night across the sky,—

'Twas bright noon-day, you know,—and then a sound
Like thunder,—yet so strange! I don't know why,—

I thought 'twas like a roaring under ground!
Then came crash after crash, like guns in battle,—
And human screams were mingled with the rattle!

A large house fell beside me, and a beam
Struck me insensible upon the ground:
I heard a child cry, "Mother!" and a scream—
A woman's piercing scream was the last sound
That I remember. When my sense came back,
I looked upon the wild TORNADO'S track!

The dust was still around the ruins curling,
As my eyes opened upon what had been,—
And a sick feeling through my brain went whirling,
When I looked round upon the dreadful scene:
I saw a child straining its infant force
To lift a beam from off its mother's corse!

The wind was moaning now, as if in grief
For its own angry deed,—and human moans,
Pleading to fellow mortals for relief,
Echoed the wind in melancholy tones,—
And forms were hurrying from spot to spot,
Calling aloud on names that answered not!

Stranger, I saw a feeble hand upraised,
Beckoning for assistance, and I ran,
Dizzy with fear, bewildered and amazed,
To lift the ruin from the dying man:
I tugged the ponderous wall, till, faint and tired,
I madly shrieked for help,—but he expired!

Forms were seen crawling from the ruins,—some
Mangled and bleeding, some unhurt, but staring,
Covered with dust, and terror-struck, would come,
With eyes wide set with horror, strangely glaring.—
Some searched among the ruins, wildly shrieking,—
And friends grasped hands and looked on without speaking!

Around the streets family groups were weeping,—
And men lay down as if they wished to die.
I saw a little infant, calmly sleeping,
Bathed with the tear drops from a mother's eye!
Nor is this half! stranger, you've heard enough,—
Poor NATCHEZ! hapless "City of the Bluff!"



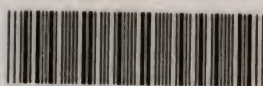
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